THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LIX, No. 5 December 1, 1927

Family Life in America Today:
A special number edited by Mary Ross

CONTENTS

The Human Dowry of Today:

COVER DRAWING . . . . . *Helen Phelps*
FRONTISPIECE, a Currier and Ives print . . . 264
A SONG TO MARCH TO . . . . . *Dorothy Canfield Fisher* 265
THE GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY . . . . . *Louis I. Dublin* 267
FUTURE AMERICAN FAMILIES . . . . . Paintings by *Martha Walter* 270
FROM AMOEBA UP . . . . . *H. S. Jennings* 272
OUR SOCIAL HERITAGE . . . . . *W. F. Ogburn* 277
THE FUTURE OF LABOR—A German film forecast 280
THE TUG OF INDUSTRY . . . *A. J. Muste* 281

Inside Looking Out:

THE HOME HAS LOST ITS HALO . . . . . *Jessie Taft* 286
A PUZZLE IN CROSS WORDS . . . . . *Neva R. Deardorff* 288
PARENTAL MADNESS . . . . . *Hughes Mearns* 290
MARRIAGES AT THE BREAKING POINT . . . . . *Mary Edna McChristie* 292
DANIEL AND THE LIONS . . . . . *Eleanor Rowland Wembridge* 295

Friends of the Family:

FAMILY PORTRAITS 299
THE NEW NEIGHBORS . . . *Frederick M. Eliot* 304
TWO TO GET READY . . . . . *Ernest R. Groves* 308
THE NURSERY OF SOULS . . . *Rufus M. Jones* 311
VILLAGE CHURCH . Woodcut by *J. J. Lankes* 313
SHARING EXPERIENCE . . . *Gordon Hamilton* 315
LIGHT FROM HAND TO HAND . . . . . *Mary Willcox Glenn* 317
THE BUFFALO CONFERENCE ON FAMILY LIFE . . . . . *Frank J. Bruno* 319
TELLTALE TOMBSTONES 320
THROUGH NEIGHBORS' DOORWAYS . . . . . *John Palmer Gavit* 321
EDITORIALS 323
LETTERS & LIFE . . . *Edited by Leon Whipple* 325

The Gist of It

THIS special issue of Survey Graphic represents a joint undertaking by Survey Associates, the American Association for Organizing Family Social Work, and The Family, to bring before a wide public some of the facts and implications of family life in America today, and the contributions of family case workers in synthesizing and interpreting the wisdom of many minds. The articles by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, W. F. Ogburn, A. J. Muste, Frederick M. Eliot, Ernest R. Groves, Rufus M. Jones, Gordon Hamilton, and Mary Willcox Glenn, reprint in full or in part addresses given at the conference called by the Association in Buffalo from October 2-5, 1927, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Buffalo Charity Organization Society, the first American society for family welfare. Other contributions of that conference are published in the current issue of The Family. The Survey is deeply indebted to the officers of the association, to Frank J. Bruno, president of the Conference, and Walter M. West, its secretary, and to Margaret E. Rich, editor of The Family, for their help in this attempt to illumine home life in 1927.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER looks ahead toward the new frontiers in family life with the vision of the novelist, educator, wife and mother who understands people as they are and sees and believes what they might be. Page 265.

OUT of the lore of solid facts and census figures, LOUIS I. DUBLIN, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, traces the objective development and status of the American families of today. Page 267.

H. S. JENNINGS, professor of zoology and director of the zoological laboratory at Johns Hopkins University, shows some of the family problems that beset all creatures, from the bugs and the birds to mankind itself. Page 272.

W. F. OGBURN, formerly professor of sociology at Columbia University, now of the faculty of the University of Chicago, tells of the changing social heritage handed down by the endless chain of family life. Page 277.

A. J. MUSTE, director of Brookwood Labor College, examines the interactions of industry and the family out of many years' experience and study of labor conditions. Page 281.

JESSIE TAFT is director of the child placing department of the Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania and the adopted parent of two. Page 286.

NEVA R. DEARDORFF is president of the American Association of Social Workers, former secretary of the Children's Commission of Pennsylvania, and at present director of research of the New York Welfare Council. Page 288.

HUGHES MEARNS speaks with the feelings of a parent and also of a professor of education, which chair he holds at New York University. Page 290.

MARY E. McCHRISTIE, is, as her true stories imply (page 292), referee in the division of domestic relations of the Hamilton County Court of Common Pleas, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE, as Survey readers should know by this time, is not only the author of Other People's Daughters, but the mother of a daughter of her own, as well as a psychologist, and the referee of the Juvenile Court of Cleveland, Ohio. Page 295.

FREDERICK M. ELIOT, formerly associate to Samuel McChord Crothers at the First Parish in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is now minister of Unity Church, St. Paul, Minnesota. Page 304.

ERNEST R. GROVES, author of many books on sociological problems, especially in relation to the family, and formerly professor of sociology at Boston University, is now at the Institute for Research in Social Science at the University of North Carolina. Page 308.

RUFUS M. JONES is professor of philosophy at Haverford College, and the author of many books on philosophical and religious subjects. Page 311.

GORDON HAMILTON, formerly research secretary of the New York Charity Organization Society and associate director of social service at Presbyterian Hospital, New York City, is now a full-time member of the staff of the New York School of Social Work. Page 315.

MARY WILLCOX GLENN began social work as a friendly visitor in a Baltimore, Maryland, district and served later as secretary of the Baltimore Charity Organization Society. She is now president of the American Association for Organizing Family Social Work and of the National Council of the Church Mission of Help. Page 317.

FRANK J. BRUNO was the president of the Conference on Family Life in America Today, the meaning of which he interprets on page 319. He is a member of the faculty of Washington University, St. Louis, in the department of social work.

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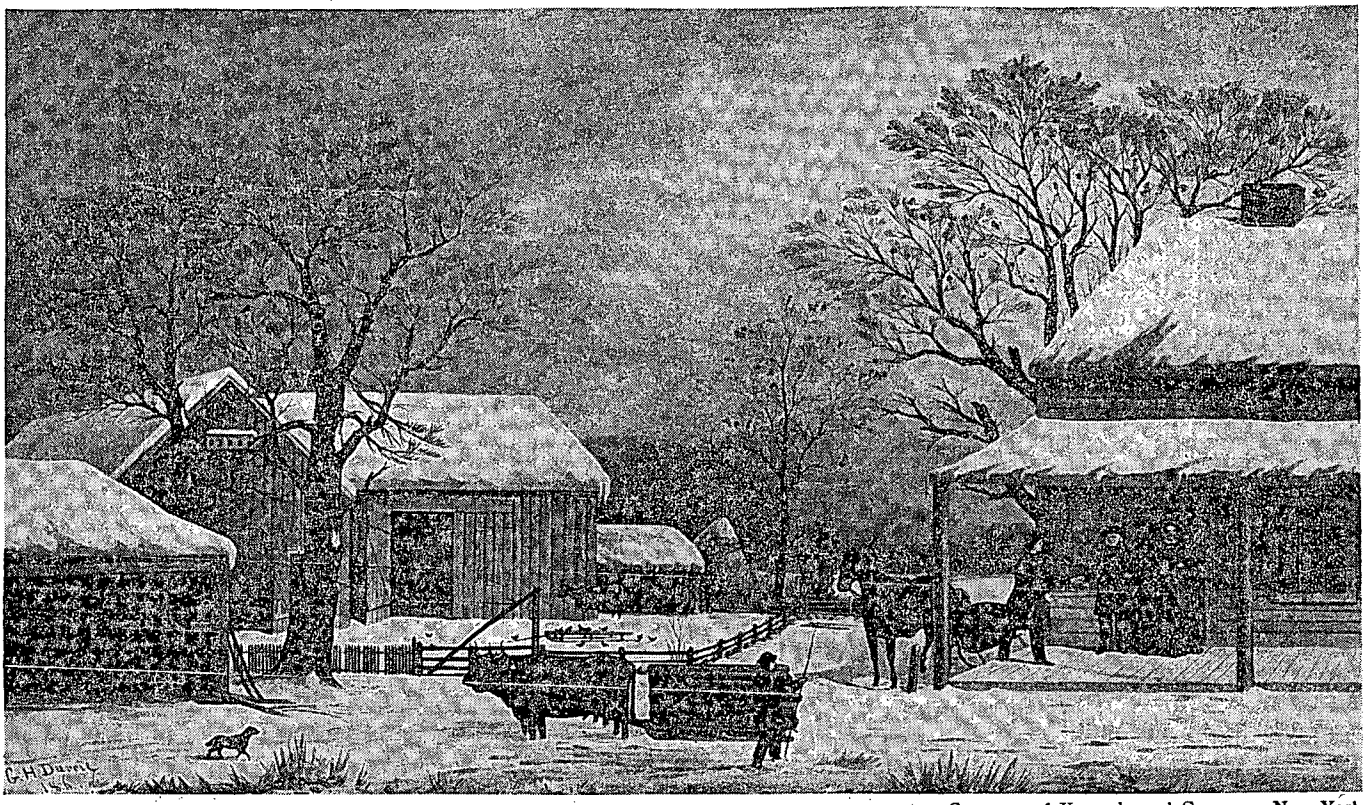

A Currier and Ives print of the '60's

Courtesy of Kennedy and Company, New York

HOME FOR THANKSGIVING

Gone are the pie-laden pantry shelves, the jingling sleighbells, the gathering of aunts and uncles and cousins by the score, with which our forefathers were accustomed to celebrate the feasts of the family. Yet though manners and modes may change, families remain the foundation of our life today, with much the same basic hopes and fears and common ties as those with which the Pilgrims faced that first Thanksgiving more than three hundred years ago. This issue of Survey Graphic tries to show some of the common patterns that run through the lives of all of us against our own common background as human beings and as Americans, and to point ahead to some of the goals that lie before the pioneers of today.

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

DECEMBER 1, 1927

Volume LIX
No. 5

A Song to March To

By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

WHEN doctors are talking of the medical information to cope with the new modern complexities of marriage and parenthood, and psychiatrists of mental analyses, social workers of economic difficulties, alienists of the dark problems of unbalance, what can a mere wife and mother and housekeeper have to add? Certainly nothing definite and concrete in detail . . . if for no other reason than that life has taught her a distrust of too-carefully laid out programs of any sort when human beings are concerned.

And yet there is something I feel like calling out, in my unprofessional way, with my heart in my voice. *Nothing is more needed as a foundation for these personal relationships than a state of mind, a song to march to, some stirring fanfare, the sort of bright brazen challenge which from the beginning of time has stirred human blood to action.* "The song of the Lord began with trumpets," says the Bible somewhere. In the scientific thinking which is an absolute prerequisite of accurate advance, we cannot forget the whole-hearted joy in the possibilities of success which is the only thing that makes possible any advance at all, accurate or fumbling.

As I look around me, in these years, upon the anxious thoughtful faces of people who are thinking about modern marriage and parenthood, and read the apprehensive screeds of many of those who write about the changes in those institutions, I am dismayed by the absence of what I had thought one virtue always to be counted on in our pioneer America—the virtue of courage and cheer and hopefulness in turning the face towards the future and away from the past. I am astonished by the careworn taking thought as to the dangers and difficulties, and the absence of hurrahs over the prize to be won. We are all brought up on the story of the Pilgrims and of the stoutheartedness of those ancestors of ours who did not, one of them, turn back towards the established past and, frightened by the unknown, return to England when the Mayflower returned. What has become of that pioneering spirit, and that other one which sent strong men and women adventurously out to conquer the new continent?

In all the talk about the unknown future of marriage and parenthood I hear no echo of the instinctive rush of high spirits over obstacles to conquer, none of our old traditional delight in exploring and taming the unknown. We seem to be heavyheartedly stooping over the broken pieces of the past, rather than plunging our hands eagerly into the plastic clay of the future.

Is it possible that we don't recognize the situation as the moral equivalent of the material one faced by our forefathers, out of which they created our present world, materially so marvelous, wherein materially we are so astonishingly at our ease? Here we stand, facing a new world of human relationship, as new as America was to those English people three centuries ago. There it lies, waiting for us to shape it into the background of strong and healthy and happy lives for our descendants. Even if we would we cannot retreat into the old world of the past. There is no moral Mayflower that could possibly carry us back to bring up our families along the lines fixed by the old traditions. We must move forward, pushed by the irresistible momentum of change; we might at least, even the most timid or thought-taking among us, make a virtue of necessity, and step off boldly into the unknown world, with that alert self-possessed eye which alone can discern and shape the new possibilities in a new region.

THERE is no denying that we are leaving behind us some sweet and pleasant aspects of life which will never be seen again. So did the Pilgrims. Never were they or their descendants to know again the pleasant comfortable leisure of well-to-do people attended and served by a class who were resigned to being considered only half human. The pleasant repose of the older home when the women and the younger generation had no thought of being allowed wholly human dignity or freedom of action, is gone forever. There is no denying that the rule of autocracy is simpler and often quieter than any other form of organization. But we cannot return to it even if we would and in our hearts we know that we would now find something so ignoble and base as the foundations of such peace and quietness that we could not endure it, either as autocrat or as serf.

No, we cannot live ourselves back to the old quietly ordered world with its unquestioned traditions and standards.

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But why this uneasiness about what is before us? Why this absence of stout-hearted self-confidence that we can find our way about in it without losing our way? What *is* before us? I'll tell you. As wonderful an opportunity as the human race has ever seen for the exercise of the most deeply satisfying of all our instincts, the instinct to create. It is a truism that only those human beings are healthy and happy who are creating something. Human beings starve and die morally if they are denied creative occupation. The happiness of a poverty-stricken unknown artist compared to the stuffy, idle rich man is proverbial, a platitude worn threadbare because of its very truth.

NOW, before every one of us, since every one has personal relations, lies a whole new world to be shaped by creative instinct. There lie the raw materials of glory—the same old primitively necessary human ties without which the race has never been able to exist a moment . . . mating, parenthood, responsibility of one for another. Broken and gone are many of the ugly old fetters which hampered the movements of all, and rubbed raw sores on the limbs of many. Some order and discipline there must be—such is the essence of creative art which by order and discipline and intelligence and inspiration creates something finished and beautiful out of raw material. Out of the capacity to scream aloud, the creative impulse has made Wagnerian operas. Out of the hardness and heaviness of stone, it has built up cathedrals to the glory of God. There lies our raw material —the relationship between men and women, between parents and their children.

We know from the core of our beings that beautiful things can be made of such relationships, and the glowing certainty of this seems to me to be the first element in any training to cope with them.

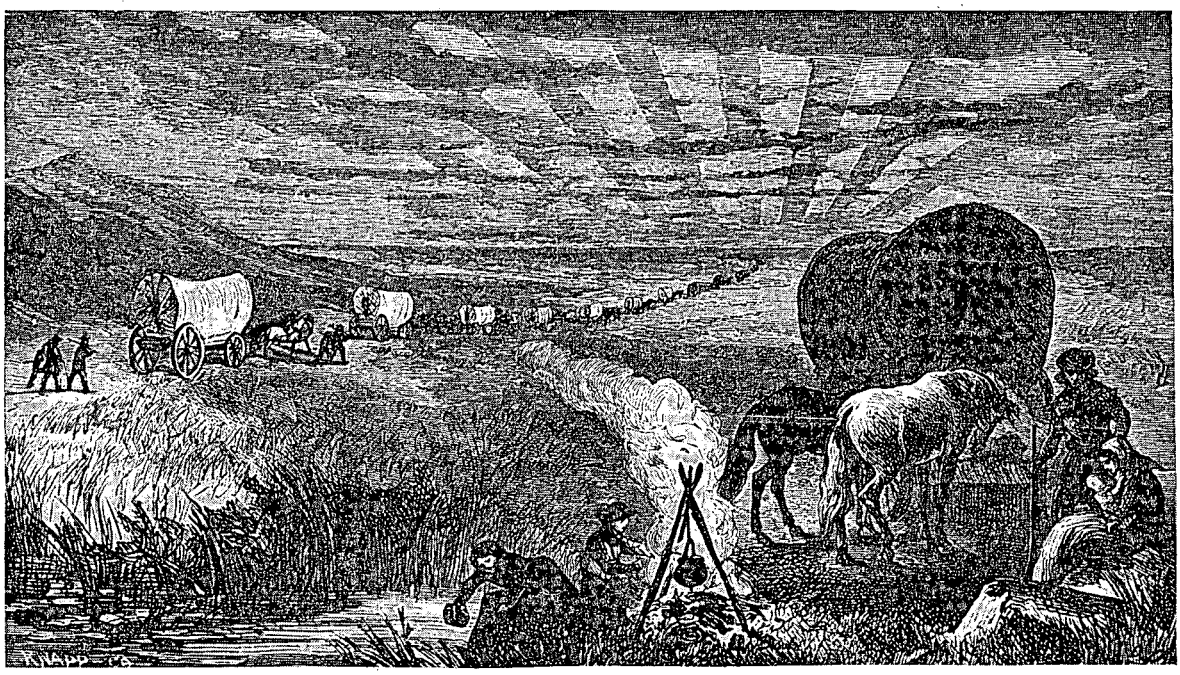
The moral Mayflower has landed us on a stern and rock-bound coast with a whole new world before us, rich with dangers, rich beyond imaginings with lovely possibilities. Careful thought and training, as to diet, psychology, household budgets, physical sex-relations are necessary for the new task. Yes, of course, but they will achieve nothing but weariness of spirit if they are not warmed and vitalized by a glowing sense of the new possibilities for happiness and growth and honesty and strength in the new family.

We are Americans all. Every one of us is, on this continent only because we or our fathers preferred to shape new material into new life, rather than live on in the old forms. We are every one of us of the race of pioneers. Here is a new frontier to be conquered, a new spiritual region to be subdued. Now is the time for the old half-humorous, wholly dauntless pioneer spirit to burn up bravely and boldly. On the covered wagons crawling over the illimitable plains at a snail's pace, they blazoned out "Pike's Peak or bust" . . . and built one of the finest cities in the world at the foot of Pike's Peak.

Let us hang out a banner bearing some such device as "Free and happy homes or bust," and see before us not the difficulties and complexities of the road, not even the shadowy wayside cemeteries for the fallen, but the bright beauty of the goal.

No human beings ever had a brighter goal before them. To learn how to live nobly and wisely with a true mate, to learn how to help the younger generation with one's experience and not to hamper it, to learn how to help less favored human beings on towards this goal . . . never did any generation have a richer or more rewarding frontier to conquer.

It is all very well to observe that the bridges are not yet built, nor the roads made that lead into it. But not too much wrinkling of the brows over these, if you please, not too much heaviness of heart over occasional dangerous fords to cross, not too much appearance of anxiety on the part of the leaders—lest the rank and file lose heart, forget the glory of the struggle and the golden rewards for those who succeed.



From Our New West, by Samuel Bowles, Hartford Publishing Company, 1869

Emigrants crossing the plains

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The Great American Family

Who Are We?

By LOUIS I. DUBLIN

THE family, that tottering old institution, as some cynics depict it, is still the very foundation of our civilization. It continues to determine our individual as well as our national well-being. The family provides both nature and nurture for the individual; it is the source of continuity and the carrier of tradition for the state. That is why the family has always been zealously protected by organized authority, including church and state. Every tendency toward change in the form of family structure has been fought by them tooth and nail. One would expect, therefore, that both official and private agencies would make the family the unit of observation and note carefully every variety of family organization and would provide a wealth of information on its development.

But, probably because of the highly intangible values involved, the problems of family well-being have resisted stubbornly and effectively the introduction of any attempt at measurement and of appraisal. There are almost no sound facts upon which a constructive social program may be built. Yet there is already, thanks to the newer ideals of social work, a growing interest in facts underlying family life. It is now realized that if social work is to become truly scientific and to be based upon principles rather than random feelings of generosity and pity, it must be guided by the same methods of accounting and the same criteria of success and failure that are applied to other human activities.

A serious difficulty arises at the very beginning because of the varied conceptions of the family. There is first the "natural" family which, in its simplest form, consists of parents and their unmarried children, whether living at home or away. Under this head we must distinguish between complete and incomplete families, and these may be still further divided into broken and unbroken families. As against the natural family, there is the "economic" family, an aggregation of persons living under the same roof and sharing the same table, though not necessarily united by ties of blood or marriage. The state has found it possible to record the facts for the economic family only. As a result, we find in the census returns every variety of family unit represented though the great majority are true natural families. Despite this drawback, census figures do throw considerable light on the present organization of the family; especially with regard to the trend in family organization, and we have no choice but to use them.

According to the census of 1920, there were 24,351,677 families in the United States and, in 1927 there are probably close to twenty-seven and a half million. Since the total population is now about one hundred and seventeen millions, the average number of persons in the family group is 4.3. The size of the family has decreased slowly and regularly from the beginning of our national history. Families with seven or eight children were the rule in the early period, but by 1850 the average number of persons in the census family was 5.6. The largest families are found in the southern states, the smallest on the Pacific Coast. Other geographical areas show very little variation from the average. There is a widespread tendency throughout the country for the rural family to be larger than the urban family. In 1920, the figures were 4.5 and 4.2 persons respectively. The size of the family varies with the prevailing industries, the housing facilities, the religious affiliations and even with the racial traditions of groups of people. It would be very interesting to know the size of families in the various sections of the country classified according to color and nativity of the parents, but unfortunately, these figures are not available. We do know, however, that immigrant families are larger than those of native stock.

Families are formed through the institution of marriage. In 1925, there occurred in the United States 10.2 marriages per thousand of population; and as each marriage involves two persons, one marriage was recorded that year for every fifty people in the country. Our marriage-rates have always been and still are relatively high as compared with other countries. England and Wales in 1924 showed a marriage-rate of 7.7 per thousand; Germany in the same year, an even lower figure, 7.1. But both these rates undoubtedly reflect the post-war excess of women of marriageable age. Opportunities for marriage in America are very favorable, because of the age and sex composition of the population and the excellent economic conditions prevailing. Marriage-rates reflect quickly the state of well-being of the people, the rise and fall of employment and of wage levels.

THE highest marriage-rates for the country are in the area which includes Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi; the lowest in the New England states. Considering individual states, Florida shows the highest rate and Delaware the lowest. Although the marriage-rate may be expected to vary it is difficult to reconcile the eighty marriages in Florida for each thousand unmarried people fifteen years of age and over, with the Delaware figure of only eighteen for the same age-group. Rural life influences the marriage-rate favorably; city life apparently causes a diminution of about 10 per cent in the marriage-rate.

Marriage registration for the country as a whole began in 1887. In that year, the marriage-rate was 8.7 per thousand of population. By 1900 it had risen to 9.3 and since 1905 the crude marriage-rate has remained above 10 per thousand. There can be no doubt that the marriage-rate has slowly but consistently increased during the last forty years. In an extremely interesting paper, W. F. Ogburn has recently shown that in 1920 about three-fifths of all persons 15 years of age and over were married, and of those 45 years of age and over, 90 per cent either were or had at one time been married. In the early age groups, there are more married women than men; among older people, the situation is reversed. The steady increase in the marri-

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age-rate has been manifest at every age division of life after the fifteenth year; but accompanying this increase has been a slight increase in the average age at marriage, as the Massachusetts figures show. In 1910, the average age at marriage for males in that state was 29.0 years; in 1926, it was 29.5 years. For females, the average age at marriage in 1910 was 25.7 years; in 1926, 26.1 years.

Another tendency which influences both the marriage-rate and the age at marriage is the sex ratio, or the proportion of women to men in a given place. The highest rates of marriage are found in areas with an excess of men; and manufacturing cities especially show a high proportion of marriages because of their large male populations. Where women are found in large numbers, there is not only a low marriage-rate but a decided postponement of the age of marriage. Discussing this point, C. T. Brunner shows that the ratio of men to women is determined by the industrial character of a district. Where the main industries call for men's labor, as in mining and shipbuilding, the proportion of males to females is high and the marriage age of the women is low; where the demand for female labor is strong, wages are low, there is a low proportion of men to women, and a high marriage age for women.

GREAT significance attaches to the age of marriage. The trend towards delayed marriage has caused a wider spread between the biological age for marriage—or the age at which sex impulses become strong and the procreative capacity develops—and the economic age of marriage, or the time when it becomes financially possible for the male to assume family responsibilities. Consequently serious problems have arisen, involving such fundamental questions as the double standard of morality, companionate marriage, the dissemination of contraceptive knowledge and the like. All these problems of social ethics are quite beyond our province here and we mention them only in passing to show the deeply significant implications involved in marriage statistics.

If families are formed through the institution of marriage, they are continued through the medium of births. Birth-rates are, therefore, a significant factor in determining family stability. At the beginning of the Republic, the population increased at a rate of about three and a half per cent a year. This was due largely to the very high birth-rate and to the comparatively low death-rate. In the earlier years, birth-rates of 50 per thousand probably occurred. By 1880, the birth-rate was still close to 40 per thousand, or nearly twice as high as it is now. Since then, there has been a fairly steady decline in the birth-rate and at the present time, it is only about twenty-one per thousand.

Even the present low birth-rate would be still lower were we not reaping the benefit of the relatively high birth-rates of past decades, which gives us a disproportionate number of persons in early adolescent and middle ages. If we eliminate from our consideration the rural and southern half of the country, we may say that a very large part of our birth-rate is the result of recent immigration. Were it not for this factor, our birth-rate would unquestionably be the lowest in the world. The tendency of the birth-rate is still downward. Just how far the decline will go, it is difficult to say. Contraceptive knowledge is rapidly spreading to all classes of society. This fact, coupled with the declining number of immigrants who are, for the most part, young people, will undoubtedly slow up the rate of increase, and we may look before very long to a stationary population. It requires close to four children per mother for the population to reproduce itself. If the present policy of restricted immigration and the sentiment favoring small families continues for a few more decades, we shall have arrived at a point of a stationary population. But this whole tendency may shift when the public realizes the direction in which we are going.

As against the formative influence of marriage, there are two disintegrating forces which destroy families, namely, death and divorce or separation. The mortality rate here has always been low as compared with that of other countries. The American people were recruited from hardy stock; and after the country was settled, conditions of life were, on the whole, conducive to longevity. In the earlier years of the Republic, the rates were higher in the cities than on the farms and plantations, although in the South, malaria could often be counted on to increase the mortality. The general death-rate of those years was about twenty per thousand. When, as often happened, epidemics of various diseases, such as smallpox, yellow fever and cholera, prevailed, it shot up to thirty and even forty per thousand. But note the great improvement which has taken place as shown by the rate of 18.1 per thousand for 1918, the year of the unprecedented influenza epidemic.

The death-rate has fallen at least 40 per cent during the last forty or fifty years. In 1900, the first year of official death registration, the rate was 17.6 per thousand. During the following quarter century, it had fallen 33 per cent, a truly remarkable achievement. The early years of life show the most phenomenal saving. Infant mortality is now only half what it was twenty-five years ago when one out of five babies born died before reaching the first birthday. Now we find fault when one out of every fourteen infants dies in the first year of life. The mortality of preschool children, of children in their teens, of adolescents and of young adults, has shown large but unequal improvement. Not nearly as many young or even middle-aged people die as the result of tuberculosis as did formerly. Typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever are rapidly diminishing and promise to become as rare as yellow fever and cholera. The outlook for the future is promising indeed.

THE reduction in mortality has, of course, lengthened the average duration of life, or what is technically called "the expectation of life at birth." In 1840, the average person could count on only forty years; but gradually the expectation has crept up and is now about fifty-eight years, making a gain of almost 50 per cent in this comparatively brief period. One point must be made clear however—The death of numbers of babies and young people before they more than taste life has been prevented to a great degree. Who can estimate the increased wealth and happiness this has brought to the American people?

Death is the great disintegrating force of family life, especially when the father or the mother is taken. It is, therefore, highly encouraging to note a much reduced mortality among young married people as shown by New York State statistics. For married men in the age group 25 to 34 years, the rate has fallen from 4.9 per thousand in 1909-11 to about a third of that figure in 1924; in the next age group, 35 to 44 years, during the same period it fell from 7.4 per thousand, to 2.7. Similarly fifteen years ago, the death-rate for married women was 5.8 between the ages of 25 to 34, and in 1924 had fallen to 1.9; in the 35

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to 44 year group, it was reduced from 7.1 to 2.8 per thousand. It is especially the loss of young parents which has the direst consequences upon family well-being, throwing every normal activity of the family out of gear and ushering in a whole series of calamities which taxes every resource of the community. Only a comparatively short time ago, the premature death of parents caused untold numbers of previously self-respecting families to become dependent upon charity. Now the routine of social agencies has been shifted from relief of the aged, the sick and the down-and-out to more constructive effort, such as health conservation and higher living standards for the great body of wage-earners.

WHILE death has become increasingly less important as a cause of family disintegration, the break-up of families by divorce has become more and more frequent. In 1925, with the highest divorce rate ever recorded in the United States, there were 175,449 divorces, or one divorce for every seven marriages performed in that year. In 1887, when divorce registration was started, there were .5 divorces per thousand population. This figure increased to .6 in 1897; to .9 in 1906; to 1.1 in 1916; and to 1.5 in 1925. There is now one divorce a year to each 135 married couples.

Undoubtedly the presence of children holds the family together. Children are relatively rare in families broken by divorce. There were no children in 57 per cent of the divorced families; 7 per cent made no report; and in the remaining 36 per cent there was an average of 1.8 children. In 19.7 per cent of all these divorced families, there was one child; in 9.4 per cent, two children; in 3.8 per cent, three children; and in only 3.1 per cent of the total divorced cases were there four or more children.

As related to the married population, the divorce-rate was highest in Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas. In 1925, there were 6.5 divorces per thousand married population in that area. The lowest rate of 1.5 divorces was recorded in the Middle Atlantic States. There is, however, considerable uncertainty as to the value of these figures because of the ease with which individuals can obtain divorces in states and countries other than those of their usual residence. In Nevada, it is notoriously easy to obtain a divorce and therefore the 1925 divorce rate of 34.7 per thousand married population reflected only the laxity of the divorce laws. Among the highest recorded rates for individual states were those of Oklahoma with 7.9 divorces per thousand population; Oregon with 7.6, and Texas with 7.4. In both New York State and the District of Columbia, the rate was less than 1 per thousand married population—the low point in divorce frequency. There is uniformly more divorce in the cities than in the rural areas.

THE increasing frequency of divorce is one of the major problems of modern life. Little attention has as yet been directed by social workers and by students generally to the causes which make for divorce, possibly because this evil is still largely concentrated among the well-to-do. But such tendencies always percolate into other economic classes; what is the fashion in one class is soon copied by all the rest. In any case, substitutes for divorce are already very much in evidence among those who can not afford the luxury of travel to states with easy divorce laws or to foreign countries. Our courts of domestic relations have an immense calendar of cases of separation and of desertion which are to all intents and purposes the same phenomenon as divorce because they represent the disintegration of the family with the consequent hardships and handicaps for minor children. This condition will in all probability continue or get worse unless the community develops a better understanding of the importance of the family in our modern life. Certain tendencies are distinctly adverse to the creation and maintenance of the family and these for the most part, go unchallenged by the socially-minded. These include the movement of people from the farms to the cities, the employment of very young persons and their consequent drifting away from their homes, the almost prohibitive cost of domestic service, the increasing popularity of the small apartment and, most important, the approval of childless or, at best, two-child families.

A conference of governors for the adoption of uniform divorce legislation by all the states is obviously needed. But more important still would be the creation and widespread distribution of a constructive and sympathetic point of view on the significance of the family in the modern state and of the true place of divorce in family life.

This discussion of the facts of the family has been meager and desultory. At every point, we are thwarted by the lack of trustworthy information. It is much to be regretted that the official agencies entrusted with the compilation of facts of our organized community life have missed their opportunity to bring together a continuous series of data which would indicate the trends of the modern family. There must be a very definite shift in the emphasis of our official statistics from the individual to the family as the social unit for purposes of both tabulation and analysis. A primary need is a statement from the results of each of the future decennial censuses of the population of the United States on the number of natural families, supplemented by appropriate classifications according to the nativity, parentage and color of the head of the family. Following the precedent of other countries, it may be well also to secure for each natural family the year of marriage and the ages of the wife and husband at marriage. And in order to determine the degree to which the natural family achieves its primary aim of maintaining the population of the country, it may be well to secure facts on the number of children ever live-born to the marriage and on the number of such children surviving the census day. If these facts were provided on the enumeration schedules of the next census, and if suitable facilities were established for the tabulation and publication of the results, we should have a statistical foundation for the consideration of family problems in the United States such as England and Scotland possess.

Social agencies which come in contact with families may also perform a distinct service in the collection of family facts. Data on the natural families cared for by them should become available from this source indicating the relationship of family members to the head of the family, the number of family members by age, the duration of marriage and the number of children ever live-born and who are now either dead or alive. The committees on statistics of the several states and national organizations of social workers may well take into account these items of family case work and outline a statistical program which will be in general agreement with a plan developed for official registration. What is needed at the present time is a revival of interest in family statistics and a well-considered plan for their collection and use to make possible an intelligent program for the well-being of the family, our basic social institution.

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At the registration desk

In the detention room

Future American Families

Paintings at Ellis Island
By Martha Walter

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Unqualified—and detained for investigation

SHORTLY before the new immigration law went into effect, Martha Walter, an American artist, spent five months painting at the Ellis Island station. The work, full of fascination because of the colorful types of humanity presented, had its inevitable difficulties; groups shifted and changed from day to day, and individuals already briefly sketched had to be searched for. Bewildered by their experiences, they took being painted as a part of the mysterious process of getting into the country. Miss Walters made sixteen canvasses, some of which show the different steps through which great numbers of foreigners have had to go in the past. Yet these have more than historic importance. As Dr. Dublin points out in the preceding article, even under our present law over a quarter of a million newcomers are added yearly to our population

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From Amoeba Up

The Biological Basis of the Family

By H. S. JENNINGS

THE family is by no means an original invention by man. On the contrary, it has been worked out independently by many different organisms, and there is little doubt that our ancestors had the family before they were men. The biological basis of the family is to be interpreted as its relation to the great underlying physiological processes of all organic life; to development; to the interchange of matter and energy; to behavior; to reproduction. It is not my province to speak for or against the preservation or modification or abolition of the family as found in man, but only to show its relation to the central organic processes. To do this does not deprive of significance other relations; it merely recognizes that these higher things rest upon foundations and that to understand these foundations may aid in forming a judgment as to the function and value of the family.

All organisms show two sets of activities that are to a certain extent in opposition; sometimes in shrieking opposition. They live individually; and they reproduce. Each individual has its own life career; it grows, develops, seeks and takes nutrition; pursues its varied business and desires; becomes mature; most finally become old and die. And in addition each produces new individuals that shall take his place when his individual career is closed.

Now all organisms find—as human beings find and some loudly proclaim—that the business of reproduction interferes with their careers. The two things interact, intertwine, modify each other. This occurs differently in different organisms; there result many diverse systems, diverse institutions, among them the family, in its various types and gradations, as we find it in man and in other animals. The number and variety of systems arising from the interaction of reproduction with the pursuit of the life career are so great as to defy enumeration. But examination of certain typical situations will illustrate the role of the family.

The life career of some organisms is so simple, and their reproduction is so simple, that there is little interference. In some of my favorite pets, the rotifers, the individual simply drops here and there pieces of itself, which grow into new individuals. There is no mating and there is no farther relation of parent with offspring. Yet even here the life career is somewhat modified; part of the parent's nutrition goes into these pieces, and their separation from the parent may be a severe operation.

And even in such cases the beginning of the family may appear. In some animals the piece or germ remains attached to the parent body, there growing and developing, feeding through the parent's mouth and sharing the parent's career. Several such offspring may remain attached to one parent; then we have a veritable incipient family, though with but one parent. A budding hydra, a colonial infusorian, shows us such an embryo family.

But animals that require two parents find the matter much more complex. Why most of us require not merely one parent but two is one of the great and perhaps unanswered questions of biology. But certainly this increases enormously the variety and complexity of life; multiplies by thousands its problems and difficulties; perhaps also its interests and satisfactions. There is added to the life career the problem of finding and uniting with the mate; a problem much more difficult than that presented by the performance of most other functions. It requires specialized structures, specialized functions, specialized reactions. The seeking of the mate becomes one of the chief impulses, changing the development and behavior of organisms, playing everywhere a tremendous role. It seems one of the chief bases of structural and mental evolution; it cannot be left out of account, whether we are dealing with the family or with any other product of evolution.

At its lowest, reproduction from two parents is still carried out in a relatively simple way. In some organisms the individuals simply cast their germ cells abroad; leaving them to unite or to fail, as chance may dictate; leaving the united product to develop as best it may. Such is the situation in many plants; in many aquatic animals. But as the conditions of life become more complex, this does not suffice. Most mates seek and find each other. This becomes one of the main features of the life career. A difference arises between the two mates, a difference not present in the lower grades: One does most of the seeking, and carries minute germ cells that move and actively unite with the others. This is the male. The other, the female, produces and carries large germ cells, in which she stores up food for the development of the young. Here appears the deepest duality of life, the difference of the sexes.

THE life career in both sexes is much altered by the mode of reproduction, but in the male far less than in the female. The production of the large germ cells, the storing of food within them, the carrying of them, and their deposition—these things form for the female a large part of the business of life. The special problems of feminism begin far back in the animal series.

And this is but the first step in a long process. The life career of the female becomes still more profoundly altered when the egg, even after union with the germ cell from the male, remains attached to the body of the mother, receiving protection and nutrition, till a certain stage of development is reached. We find among animals all stages in this union. In some it goes but a little way. The female carries the egg merely till it is ready to hatch, then casts it abroad. In others the union becomes longer and more intimate, till we reach the condition found in the group to which man belongs, the mammals. Here the young is long identified with the parent. The offspring is not cast on its own

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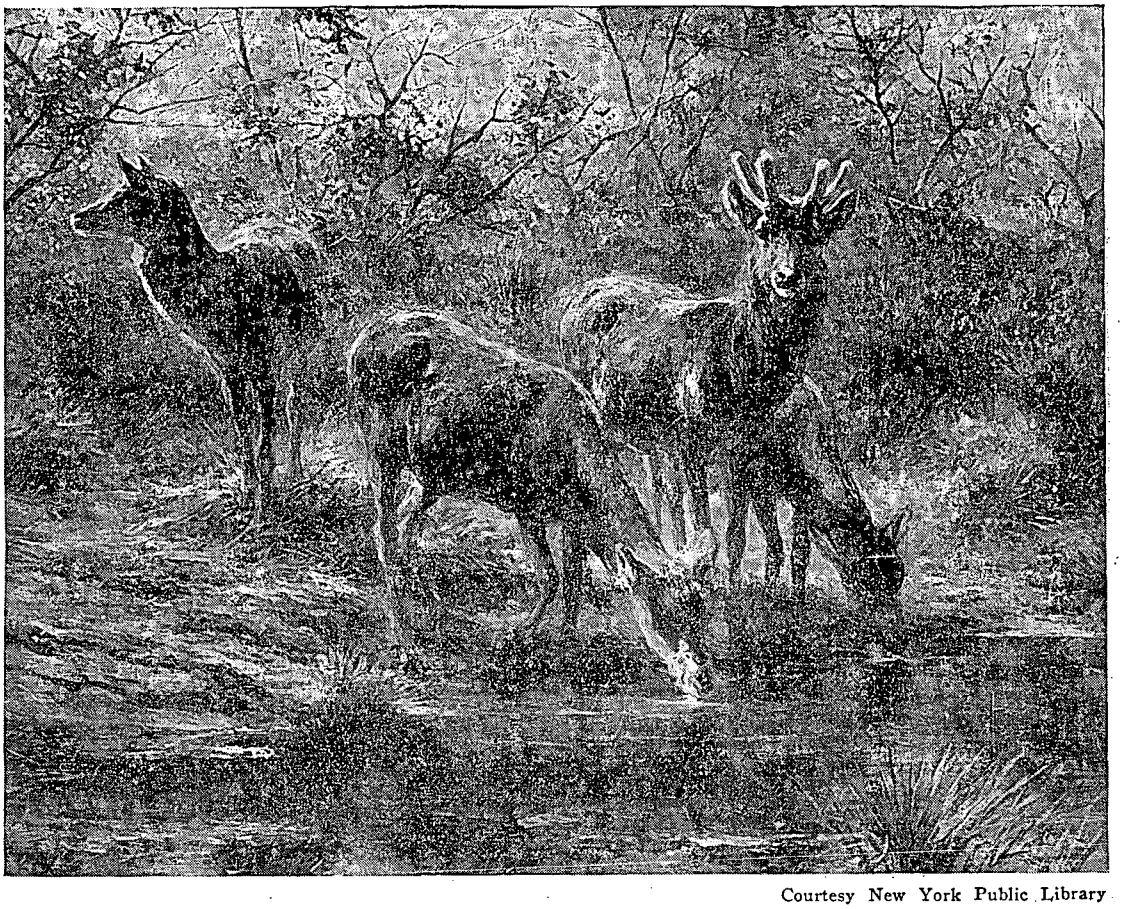
DEER

By Rosa Bonheur

The polygamous family, where each male mates with a limited number of females, which he protects together with their young. There is perpetual warfare among the males, and a highly selective elimination of the pacifists, since only the more powerful warriors become fathers



Courtesy New York Public Library

resources until it has reached a rather advanced stage of development.

This intimate union of parent and offspring for a long period, has large consequences. The development of the offspring is greatly changed. And the parent is modified hardly less; her entire physiology, metabolic, glandular, nervous, mental, is tremendously influenced. In this union of parent and offspring we have another major factor in development and behavior, comparable to that due to the requirement of mating. But this union affects directly but one of the parents, the female; the family at its beginning includes but mother and offspring. Save for the mating requirements the male still retains his freedom.

But the chain binding the male to his mate gradually brings him too under the domination of the developing offspring. His mate is under a heavy handicap while carrying the developing young. Her life career so weighted down becomes inadequate to nutrition and protection. The life career of the male, already greatly modified for the seeking of the female, becomes farther changed toward retaining possession of her; toward feeding and protecting her while she is carrying and guarding the young. This situation we find widespread; in fishes; in birds; in mammals; the male protects and aids the female. The economic dependence of the female has begun.

Parallel with this we find another step. The wide-reaching influence of the young on the mother does not disappear at once on its separation from her body. It remains a source of reactions, an object of interest, after it has become free. The parent from which it has separated continues to protect it, to supply it food, to keep it under conditions favorable to its farther development. Complex structures, complex activities arise in carrying out these functions. The life career is deeply modified. This becomes almost its chief motif. The mother wasp prepares food for the future young, a spider or larva that has been stupefied; deposits the eggs in this. The bird mother builds a nest, keeps the eggs warm, feeds the young. The family has now developed farther, but in the simpler cases it still consists mainly of the offspring with but one of the two parents, the female.

But the male too becomes drawn into this work. The female and her behavior have become the strongest source of stimuli for the male. Her concern with the offspring deeply influences him. At times his relation to the progeny appears but indirect. He protects the females; the progeny too are protected. In places it is more direct. The drawing of the life activities of the male into the circle of family life appears, as we survey the animal kingdom, in curious, isolated and unexpected ways. The male catfish of certain species takes the eggs in his mouth and there holds and protects them until the young can take care for themselves. Certain male toads take the eggs on their backs and there carry them until the young animals hatch and escape. In various fish the male helps build and guard the nest, and takes part in protecting the swimming young. Some male birds help build the nest, feed the female while she keeps the eggs warm; take their turn at that work; help to feed the young. In some mammals the male concerns himself little or hardly at all with these domestic matters; in others he plays an active role in providing a home and caring for the young.

Along with this intertwining of the life careers of parent and offspring, there come changes in the relation of the two parents to each other. In some animals the relation is but a passing one: the male seeks the female; then after union of the germ cells, separates from her; they consort no more;

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and the next mating will be with another individual, or as chance may direct. But as the development of the young comes to be dependent on the parent or parents, as the parents feed, protect and guide the young, the behavior of each becomes correlated with that of the other; they cooperate. The mating relation is continued between the same parents.

Engraving by I. Wolf

THE MONOGAMOUS EAGLES

In the eagles, hawks, and other birds of prey, the attraction of the mates for each other, combined with the effect of habit, keeps the mates together for life—a permanent monogamous family, a union of mates for life

We find here perhaps two main lines of evolution. In one group, typically, each male mates with a limited number of females, which he protects from enemies and defends from other males, incidentally protecting their young. The polygamous family has arisen: the herd or flock, headed by a single male, as in cattle, in seals, and in many mammals.

The polygamous family presents biological difficulties. Since in most species the number of males and females is approximately the same, the appropriation of several females by one male results in the exclusion of many males from propagation; results consequently in perpetual war among the males. Since in the nature of the case it is the more powerful warriors among the males that become parents of the next generation, this method of organization results in selective elimination in favor of the warlike; cuts out the pacifists; operates against the development of the virtues of peace; keeps society at war. As might be expected, in such polygamous families the males have little direct concern with the care of the young beyond the protection of the flock as a whole. Their business is mainly fighting, and propagation.

But in those numerous cases where the male becomes directly involved in the business of caring for the individual young produced by a particular mother, cooperation between a single male and a single female becomes the rule. Care of their common young keeps them together; the mating relation continues; successive children may be born to the same pair. What we usually think of as the family has come into existence; two parents and their offspring living together, carrying on their life careers in unison; sharing nutriment and protection; cooperating in activities. Such families are found in a great number of animals of diverse groups; they are by no means peculiarly a human institution.

The duration of the family relation depends much on the length of time that the young are so imperfect as to require assistance, and also in a minor degree, on whether propagation is seasonal. In birds, in many mammals, mating occurs only at particular periods of the year, and the young are dependent for but a short time; the family then remains a unit only for the same length of time. Then the parents separate from the children, and the two parents part, carrying on independent careers. In some cases, as in pigeons, two successive broods of young overlap; the second one begins before the first has left the parents. In such cases the two parents remain mated, bringing up together two families of young. But at the end of the season they separate, each pursuing his own career, and at the next season each may enter into a family with a new mate.

But there exist or arise in many animals powerful biological influences that favor a cooperative career of the parents lasting for more than one season, or for life. The attraction of the mates for each other, combined with the effect of habit, itself acts powerfully in this direction. In the eagles, hawks and other birds of prey this keeps the mates together for life—a permanent monogamous marriage is here found. Successive families of young are produced, and though there intervene periods in which the parents are without young, the union of mates is for life.

IN other animals this tendency toward a permanent cooperative union on the part of two parents is powerfully reinforced by the long period of dependence of the young. The development of the offspring to maturity requires not one season but many. The two parents, caring jointly for the young, remain together. The offspring come, not in broods, but singly. Succeeding children overlap in their developmental careers. There is no time when the two parents can separate without breaking in upon the functions they have undertaken in relation to the young. Such is the situation we find at its highest development in man.

Meanwhile, too, the life career in such organisms has become full of complex activities of other sorts, requiring for their proper performance the undistracted attention of the individual, and all this is intertwined with the care, protection and guidance of the young. To break the mating relation at any particular time is to bring all this into confusion; is to leave children and mate in distress; is to leave unfilled the mating impulse; is to force the separated mates anew into the intensely distracting pursuit of finding a new

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mate. All this is avoided by the mates remaining together. Even as age comes on and the last of the offspring has taken up its own career, so that the biological relations with progeny no longer require cooperation on the part of the parents, long use and habit, the persistence of the need for companionship, keep together the two parents. Marriage is lifelong, even though the care of the offspring is not. Permanent monogamous marriage has arisen independently through similar functional requirements in the mammals and in the birds; the biological needs giving origin to it being much the more numerous and powerful in the higher mammals. Thus it is emphatically not true, as so often asserted with assumed finality, that the only function of marriage is the production of children. On the contrary, marriage and the family are a complex resultant from the interaction of many functional needs. The satisfaction of the powerful mating impulse, one of the chief factors in organic evolution, reinforced as it is by many structural and functional complexes that have arisen in connection with it, is one of the major elements concerned. The thwarting of all that is connected with this impulse profoundly affects and deranges the life career. No institution that leaves this function unfulfilled can be considered a biologically adequate one. The monogamous family, with life-long union of the mates, appears as the final term in a long evolutionary series.

As we examine the varied animal world we find another set of relations appearing, leading to a different culmination. Groups larger than a single monogamous family act together for support and protection. Indeed, the single family itself develops into such a group, when its members remain together after the progeny have themselves reached the period of mating. Such a group is formed still more readily from the polygamous family, of one male with many females; the herd protects itself and all its parts by common action. Society as a whole takes over many of the functions of the family. This situation too exists in man as a supplement to the monogamous family—the school, for example, takes over in certain relations the care of the young.

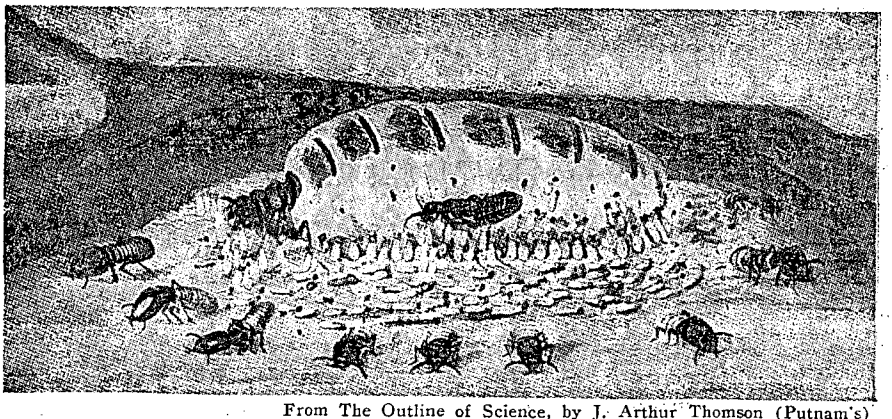
But this condition cannot readily reach its extreme development—society cannot fully supplant the family—in organisms where, as in mammals, there is a long-continued, intimate union of the offspring with parent before birth, during which the child is brought to a considerably advanced state of development. Society cannot take over *this* parental function. And by that long and intimate union both parent and offspring are so fundamentally modified, in structural, physiological, and mental constitution, as to place great obstacles in the way of society's assuming control of the children even soon after birth.

It is in certain of the insects—in some of the ants, in some of the bees, in termites—that we find the culmination of this system whereby society as a whole assumes the functions taken elsewhere by the family. Among these social insects the parents play little part in life save in the production and bringing together of the germ cells. The life of the species, the individual life careers, are carried on by individuals that are not parents—non-sexual individuals. In social organizations these insects, as William Morton Wheeler has brought out, have passed to a stage in evolution much beyond that of man; though whether for better or worse is another question; and it is another question, too, whether this is a line of evolution that man can or must follow.

IN these ants and bees the functions of the parents have become purely propagatory; beyond this they have practically no life career. One female in the state is selected as mother. She is fostered and fed and protected for the young she produces; the other females are destroyed or transformed by special treatment into non-sexual individuals. The males as such play a role only in that one of them fertilizes the single group-mother; after one has done this, all other males may be destroyed; or in other cases they too are transformed, like the females, into neutral individuals. Society is non-sexual; carried on, not by husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, but by neuters. The whole distracting business of mating, of marrying and giving in marriage, is cut out of these societies; the individuals can apply themselves whole-heartedly to their life careers. The young produced by the group mother are cared for by certain of these neutral workers who make this their life business. The family does not exist; it is a state in evolution that has been left behind, transcended. The attainment of some such situation appears to be the aspiration of certain groups of men.

Thus in working out the interaction of reproduction and the other business of the life career, there is one main line of development which culminates in the monogamous family, as found in birds, the higher anthropoids, and man; the other in the highly organized society without families, of the social insects.

When now we turn to a closer examination of the situation in man, we discover that here, as in so many other relations, man forms, either in concrete realization or in tendency and aspiration, a sort of abstract and brief chronicle of the entire biological series. In the main perhaps he represents the fully or incompletely developed monogamous family. But we find, too, scattered in the highly differentiated groups of mankind, a number of the diverse phases that occur in the different groups of animals. Man cannot indeed go back to the phase of mere isolated individuals; the mother at least is for a long time actually physically identified with the child; and even after the child has left



From The Outline of Science, by J. Arthur Thomson (Putnam's)

BUGS THAT DO WITHOUT FAMILIES

Among the termites and other social insects, one female is selected as mother, one male as father. All others in the state are neuters, whose chief life work is the care and protection of the young. The family does not exist

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her body she is held almost as powerfully united with it, though in a different way. But in man the male, as everywhere else, is less identified with the offspring; and there occur scattered individuals who tend to revert to the ancient type in which the males serve, in the work of reproduction, merely as fertilizers of the egg, leaving the rest of the work of the family to the female. These seem to be but sporadic throw-backs. Biologically they cannot be considered adequate members of society; at least not unless and until society becomes organized on some such plan as we find in the bees and ants, making the males largely superfluous. There exist species in which this otiose and incompetent condition of the males has developed far; in which (as in rotifers) the males are but a few short-lived dwarfs, without life career aside from propagation. It is not true, as recent magazine authors have asserted it to be, that the male must in the nature of things be more powerful and efficient than the female. On the contrary, in many animals the male is the weaker vessel, even rudimentary; to the point in some species of complete extinction, leaving the species to consist only of females. For in organisms in which there is sex, the female is indispensable while the male is not; the female can carry on the race alone, and does so.

More widely occurring in man than this tendency of the male to abdicate his role in the family are certain phases of partial development of the family. There exists in man the condition in which the single male possesses several or many females and acts as the head of the entire complex group; a condition found in many mammals of the cattle kind, as well as in others. There occur in man also situations hardly found in other animals, as that in which the female has a definite and limited number of husbands; and various combinations or modifications of these two systems. Systems of this sort cannot prevail without excluding many individuals from propagation, with the consequent distraction and warfare that this brings. The polygamous system is sometimes defended on the ground that it is the stronger, more warlike males that become the parents of the next generation, the weaker ones being excluded; a measure that is held to be of eugenic value, resulting in continued selection and consequent steady raising (in a certain direction) of the level of the population. But whether this notion is sound or unsound, the tendencies of the human race appear distinctly against this condition and it seems certain to disappear; it yields disturbances, distractions, and other consequences that are felt to be intolerable. The monogamous family appears at present the system of greatest stability in man; though itself with irregularities and unstable points.

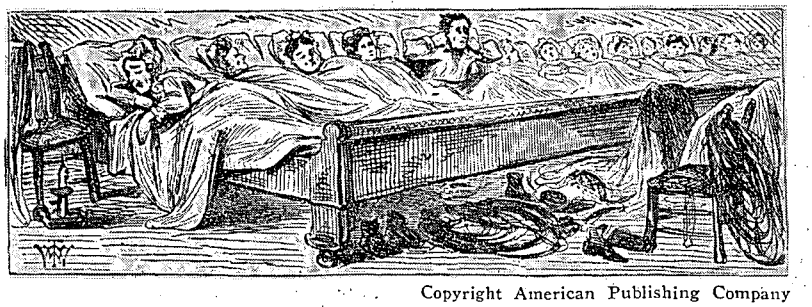
Another system proposed for man, and to some extent practiced, is that of temporary families, such as we find in many birds and other animals. Individuals are to become mated for a longer or shorter period, separating as they please. Unless this system is supplemented in some radical way, it ignores the long period of dependence of the children on the parents; the result of which is that the frequent separation or change of mates gives serious wrenches to the framework of society; injures the children, distracts and distresses the parents. Such a system, therefore, cannot be held to meet adequately the difficult problems of the relations of parent and offspring; cannot be considered an efficient system for smooth social working, for peace and prosperity. It can be defended only by the extreme selectionist who holds that severe and unfavorable living conditions, with a high death-rate, are in the long run advantageous to the species. If combined with the prevention of the production of offspring, as often proposed, and as seems indispensable if it is not to give rise to immediate distress and dislocation, it must result in the extinction of the species; or else it must prevail in only part of the population, while another part lives under some system adequate to the care of the offspring.

IN some quarters we meet an aspiration for a system showing the essential features of that found in the insects, in which from the beginning the social group as a whole shall care for the offspring, making the family unnecessary. In this way the individual parents are to be relieved; set free each to pursue his or her life career without interference from offspring or mate. As we find it in popular modern proposals, this aspiration appears largely dominated by the desire to set free and give full satisfaction to the mating impulses; to facilitate change of mates, making it unnecessary for them to remain tied to one another longer than fancy dictates. If we examine this aspect of the matter in the animals that have fully carried out this system of public care for the progeny we find a surprising result. The system has resulted not in the freeing of the mating impulses, but in their suppression, their almost complete extinction; in the essential desexualization of society. Only a few isolated individuals continue to be occupied with mating and propagation; the rank and file are sexless. If man must look to this result, possibly the enthusiasm for this system will abate.

Indeed, it appears that man must meet a very great difficulty in inaugurating any thorough-going system of social care of the offspring, through the fact that he has already made extensive progress in the opposite direction; in the direction of care of the offspring by the immediate parents; through the fact that he is a mammal instead of being an insect.

In the insects, the mother has never been long and intimately identified with the offspring until it is far developed, as is the case in man. That long and intimate physical union has modified all her characteristics, and through her those of the species as a whole; for inheritance occurs in many respects from one sex to another. In man, separation of parent from offspring is impossible for a long period, and if hurried even after physical union has ceased, it may turn out that this will lead to serious injury to parent and offspring. To discover the proper period for separation of the lives of the two is a matter for long and careful study; for ob-

(*Continued on p. 341*)



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The Brigham Youngses Retire. From the chapter on Utah in the 1875 edition of Mark Twain's Roughing It

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Our Social Heritage

By W. F. OGBURN

ONLY within the past decade have we come to recognize the importance of our social heritage, in comparison with our biological inheritance. Formerly, when one spoke of heredity and environment, the term environment usually meant nature only. The great significance of the environment that we now call the social heritage was forgotten, or else more probably thought of as the direct product of man's inherited nature.

The social heritage is a great concept and it will take the social sciences a long time to work out its full meaning. But something of its significance can be seen from its definition. It is that which surrounds us other than the natural environment of soil, climate, fauna and flora. It consists not only of buildings, machines and fabricated material objects but of ways of acting and thinking that find expression in religion, philosophy, art, science, ethical codes, and social institutions, and in this it is synonymous with culture. This is the environment that makes personality, that brings freedom or tyranny, that determines beliefs and gives us knowledge. In the present era it is a great complex, called civilization, that is undergoing rapid change, which has brought many maladjustments and social problems, but which we hope to improve. This is the world which we hope to construct into a "Kingdom of God on earth" rather than into a "Garden of Eden."

As the family is the almost universal institution through which the biological inheritance is passed on from one generation to another, so also the family is universally important as an agency for passing on the social heritage, though not the exclusive agency, for there are, of course, other patterns almost as universal as the family in continuing the social heritage, as for instance, the community, industry and religious organizations.

Cultural heritage through the family is twofold, though the dividing line between these two aspects is not altogether sharp. First, the family is an instrument for shaping personality in the children, for determining, for instance, whether the child is to be timid, honest, conservative, or otherwise. Second, it is also a means for passing on the content of the social heritage, for transmitting the knowledge of the ways of doing things, that does not enter so intimately into the character, such for instance as the transmission of the knowledge of language or of how to work.

That our social heritage is a very powerful influence in building personality is being increasingly appreciated, as the specific role of instinct is being shown to be less and less and as habit is known to be of greater significance. Behavior among human beings is not as rigidly determined by biological inheritance as it is among the lower animals. The extent to which any human being will be fearful or courageous, daring or indifferent and the sorts of situations that will call forth these reactions are determined largely by his experience. Thus the Crow Indians, living in the milieu of warring nations, inculcate personal bravery in their youths to a higher degree than people living in a less warlike setting, by the elaborate system which they have developed for training and encouraging bravery.

Another discovery of modern psychology emphasizes still more how much personality is the product of habit. This discovery is that of the conditioned reflex, a special form of habit. For instance, the pupil of the eye, by inherited nature contracting and expanding to variations of light, can be trained to contract at the ringing of a bell. Much of our behavior that was thus once thought of as instinctive has now been found to be the habit of conditioned reflexes. So it would seem that poets are largely made poets, not born poets, that certainly much of what we call feminine and masculine traits are the product of our culture, that so-called genius can never be wholly a matter of inheritance, and so on. As research shows the specific role of instinct to be growing less than was formerly held, just to that extent is our social heritage found to be more important in forming personality.

The family takes rank unquestionably as the social institution of greatest influence, through which our social heritage forms personality. The family environment exercises the earliest influence that the new-born child knows. As the twig is bent, so grows the tree. The earlier the influence the more important it is. It was formerly thought that the personality was completed only when one became an adult. Then the limit was shortened to the age of adolescence. Later it was said that the personality was virtually set by five years of age, and now one hears that the most important influences have got in their work by two years of age.

The family is significant also because of its repetition of stimuli. A limited number of stimuli from mother, nurse, father, brothers, sisters are repeated many times a day. The power of this repetition at an early age is very great. Little drops of water often enough will wear away a large stone. In biological inheritance the contributions of mother and father are equal by chance, but in forming personality in early life, the contribution of the mother would seem to be greater, custom being as it is. Furthermore the role of the affections, so important for personality, is nurtured in the home, and is associated with the members of the family.

PERHAPS it may seem unwise to try to choose for first ranking in importance in determining personality from the three groups of tendencies, the self-preservative, the affectional, or the gregarious. But the studies of disorders of personality, as they appear in neuroses and psychoses, rank the affectional elements as most significant, perhaps because of their possibly greater variability and the readiness with which conditioning occurs in connection with love. The most fertile theory of the functional origin of mental disorders is that the causes are the emotional habits arising out of the early family situation. This hypothesis is maintained even when the precipitating causes of the disaster occur in later life, for, it is argued, these precipitating causes are effective only when the foundation has been laid in the emotional patterns of early childhood.

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In accordance with this modern theory of the powerful influence of culture on the personality, researches have been showing that much of what was once thought to have been heredity is in reality the family influence, particularly of the early years of life. Biometricians, for example, show a high correlation of the occupations of fathers and sons, just as they have shown a high correlation between the stature of fathers and sons; and, this correlation between the occupations of fathers and sons has been interpreted, like the similarities of stature, as due to biological inheritance. But when father and son are both lawyers, one should hesitate to assert that the coincidence is due to biological inheritance. The social reasons why the son follows the vocation of the father are not far to seek. By the same reasoning it might be argued that because son, father, grandfather and other ancestors were fishermen, this fact was determined by inherited natural tendencies. Resemblances between parent and child are not to be attributed wholly to heredity; many are due to the strong influences of parents on their young.

THAT these cultural influences of family life are important is seen from the fact that there are differences in personality according to order of birth. Thus the oldest child tends to be different from the middle children, and the middle children different from the youngest, and the only child tends to have distinguishing characteristics. Biologists say that these differences in personality could hardly be due to differences in the germ plasms. Heredity doesn't explain why the oldest child should be different from the only child.

Since so many environmental influences in the home are the same for all the children, it is evident from these differences in children according to their order of birth, that a comparatively slight variation may be far-reaching and subtle. A. A. Brill has shown (Introduction to Psychoanalysis) that the only child is found among neurotics in unusually large numbers, and that he is less fitted for the struggle for existence than other children. Yet the only child is also exceptional in achievement. From my own unpublished researches it seems clear that he appears in Who's Who more frequently than in the general population. So, also, only children marry later in life and smaller percentages of only children are married than of other children. The names of oldest children also appear in Who's Who more frequently in proportion to their total number than do the names of middle children, while the youngest children appear more frequently than middle children but less frequently than the oldest children. There are also differences between children and order of birth in regard to radicalism; and it seems probable that the incidence of insanity is slightly unequal according to the order of birth.

The family is becoming much smaller; there are many families with only one child and not many with three children. This change in the size of the family will have an effect on the personality of the children. Perhaps it may increase the percentage of exceptionally capable children mentally, but it may also result in an increase of nervousness and mental disorders. The obvious types of family influence are quite well known, but for that reason are frequently taken for granted. The newer evidence of the family influence on personality comes from the studies of nervous disorders and the phenomena of the conditioned reflex. Thus it appears, for instance, that the role of a dominant, unaffectionate, disciplinary type of father is of tremendous influence in forming the personality of the child. The child may develop a reaction of rebellion against his father and acquire a pattern of reaction that may be set in motion later in life by many other stimuli than the original one of the father. Thus the institution of the police, of the courts, of an authoritarian government may arouse hostility, and indeed the individual with such childhood experiences may develop from this action pattern a whole social philosophy of, say, *laissez-faire* liberalism.

So also it seems true that the sort of stimuli that are most effective in arousing feelings of affection and hate are like the stimuli of members of the family operating in early childhood. Emotional patterns are set up in early childhood that often are so particularized that they can be aroused in later life only by individuals who resemble these members of the family around whom the patterns were first built. Thus one may be able to have as close friends, lovers, husbands or wives, only those who resemble strongly a parent, brother, sister, or playmate.

It is true, of course, that not all of these early cultural influences on personality operate through the medium of the family alone. Play groups outside the family and the schools for very young children are the next most important groups. Possibly the changing family may lose to such groups as these some of its functions in forming the personality of its very young members, as it appears to be losing other functions. But in so far as the personality factors exercise their functions at very early ages, the family is likely to continue as the main influence in forming the personality of the children.

The function of passing on the content of the social heritage, such as language, for example, the family shares with other social institutions. Thus the churches carry on the religious tradition. The various economic organizations for manufacture and commerce carry on the stream of the social heritage for their particular province, quite generally without the services of the family, as also, in their respective fields, the schools, libraries and other societies and groups.

IT is possible that during the past two or three thousand years in Europe the family has as a functioning social institution reached the highest point which it has ever attained within the 100,000 years more or less that there has been human society. But within the past century there has been a precipitous fall from this pinnacle. The functions of the family have been declining very rapidly since the invention of the factory run by steam, aided by innumerable numbers of mechanical inventions. In the agricultural era which preceded this industrial age, the functions performed largely by the family were six—affectional, economic, recreational, protective, religious and educational. Spinning, weaving, sewing, the production of food, the preparation of food, laundering, the production of soap, and many other economically productive functions have all left the aegis of the family in whole or in part, changing the nature of the employment of men and women, and particularly taking away from women their ancient employment. The loss of economic functions is most noticeable in the large modern city among apartment-house dwellers, less developed among families in the smaller towns and in the country.

Other functions of the family have similarly declined. Recreation is found outside the home. In earlier times

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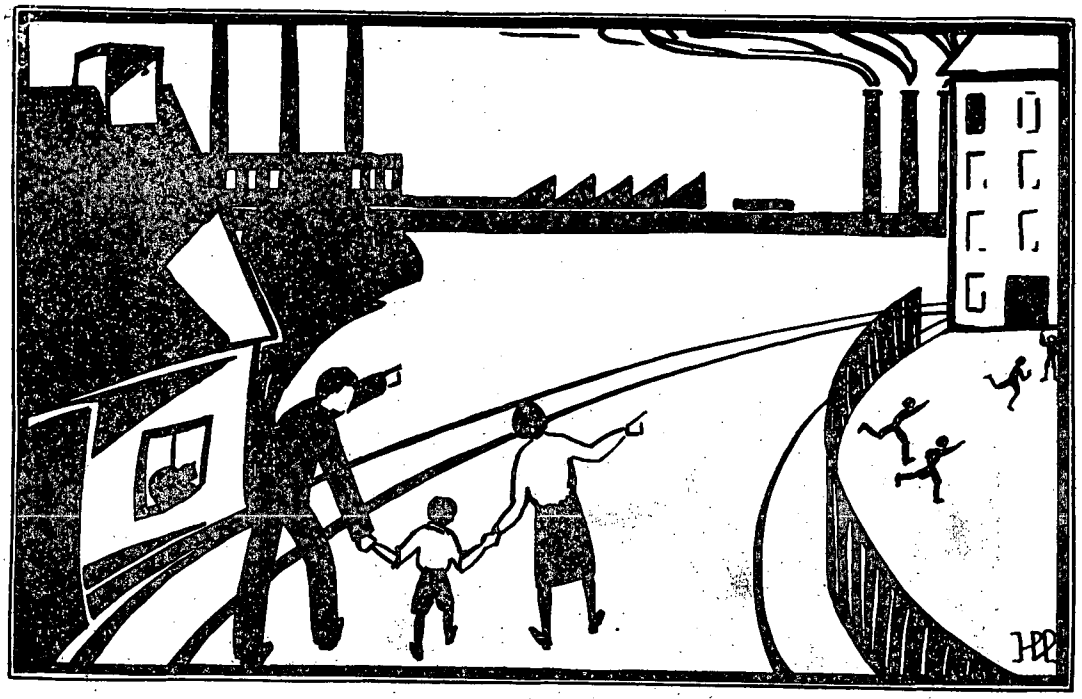
education, very broadly conceived, was in large part a function of the family, including physical education, manual training, domestic science, and vocational education. Today very few of these forms of education remain in the home. In feudal times the protection of the home, the women, children, the aged and dependent kin, was in part a function of the father and male relative. The loss of these functions has been due in large part to the mechanical inventions resulting in the growth of cities and factories. Perhaps the loss of the religious functions, which even determined that only persons of certain religious affiliations could inter-marry and found a family, seems due to changes in the nature of religious beliefs rather than to economic and mechanical changes.



Drawing by Helen Phelps

Even if the family doesn't produce thread and cloth and medicine and food and lessons, it can still produce happiness

These losses of functions may mean that the spindle and the loom have now completely disappeared as symbols of home life, and the laundry tub, the sewing machine, family games and the prayer book are following them. Indeed the cooking stove, the broom and even the cradle seem to be taking flight also! The invention and diffusion of methods of birth control must take rank with steam and the multi-family dwelling as significant inventions affecting the family. It has been particularly the means of a great reduction in the number of children, which has cut down the activities of the family in a purely quantitative way so that they are comprised in a very short period.

Some of these functions which are an integral part of social life have not disappeared but have simply shifted from the family to other social agencies, especially to the industries, with their welfare work, and to the state, that is, all the organs of city, county, state, provincial and national governments. The decline of the *laissez-faire* theory of government is due in large part to the decline of the family, a cause not usually recognized, especially by conservatives. The great extension of government by commissions and boards to so many different fields has as a cause the changes in the modern family. The juvenile court and the school take the place of the parent for the time and in regard to certain matters. We even say that modern government is "paternalistic," fatherly. The decline of the family is thus a cause of the great wave of governmental control that is spreading over all modern governments, and is in part also a cause of the drift in the direction of socialism. Also in many communities, or particularly the industrially-owned towns, industries with their elaborate welfare plans have developed functions which were formerly performed by the family but which cannot well be performed by them under the new conditions.

Moreover, the trend in the loss of functions shows little slackening and no tendency to turn and move in the opposite direction. Manufacturing is growing much faster than agriculture. Women are entering industry at a greater rate than the growth of population. The schools are taking the children at earlier ages. Protective legislation and paternalistic government activities are increasing. Recreation is becoming more commercialized and finds expression outside the family. These trends are effective for rural homes and in the towns as well as among city dwellers.

It is very difficult to predict the future, particularly in the social sciences. Furthermore, prediction is accurate usually in inverse ratio to the length of time it covers. So, for the immediate future one may simply observe that the trends seem to be moving as they have in the past. One may further speculate that as many of these changes in the family have been due to mechanical inventions which produced factories and cities, so new mechanical inventions may in the future, again quite change the course of the family. But what the new inventions will be can not be told. The radio, for instance, may be an invention that will help to return certain activities to the home. The cheaper and wider distribution of electricity, if accompanied by certain mechanical inventions, might tend to restore industries to the home. New inventions again may revolutionize the family in opposite directions.

THIS brief analysis has been a record of facts or of probable facts. There has been no attempt to say whether they are good or bad. Yet perhaps we may venture to speculate a little regarding their value.

That the family environment is so important for personality is a fact of prime significance. It puts a great deal of responsibility on parents; and this new knowledge raises the family to new and greater importance. But one must not assume that the family influence on personality is wholly good, even from religious households. What has been shown is that the (*Continued on page* 341)

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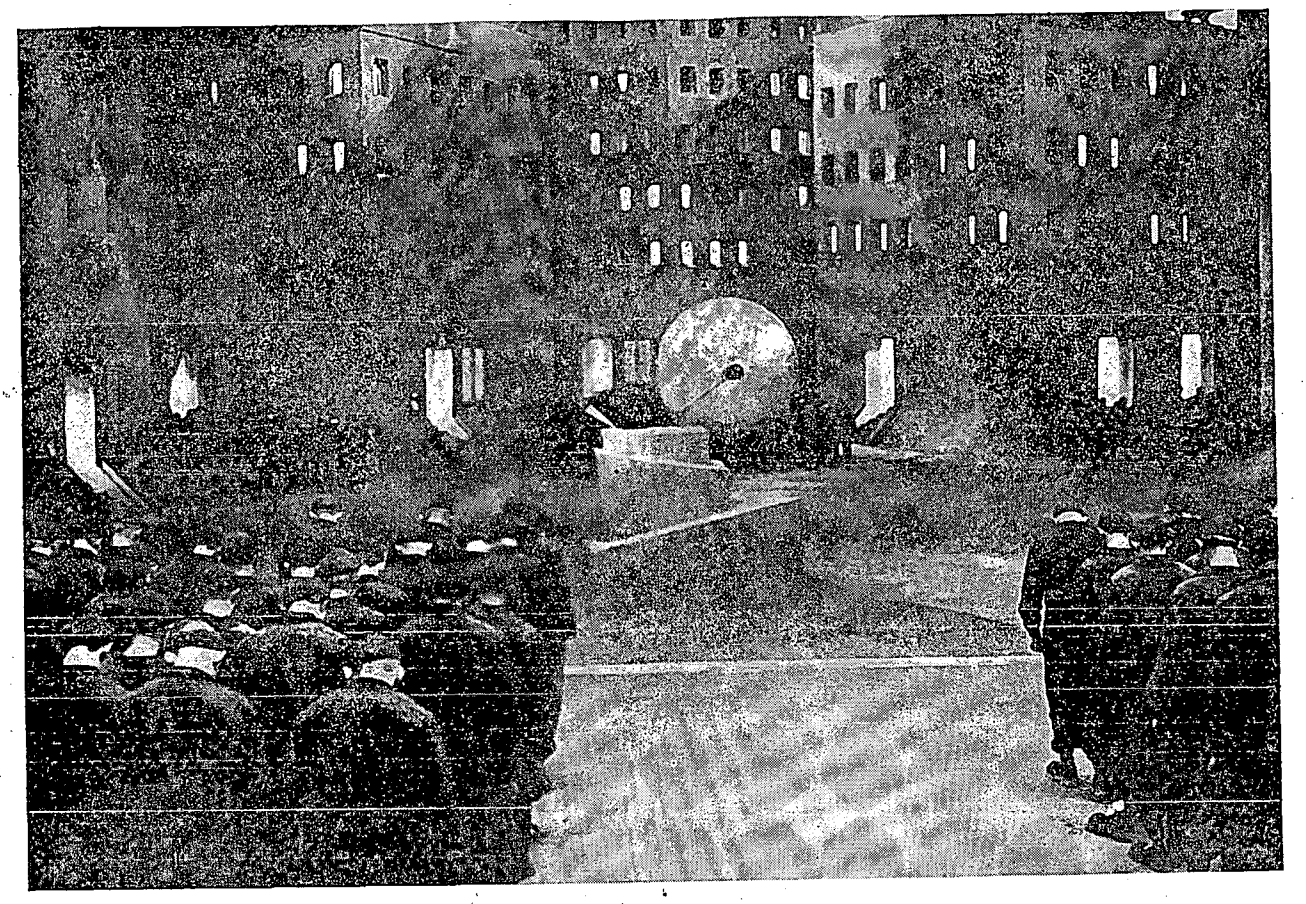
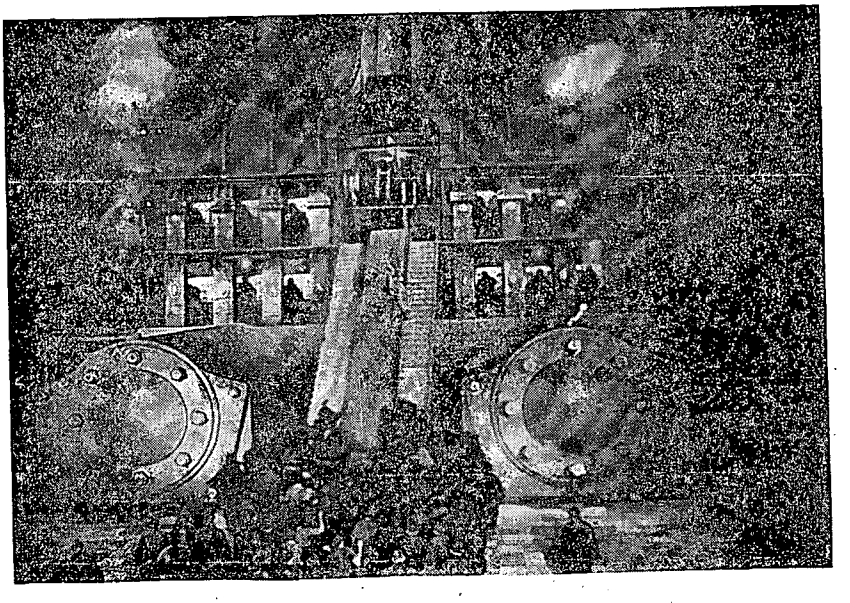


The Future of Labor—a German Film Forecast

These scenes of a monstrous machine and the subterranean homes of the workers, in a city of the future, are from the motion picture Metropolis, adapted from the Uta film by Famous Players-Lasky. "In dear old 1898," says H. G. Wells of its philosophy, "it may have been excusable to symbolize social relations in this way, but that was thirty years ago, and a lot of thinking and some experience intervene." Today labor has its own program for preserving the integrity of its family life, according to Mr. Muste's article.



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The Tug of Industry

By A. J. MUSTE

IF anything has been putting bombs under the home and the family during the past century, it is our vaunted industrialism. Industrialism has taken the mother out of the home and put her to work in the factory for long hours, often at night, often under positively unsafe and unsanitary conditions, almost invariably under conditions of severe nervous strain. That there has been a serious adverse effect on the bearing of children has now been amply demonstrated by statistics of infant mortality and sickness. From figures of school attendance, juvenile delinquency, and from other sources, we know that forcing women into industry under these conditions has likewise had a most harmful effect upon the rearing of children. Working in the factory at night and seeking to do the housework during the day between snatches of sleep has meant for the mother that she has not known her children, that she has been unfit as a companion for them, frequently has failed in ordinary care for their health, has been careless about school attendance, has turned over the care of babies and young children to older children, often with the most unfortunate effects upon the physical, emotional and intellectual development of both the younger and the older children. Factory work for women has meant conflict between woman's economic and her biologic and social functions for which there is no solution under the conditions that have very generally prevailed in the past and that still prevail, for example, in typical textile towns.

The factory system has brought with it the shameful evil of child labor, the blight of which has by no means been removed from this, the wealthiest nation in all history.

Industrialism has brought the herding of immense populations into close and inadequate quarters, often under conditions shockingly unsanitary, making privacy and the moral habits and attitudes that go with it impossible and nearly always under conditions of crowding, noise, lack of sunlight and fresh air, removal from contact with nature, to which human beings in the mass have never before been subjected on such a scale and which are certainly in part responsible for the emotional instability and the restlessness of modern populations which have an important influence on family life.

Making all due allowance for advances made under industrialism, it has nevertheless been responsible for exploitation and underpayment of labor, for an unnecessarily low economic standard for the mass of workers, which has had serious effects on family life. It has brought into existence on a large scale, for the first time, the evil of unemployment rendering the modern worker insecure, though he might be ever so industrious, thrifty and anxious to work. Modern industry requires an exceedingly mobile labor supply. In five years a village expands into a city with the coming of the steel or the automobile industry, and workers by the thousand must be found. Elsewhere a flourishing industry may move away or practically disappear because of new inventions. Even where no great fundamental shifts occur, there are the greatest variations in employment from time to time among the various factories in the same industry or among industries in various sections of the country, necessitating a constant shift of the labor supply. The most casual reflection on the importance of a certain minimum of permanence and stability for successful family life suggests the effects of these factors of unemployment and mobility of labor supply on the development of the modern family.

Modern industry has separated men by the millions from the soil and from ownership of the land; it has deprived them of the ownership of their homes; it has separated them from their tools, from the satisfaction that human beings have obtained for generations from making things and from the exercise of their skill in making them; it has separated the worker from direct contact with the product of his work or direct control over its disposal; it has introduced him into a regime where his destinies seem to be controlled not by himself and not by the forces of sun, rain, wind and the seasons, with which man has done battle and held communion for thousands of years, but by other human beings or by vast impersonal, relentless, erratic forces in the presence of which man seems utterly puny and futile and about which he has not been able to throw the kindly mitigation of fairy tale, or religious ritual, or philosophic synthesis. Under this regime, moreover, rewards seem to go quite as often to luck, cleverness, and the speculator's nerve and recklessness, as to the sobriety and industry so highly lauded in the copy-books.

Now one need not be a sentimental medievalist, and one may gladly admit all the necessary qualifications to this indictment, all the compensations that the development of industry has brought to mankind, and it will still remain true that its development has introduced new factors into human life which have had serious repercussions in many directions and not least in the realm of family life. Certainly the landless, houseless, tool-less, skill-less, religion-less, root-less, get-rich-quick-if-possible, urban worker of today is a different specimen from the peasant and the artisan who have made up the bulk of the population in civilized lands since the dawn of history.

IF now we turn to inquire what the family and its friends may rightfully ask of industry, the answer falls naturally into two parts. In the first place, industry, broadly speaking, is the organization of human work by which we seek to obtain the basic necessities of food, clothing and shelter, to provide that physical basis of life on which all cultural and spiritual development must be built. We may demand that industry be so organized that the masses of men may obtain such a reward from their toil as will enable them to maintain a standard of living which will support the cultural values associated with family life. We may demand this of industry provided, of course, that the natural resources at our disposal and our command over natural forces is such that such a goal is attainable. For our present pur-

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pose, we can safely assume on the basis of competent testimony that this is the case.

I suppose it need hardly be said that poverty makes a satisfactory family life impossible. One might conclude, however, from some of the utterances of the press and platform that the problem of involuntary poverty has been solved in America, that all our workers are well-to-do or might easily have a high standard of living if they chose to exert themselves a bit. It is probably true that at no other time in history and at no other place have material standards been as high as in the United States at the present time. It is apparently also true that real wages in the United States are higher now than they were a generation ago. There are, however, a number of considerations that must be borne in mind if we are not to get a seriously distorted picture.

Statistics given out for popular consumption are often grievously misleading. For example, the weekly wages of a highly paid miner in a good week are made public. Nothing is said about the weeks when his pay was not so good, nor about the thousands of miners who never receive as high a wage, nor about the fact that this miner, if he works in the bituminous fields of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana or Pennsylvania, for example, is lucky if he has had two hundred days of work in the entire year. Similar misleading statements are often made about the wages in the building trades, railroads and other industries. Wage studies clearly bring out the fact that despite the undoubted existence of high daily or weekly wage-rates in some trades, the general average of wages ranges between twenty dollars and twenty-five dollars a week, while in such industries as agriculture the sum is about ten dollars a week. Needless to observe that this implies that the wages of multitudes of persons, including many heads of families, are utterly inadequate to maintain a decent standard of living.

It must be borne in mind also that it is impossible to give a cut and dried answer to the questions, what is a subsistence wage, or a decency wage, or a saving wage, or a cultural wage, and that what is adequate or tolerable is determined to some extent by subtle psychological factors. Every day

Courtesy Whitney Studio Club, New York

THE UNION MEETING

By BOARDMAN ROBINSON

The instinctive drive on the part of the trade union movement, and of unorganized workers as well, for higher wages with a constantly advancing standard of living, is sound. It ought to have the unqualified support of those interested in the integrity of the American family

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one encounters sarcastic observations in the papers about the thousands of workers who go to work in flivvers or limousines. Doubtless there are cases of extravagance, though just why ownership of an automobile by a bricklayer should be a fair subject for sarcasm, while ownership by a broker is not, is something of a mystery. How are workers in congested industrial centers to get to work these days except by automobile transportation? Or how shall miners get to work when, as often, they are compelled to live twenty-five or thirty miles away from the mines, in a district where there are no railroads, streetcars and buses? And in a day when many are able to ride, is not the individual who cannot provide himself with automobile transportation subjected to an economic handicap in getting and holding a job, and to physical handicaps because of inability to live in a clean and decent neighborhood, and what is the use under such conditions of preaching to individuals about extravagance? To put it another way, the various items in a budget or a so-called standard of living are tied up with each other and largely imposed on individuals and families by conditions over which they have no control and, seldom is anything to be gained by fixing on some specific item as an indication of extravagance or subject for preachments.

If from a certain point of view the American worker is well paid, it is on the other hand also true that if you compare the output of the workers today with that of the workers of a generation ago, the former are in many instances not so well paid as were the latter. I know personally, for example, of numerous instances in textile mills where workers receive perhaps twice as much in the pay envelope as they did thirty-five years ago, but are producing four, five and six times as much now as then.

It is also true that if you compare the output of the American worker with that of the European worker, the American is not so well paid as is his brother across the seas. I think practically all competent observers would agree that with our mass production, high degree of specialization and speeding up, the American workers are subjected to a greater strain than workers in large numbers have ever been before. Thus while high wages may enable the worker to buy material goods and may give him a certain amount of contentment, both of which would appear to be favorable to family life, the American worker doubtless has been a sufferer from discontentment because he has been subjected to severe strain and because his wages seem incommensurate with the efforts he puts forth, or at least with the ever increasing production of modern industry.

In general, the American worker insists on having for himself and his family many things that were beyond his reach a short time ago and refuses to do without certain goods to which he did not then aspire. There is, of course, an important problem of teaching people from the Four Hundred down the distinction between real and fictitious value in the things they buy and live for, but this is not, as is often assumed, a purely working-class problem. American workers, as a whole, do not yet have the food, the clothing, the housing, the leisure, the access to culture and educational opportunity that cannot on any reasonable grounds be denied to human beings, and so the instinctive drive on the part of the American trade union movement, and of unorganized workers as well, for higher wages with a constantly advancing standard of living, is sound, whatever may be the wisest or socially desirable strategy in any particular wage dispute. This drive for a higher standard of living ought to have the unqualified support of those interested in the integrity of American family life.

Two or three additional points ought to be made under this head. In the first place, if you take some arbitrary standard as being "adequate" to support a family of five, you would find, as Professor Paul Douglas has pointed out, that "to pay such a wage in the English-speaking countries would be more than adequate for between 70 and 80 per cent of the workers, while it would be less than what was needed for from 10 to 15 per cent." In other words, the problem of the family wage so-called, arises. To quote Professor Douglas again: "Should not the real principle be that as needs are not uniform but variable, so the minimum wage should not be uniform but should vary according to the needs of the worker and his family. In other words, should not the single man receive enough to maintain himself plus a comfortable margin to permit his saving for marriage, but not enough to support a non-existent family of five, and so on?" This matter is thoroughly discussed by Professor Douglas in The Family Wage, and in another work by Eleanor Rathbone, The Disinherited Family, A Plea for Direct Provision for the Cost of Child Maintenance through Family Allowances.

There are other wage proposals which concern not only the individual but more especially the family. One is the minimum wage, which in the present state of public opinion in the United States and of trends in legislatures and courts, is likely to be applied to women chiefly and has a bearing upon the problem of the mother compelled to go to work and precisely because she is a mother and has a home and a family on her hands is often tied down so that she finds only the lowest paid jobs available. Then there are mothers' pensions which, though paid by the state, nevertheless constitute a demand upon industry and practically constitute wages for the mother. Missouri in 1911 passed the first provision in the United States for a regular allowance to be paid to mothers for the care of their own children. With only a couple of exceptions, all states have now some sort of mothers' pension law. These laws, however, vary greatly; there is no uniformity in administration, and in most instances the amount paid is exceedingly small.

VARIOUS forms of social insurance—insurance against sickness, accident, occupational disease, unemployment, old age—constitute a charge upon industry in which the friends of the family should be especially interested. Of the 500,000 workers who die each year, it is probably true, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, that the death of at least one-half is postponable. Assuming an average life value to industry of not less than $5,000, and special care for a man chronically ill at $3.00 per day, it is estimated by Herbert Hoover's engineers that the economic loss from preventable disease and death is $1,800,000,000 among those classed as gainfully employed, and nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars among industrial workers in the more limited meaning of the word. Industrial accidents in the United States annually cause about 25,000 deaths. The total casualties of the American Expeditionary Forces in the World War did not equal the casualties to American workers in peaceful employments during the period we were at war. Another 25,000 American workers are annually made victims of serious permanent disabilities and there are two million temporary disabilities of more than three days' duration. The visitation of acci-

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From George W. Bellows: His Lithographs. Alfred A. Knopf

WORKMAN'S KITCHEN

Evidence accumulates that private enterprise cannot be depended on to provide homes at rentals that unskilled and semi-skilled workers can afford. American public opinion is still indifferent to bad housing and in dealing with it we are backward in comparison with European countries

dent, sickness, occupational disease, unemployment, resourceless old age falls of course in countless instances upon individuals and families who share only to an infinitesimal degree in responsibility for the condition which brought it about. In a good many instances management might have provided safeguards or given instructions that would have prevented trouble, but failed to do so because it may be cheaper for a particular employer or industry, in the short run at least, to cut off a worker's arm, throw him on the scrap heap and hire another man, than to prevent the accident.

WHEN we have conditions for which society seems to be responsible but from which the individual suffers, common sense, a regard for efficiency, and humanity demand that society must not only take preventive measures but also must ease the burden on the individual and innocent sufferers by some means of insurance. Our own experience with compensation legislation and the experience of other countries with other forms of social insurance seem amply to have demonstrated the soundness of this procedure. Yet we still permit the blighting of individual lives and the breaking up of homes by the casualties of industry. A thorough study of the whole problem of social insurance must certainly be a first step toward dealing realistically, scientifically and adequately with the problem of maintaining the integrity of family life, advancing beyond the attitude of mere sentimentality based on an outworn individualism.

Provision for rent or home ownership which is an important item in the worker's budget also requires special attention, at least in many of our larger cities. Evidence accumulates that private enterprise cannot be depended on to provide homes at rentals that unskilled and semi-skilled workers can afford. American public opinion is still indifferent to bad housing, and in dealing with it we are backward in comparison with European countries.

Beyond this primary requirement that industry shall provide the physical conditions of life essential to the integrity of the family, we must demand that the conditions under which people work shall be such that personality is developed, not stunted, that workers shall not go from the factory so exhausted physically, so thwarted emotionally, so dulled intellectually, as to be unfit to share in making and enjoying a fine rich family life. Hours of work must be reasonable, and reasonable may be safely taken to imply shorter hours than now prevail. Work that is freely chosen, that is interesting in itself, that calls upon creative energies, is a precious good and human beings can stand a vast deal

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of it. But factory work for the most part is not freely chosen, not very interesting in itself, nor does it call upon creative energies. Even when the worker finds his job interesting, it is usually carried on under conditions of noise, heat, humidity, dust, monotony, speeding up, artificial light, indoor confinement to which human beings have never been subjected in the past, and which the human body is certainly not able to endure in indefinite quantities.

Although a substantial shortening of hours of work has taken place, the reduction is in many instances probably not so great as appears on the surface. For one thing, the distance people have to travel in order to get to work has in many cases increased, so that a miner, steel worker or building tradesman who puts in forty-eight hours a week on the job frequently consumes an additional ten hours or more a week in getting to and from it. Moreover, shortening of hours of labor has been accompanied in many instances by a speeding up of machinery and labor and an intensification of the drive for output.

The physical conditions in the factory must be made safe, sanitary and so far as possible conducive to health. This involves safety devices for machinery, adequate protection against fire hazard, scientific lighting, adequate ventilation, sanitary toilets, clean and pleasant lunch places, rest rooms, seats wherever possible, elimination of unnecessary noise, dirt, dust and humidity, and similar measures. Happily tremendous progress has been made along these lines in recent years, yet much more might be done.

For the sake of the home, night work for women should be eliminated in many occupations. Care must be taken not to hamper the economic independence of women by limiting their choice of occupations unnecessarily, or to handicap the married woman as compared with the single woman. As things stand, however, night work for wives and mothers in factories is so serious an evil from both the biological and the social standpoints that those who are concerned primarily about the family are certainly justified in seeking to eliminate all such work by direct industrial action or by legislation, even at the risk of inflicting hardships on certain individuals. It is by no means clear that eliminating the exploitation of women by night work in factories will permanently involve any limitation upon opportunities for work for women.

WE should explore by research and experiment the possibilities of devising part-time occupations for married women. Something is being done along this line for college-trained women, but the need of the working-class wife or mother for a part-time job is often much more real. Doubtless factory managers will at first object to the shifting about required if jobs are to be provided for some women for a part of the day or for certain days of the week. To offset this objection we may cite the present incessant turnover in factories where women are employed and the frequent absences, which might be much reduced if an attractive program of part-time jobs could be worked out.

Child labor in factories should be entirely eliminated. There are still two and a quarter million children between seven and fifteen in the United States who are not in school. In many places where the laws are good, they are not enforced. The responsibility, it seems to me, rests clearly upon employers as a class. So long as they offer economic inducements to the labor of children, many individual families under the stress of a bitter struggle for existence are powerless to resist. As E. R. Groves said recently, "Child labor is not a necessity in any form of industry, but the prolonging of childhood so that every normal individual can be given a suitable education for a fair start in life is a basic requirement for home-making."

THE problem of turnover of labor merits attention. Some years ago employers generally seemed to be a good deal concerned about the turnover because it seemed costly to be constantly breaking in new hands. My impression is that interest in the subject has somewhat flagged of late and if this is true it would be interesting to know the reason. I have been told that in the various automobile factories, for example, operations are now so highly specialized and simplified that a man can go from one factory to another as well as from one operation to another with only the slightest temporary loss in efficiency, and that a constant shifting about of automobile workers is actually taking place on a very large scale. However that may be, the turnover in American industry is still very large. This problem of industry gears in with the problem of the family at many points. The young worker who moves about frequently is less likely to contemplate marriage and the establishment of a home. The man who wants to desert his family finds it comparatively easy to do so. On the other hand, the absence from home caused by moving to a job in another town may lead to desertion where family ties are somewhat insecure and income precarious. Constant moving about from job to job is itself a symptom either of psychological maladjustment that creates economic and social problems or of a faulty economic and social condition bound to result in psychological maladjustment.

The application of the findings of modern psychology to the problems of industry in vocational guidance for the young, development of physiological, psychological and educational tests, personnel work, adaptation of the job to the man and the man to the job, fatigue study, study of the effect of various occupations and processes upon workers, regularization of employment, study of incentives in industry, methods of wage payment, and so on, is a recent development and one that holds untold possibilities. Labor has at times assumed a hostile or suspicious attitude toward some of these developments and in so doing has perhaps displayed more scientific caution than specialists blind to some of the remoter bearings of their own work, or employers or managers prepared to give a swift and greedy welcome to any scientist who promises to solve the labor problems, to secure contented workmen and records of big production. Certainly there are dangers to be guarded against. Yet in general we have reason to feel that in the industrial psychologist those who are concerned about the integrity of the family have a real ally.

Mention of the industrial psychologist and of the labor movement leads me to certain broader considerations which seem to me of paramount importance. I suppose that no careful observer of modern life, though banishing sentimentalism and pessimism from his mind as rigidly as possible, would describe industrial workers as happy. We think of them as restless, feverish, more or less vaguely discontented. In this connection I came across a remark of Dean Inge's the other day in the introduction (*Continued on page* 343)

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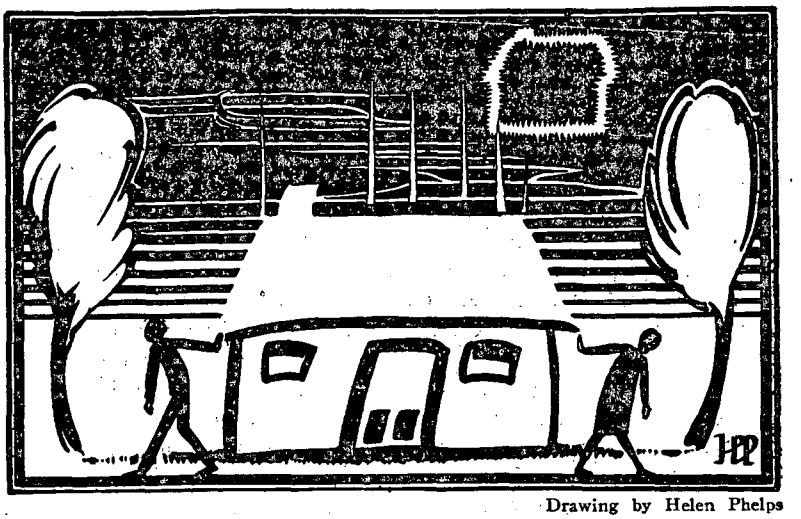
The Home Has Lost Its Halo

By JESSIE TAFT



Drawing by Helen Phelps

IN the new understanding of human beings which we are getting from psychiatric and psychoanalytic sources, there has arisen a great disturber of the peace of mind of parents and all others who undertake to deal with children by dogma or rule of thumb. Of a sudden the home has lost its halo, and momentarily it has taken on a somewhat sinister aspect as we become able, increasingly, to analyze the factors that have gone to produce the unhappy child, the queer child, the bad child, and see more and more clearly the part played by the parents and the home in bringing about so tragic an outcome.

The growing movement toward parental education; the nursery school, which seems to have stepped in to save the baby from his father and mother; the habit clinic for little children, and the child guidance clinics throughout the country, all bear witness to this new and growing awareness of the negative as well as the positive influences of the family. And a new psychology, the critical analysis of family forces, is gradually becoming the all important tool of the home and of all the outside organizations which try to supplement the home in meeting the needs of children, or to supply it entirely, when no home is there.

A home for every child, or every child in a home, has been for the past decade the slogan of all progressive social workers whose problem was the placement of the dependent child. This means of course the private family home, the foster home, as opposed to institutional care, once assumed to be the right and natural way to care for the orphaned and friendless child. So strong is the sentiment back of this slogan, that in child-placing circles, to question it is nothing short of heresy. When in individual cases some form of institution may be selected in preference to a foster home on the basis of the need and circumstances of the particular child, it is difficult for the worker responsible for the plan to avoid a sense of guilt. Thus has the faith of parents through the ages been transformed into a professional creed.

As analytic psychology is freeing us from the quality of tabu which has been attached to home and family, we have begun to see that the evil as well as the good, the life-giving and the life-killing qualities of family life are no longer merely stimuli for positive or negative emotional reactions, for passionate allegiance or violent revolt, but are subjects for patient, discriminating study, the raw materials out of which we hope to weave a new pattern fitted to the needs of the child. A dangerous development this, for it leads to all sorts of frightening departures from the old maxims which have come to have almost the quality of a moral code. When we are dealing with particular cases, not general truths, we may easily find that a child's best chance for stability and happiness lies in violating every tenet of the old creeds of parents and social workers.

Perhaps Billy cannot progress without an experience of disobeying. Perhaps obedience as such is not the all important thing for children's welfare that it has been for the parent's comfort. Maybe loving mother is not a virtue in Anne's case but the stumbling block to growth and independence. Desertion of father and mother, leaving home even against the parental wish, may be no sin but a life-saving device for a particular boy or girl.

Even so, for the social worker, carefully gathered and analyzed data may indicate that John should be freed completely from his own parents now, from the first, while his age makes him acceptable as a foster child.

To the worker of the old school, this sometimes seems a heartless procedure. Will not John's delinquent mother, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, some time change her ways and come back to claim her child? Should the child not be available to his drunken, immoral, deserting father if he ever happened to reform? As long as parents are living, isn't it a mistake to try to put the child somewhere else permanently? The only answer is that we now have the tools which make possible a gathering and analysis of the essential social and psychological facts regarding the child and his family and the probability of its rehabilitation. The deductions to be drawn from these facts are frequently conclusive, at least as far as is humanly possible. They are certainly more reliable than the fear of violating the code, which produces hesitation in the face of any evidence, however convincing. Why should the child not be given the benefit of the most intelligent plan we can make on the basis of all the facts and their scientific interpretation? Should our own instinctive fear of separation from father and mother, which lies at the root of our violent reactions against a definite cutting off from family ties, be allowed to paralyze our thinking and planning for others?

Not long since, a case worker without psychological background was heard to protest against the permanent removal of a normal illegitimate baby from a high-grade feeble-minded mother of sixteen who had been committed to a reformatory. Said the worker, "But you never can tell. She might improve in the institution after years of train-

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ing and then she ought to have her own child if she wants it." (At this time, be it noted, she did not.) The knowledge gained from long experience with the mother and its unequivocal interpretation were pointed out to her; she was reminded that in the intervening years there would be built up no relationship between mother and child; that the child would have attached itself to foster parents and, if they were satisfactory, would need no other mother; the child's right to its own chance for normality, poor with the mother, good in a selected foster home, was emphasized. In vain, she went away from the conference with the bitterness of violent parting in her soul. There was no use to reason in the face of a rejection based on an unanalyzed emotion cast over an external situation.

Just as a psychological analysis of family relationships as they are actually functioning in a particular situation may lead to an effort to make the child's removal from his deserting or indifferent parents a permanent one, or may force an intelligent parent to seek a boarding school for his child, so it may show that his chance for happiness depends on separation from an own brother or sister. Blood is no guarantee of affection, of helpfulness, of mutual support. The jealousy between brothers and sisters can be a bitterly destructive influence against which a new foster home or even an own parent struggles in vain. If Helen is crushed under the weight of Mary's jealous fear and domination, shall she be forced to carry them if circumstances make another course possible? Shall Mary, too, be bound to her unhappy pattern because sisters ought to be kept together?

Even the institution like the boarding-school may turn out to be the best solution of a particular child's problem. An adolescent boy of fifteen who has a sense of his own importance and a tendency to defy adult authority well developed by a good many delinquent experiences, may not present a very attractive picture to a family intelligent enough to understand him. He is not a loving child in need of a father and mother. He is a defiant boy, ready to throw off all authority. He offers very few rewards as a prospective child in the home. He is at the period where the real job is to help him to grow away from parental protection. With his bad history, his crude experiences, his lack of education, his rejection of family life, how can we hope to find, except by merest chance, a home which will lend itself to his needs? In such a case a training school with psychiatric viewpoint or child guidance clinic, might be a far better place than any family home. At any rate, so it proved to be for Peter, who needed the adapted school, the trade training, the group standards, the organized recreation and the many activities as well as the psychiatric understanding, which a certain farm school provided.

ELIZABETH presented the well nigh insoluble problem of a promising child too dark-skinned to pass without question as white, yet known not to be colored. The proof of her Italian parentage had no weight against the racial prejudices of the American home, and a suitable foreign family could not be found, for Elizabeth was far darker than the ordinary Italian. An institution was discovered which seemed to offer a security and opportunity impossible under any ordinary conditions. The very fact that she has been admitted here guarantees that she is not a Negro. The solidarity of the cottage group of which she has become a member, assures her unquestioned acceptance by the other children and the school. There is no doubting the relief which Elizabeth has experienced in her change from the insecurity of the temporary boarding home which could not protect her against race discrimination, or give any assurance of permanence, to the backing of a substantial progressive school powerful enough to see her through.

While these new psychological tools have broken up the meaningless generality of the old maxims, they have supplied no ready-made solution of child-rearing or child-placing problems. On the contrary, our difficulties increase in geometric ratio. The more we recognize in any family, however sincere and well intentioned, the possibility of its functioning destructively for a particular child, even its own, the less dogmatic do we become about the efficacy of family life *per se* to cure the ills of childhood.

WE can no longer rely unthinkingly on the virtue of our own good intentions; we no longer face the comparatively simple task of accepting parents or finding kindly people willing to accept homeless children; but we must analyze in detail the personalities and emotional relationships in a particular home and estimate their effect upon, as well as their reaction to a particular child. We are now responsible for recognizing, under personal charm and intellectual ability, the immature adult whose emotional needs and satisfactions are still on a childish level. We cannot allow ourselves to be lured by the ideal material surroundings and the apparently urgent need for a child into forgetting what the child may expect from such immaturity. Will the child get here the sense of stability, of security, without which he will remain unsatisfied? If not, then our job is either to undertake the re-education of this home (a rather overwhelming order), to reject it, or to use it frankly for the child who will be damaged the least, or whose best chance it may seem to be. The blessed escape of not knowing what we do is no longer wide open, as once it was, to either parents or social case workers.

Two things, at least, every child must have whether he finds them in his own home, with relatives, in a foster home or in an institution. These are a fundamental security, and freedom to grow up, which are provided in the last analysis only by the love and understanding of a mature adult who assumes the parental attitude to him. Many a child lacks both in his own home, while the child who must be removed from his own home has inevitably experienced a shock to his security or an added insecurity which has to be reckoned with in any placement.

Are families worth the fuss? Who knows? But believe it we must as long as there are children to be cared for, as long as the struggle to understand human behavior continues, as long as children are born of mothers and grow happily only with the security which parents can provide.

If the job of parents and their substitutes seems superhuman, the goal impossible, we need not be too discouraged. It is only that now, deprived of reassuring slogans and emotional convictions, we face in cold blood the creative responsibility we have assumed not only for knowing but for recombining in new and more constructive relationships the human material with which we deal. We are challenged by a job whose possibilities are only dimly perceived, by a task whose potentiality for error is equalled only by its unlimited opportunity for understanding and guiding children more intelligently, and for perfecting the family patterns upon which the successful childhood and the adult happiness of all of us must depend.

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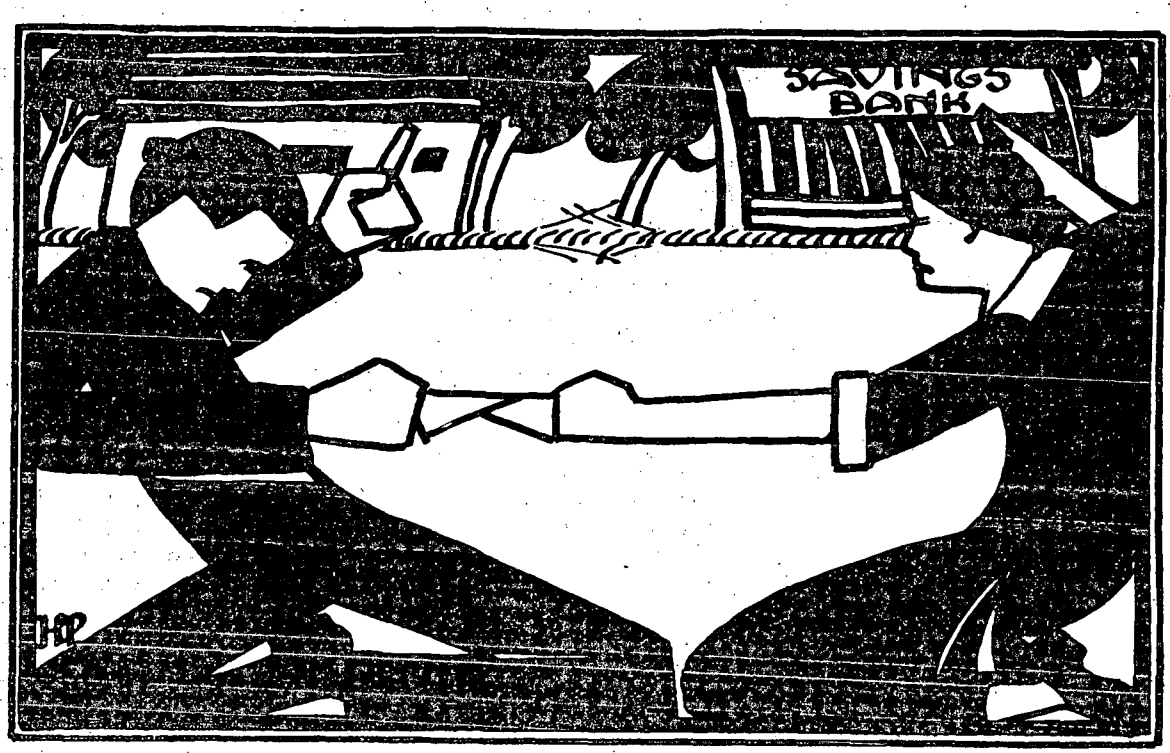

Drawing by Helen Phelps

The windfall that wrecked the Conroys' home after twenty happy years

A Puzzle in Cross Words

By NEVA R. DEARDORFF

FOR fifteen years the two leading characters of a play or a story have been roaming around in my mind and I am still unable to work them out properly. I have tried countless times without success. On no less than ten occasions I have offered them to different literary friends. They, too, saw their marvelous possibilities but could do no better by them than I. Like Signor Pirandello, I have come at last to feel that I must release them to search for an author.

To my no doubt prejudiced mind they seem more deserving of an author than Pirandello's six; first, because they are only two; second, because they do not make such a commotion about themselves, committing adultery and suicide; and third, that with which they contend is such a common situation in its fundamentals. A genuine solution for them would be akin to the great discoveries which have freed masses of mankind from burdens and dangers. Anyone who can really fix up the situation of my two characters will be a first rate public benefactor—to say nothing of his service to me, their unwitting custodian.

Perhaps I should caution those who would try to solve this situation that no solution will have validity for me if it does not convincingly restore these two people to their normal condition, which was one of ordinary contentment with their lot and also to their former affectionate regard for each other. That is, I want not only a diagnosis of their ailment, but a cure as well! Anything less than that will not fill the bill.

While I have myself grown discouraged in my single-handed attempt at a solution, I am not pessimistic about the efforts of others. When I think about all of the advisers of mankind, it seems that there must be hope. Social workers, psychiatrists, doctors, nurses, lawyers, judges, priests and preachers, professors, teachers, poets, novelists, newspaper columnists, financiers, bankers, economists—to say nothing of diplomats, negotiators, administrators and impartial chairmen—either singly or in combination—can surely do it. Although a member of this band of professionals, I confess to a fondness for amateurs, so I invite manufacturers, farmers, tradesmen, realtors, friends, relatives and neighbors to see if there is not some sure way to lead my characters back to happiness.

And now let me present them to you: Mr. and Mrs. John Conroy of Detroit, or Buffalo, or Philadelphia, or St. Louis, or any other typical American place that you prefer.

Mr. Conroy is a skilled mechanic, receiving a modest but fairly comfortable wage. At forty-two he is a sober, quiet, staunch American of the backbone-of-the-nation type. He works regularly, honestly and intelligently. He pays his debts and minds his own business. He is a good husband and father. All of his wage goes into the support of his wife and children and savings for old age. He has some friends, but his duties of keeping the house repaired come ahead of convivial pleasures.

When wife or children have been ill, which was not often to be sure, he has stood by with monumental patience.

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He likes quietness and good order in everything. He goes to church sometimes, but he does not care much for the new fangled ways in churches. Doctrinal or ecclesiastical disputes do not interest him and he does not choose to put his small amount of leisure into church social activities.

Mr. Conroy is not an experimenter with life. He keeps to the well-worn grooves of hard work, honesty, sobriety and self-respect.

Similarly, at forty Mrs. Conroy is a solid character. She married at twenty. Before that she had helped at home with the big family and the mother who was not well. Since then she has been occupied with establishing her home, having her two children, raising them and looking after Mr. Conroy's needs. She is a quiet, methodical and kindly woman.

An excellent housekeeper, Mrs. Conroy kept her house "a model of neatness," as folks used to say. She washed, ironed and scrubbed. She cooked, baked and canned. She sewed, mended and darned. Though her house was not artistic or flooded with sunshine, it was almost surgically clean and in perfect order. The Conroys' was the most comfortable home in the drab middle-class neighborhood in which they lived.

The Conroy children, Edward, eighteen, and Martha, sixteen, were well-behaved and unspoiled. Like their parents, they were conscientious, obedient, quiet and industrious. None of the family was loquacious.

Everything about the Conroys suggested that they lived according to a plan. And certainly that was true of their finances. The Conroys found early that their circumstances required that they go in debt. Married very young with no affluent relatives, they had first bought their furniture on credit. No sooner was it paid for than the babies came and bills accumulated but were systematically paid off. After they had been married about eight years it was decided that they should buy their home. A couple of years of scrupulous economy, and they had enough to make a small initial payment. After that they were embarked on the building and loan scheme which required eleven years to pay off the debt. When Martha was twelve a piano was installed in their little parlor and Edward soon began helping toward the payments on it. The Conroys' affairs come to your attention when all of these various debts have been paid except about three hundred dollars still owing on the house.

NATURALLY these years of enforced thrift have created deeply ingrained habits, attitudes and aspirations. But these are not identical with the different members of the family. Uncomplaining and frugal, Mr. Conroy has come to long for freedom from a sense of debt and insecurity. He looks forward eagerly to the day when the last payment will be made. Mrs. Conroy, also frugal in her habits and patient with all the restrictions of her life, has a somewhat less defined but almost stronger wish for a change from the years of routine administering of the household and family affairs. She does not want to do very differently from what she is doing, but somehow she wants a little more zest in life—a little fresh sap in the tree of her existence. She has not become consciously discontented, she regards herself as a successful wife and mother. She appreciates the good qualities of her husband and children.

But six months before you meet the Conroys a wholly unforeseen situation had arisen, with effects cruelly devastating to the peace of mind and the tranquillity of their home. A distant and aged relative of Mrs. Conroy's had died, leaving her as the mark of the gratitude of a lonely soul for trivial kindnesses, a little life insurance policy amounting to three hundred dollars. The Conroys had had no intimation of such a windfall. When the insurance company's representative called one evening to make the necessary inquiries for identification, they were taken quite unawares.

BUT while the agent lingered in their comfortable Morris chair and enjoyed with them the pleasurable event, Mr. and Mrs. Conroy's minds silently but rapidly adjusted to the new situation. Mr. Conroy saw himself in the office of the building and loan secretary clearing up the mortgage and receiving the deed to the property. Mrs. Conroy saw herself entering the big savings bank a few blocks away, opening an account in her own name and thereafter drawing the modest interest which the bank advertised. Mr. Conroy had always attended to the more important business affairs of the family. She had handled the household money, but this was all so carefully designated that she served only as a sort of forwarding agent. The elements of choice and chance were at a minimum in her department. Now she was to know in a small way the gratification of that sense of power which money brings.

Mr. Conroy's face was relaxed and genial, Mrs. Conroy's keyed up with excitement as they bid the agent goodnight.

At just that moment their happiness ended. No sooner were they alone than their wholly divergent purposes toward the three hundred dollars were expressed—almost simultaneously. Mrs. Conroy learned to her utter amazement that her husband had already decided regarding its disposal. It was to remain in her individual possession only long enough for her to endorse the check. Mr. Conroy could hardly believe his ears when he seemed to be hearing his wife refuse to apply this money to the project on which he had been slaving for so many years.

For the first time in their lives they sat up arguing far into the night and the longer they argued the more convinced each became that his position was impregnable. Mr. Conroy pointed out that all he had ever made had gone into paying their expenses and acquiring their possessions. Had not his whole life been devoted to providing? That she would not likewise contribute when she could was unbelievable to him. Mrs. Conroy made it plain that she, too, had contributed all of her time and strength to making a home for them and she expected to go on giving all of her time as long as she lived. Surely the contribution of all her time and effort was sufficient. She could see no reason why they should now suddenly depart from the program they had laid out for themselves. They had not counted on getting this money and they could surely go on as they had in the past, paying off the mortgage in the regular way.

Mr. Conroy anxiously asked if there was anything that Mrs. Conroy needed or wanted that she did not have. How did she plan to spend the money? She had nothing in mind that she especially wanted. There would doubtless be things that she would like to do or to buy with the interest but perhaps she would just let it accumulate.

The more each one rehearsed his case the clearer it became to him that he was invoking a principle of human right or justice. Like statesmen the world over, Mr. Conroy pointed out—not in these words, to be sure—that his plan was only that of reason, of common sense and of fairness to the group which shared common ends. Like the true

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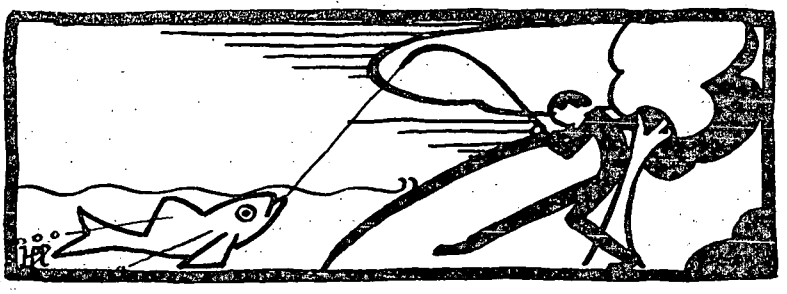
capitalist-individualist, Mrs. Conroy stuck by her point that her personal ownership of this money was taking nothing away from the group that it had had before or had expected to get. For the group now to take it away from her personal dominion and ownership was unnecessary and destructive of a satisfaction in life which she had come to see she deeply craved. Of course she loved Mr. Conroy as she always had and it was inconceivable to her that, if he loved her, he would not immediately see her position in this matter.

Well, there you are. You meet the Conroys six months after this night. They have debated the issue pro and con all during this time. Driven on by deep forces within them —the very rigidity which their long years of discipline had created was an element of no small importance—they see the cleavage of opinion between them grow more and more distinct. It enters all of their other relations like a slow poison. Mrs. Conroy becomes more and more religious; Mr. Conroy conceives a distaste for religion. It puts an element of strain into all of their habitual relations about money. They become self-conscious and censorious with each other. The children are drawn in and made miserable by this queer new tension between their father and mother. Presently Mr. and Mrs. Conroy begin to question whether they are still caring enough for each other to give sanction to their marital relations. Each asks himself whether he has ever really known, the other through and through even though they have lived together for twenty years.



The check had been deposited temporarily in Mr. Conroy's account but neither one ventured to use it as he had planned on that first evening when the news came.

At the end of six months they are so worn down with their sickening unhappiness that they reach a decision to live apart. They seek legal advice as to the formal disposition of their possessions and Mr. Conroy's legal obligation for the support of Mrs. Conroy. Renting part of the house will bring in enough income so that they need not live together.

Now, dear friends, you who know how life's problems should be solved, come forward with your advice. Remember, it must be something that the Conroys, just as they are, can absorb and use.

While the Conroy's troubles have become so much my own that I yearn for any practicable solution which restores them to happiness—just as two middle-aged, honest, hard-working people—I really would be most pleased if they could have a solution which lifts their episode to the realm of literature. Surely with all science, all good advice, and all literary ingenuity upon which to draw, the Conroys can be truly reconciled. Who will be the first to try?

Parental Madness

A Diagnosis and a Cure

By HUGHES MEARNS

ONE child, I am willing to admit, is about all I could stand. I look with awe upon cheerful parents who gather their group of four and five about them. How do they manage to live through it? Mothers might stick it out somehow, I reason, because to them have been given some miraculous special powers, but how about the fathers? It's terribly hard on fathers.

Oh, I am not referring to the usual things that one thinks of; children are no particular trouble, bother or annoyance to fathers. Men have managed sawmills and blast furnaces, and they have a good record for battles even. It is the steady wear and tear on one's affections that knocks fathers out. The moment after the father has received the bundle from the nurse and has weighed it on the kitchen scales and has found it the most appropriate possession of his life he is a captured creature due for a twenty-year term of daily strain and baffled endeavor. And there is nothing off for good behavior.

He will never be the same again, and he will not want to be. Life begins really to have purpose for him when he takes on ownership to one of these mysteries called children. That is what Shaw meant to imply when he made his so-called extravagant statement that no teacher should be considered qualified until she had, somehow, managed to have a child. There is no state of greater ignorance than childlessness.

The suggestion of illness in his own is enough to put father on the edge of a breakdown but, at the same time, it racks him with an enforced will to live. A plaintively expressed wish and he would, if permitted, buy a half interest in a toy shop. He is savage in his desire to obliterate other people's unsympathetic children. And that teacher is incompetent and a fraud who grades his child lower than A plus. The psychiatrists, who are coming into everybody's life nowadays, have doubtless already named it. *Dementia parentis* probably. It is all of that.

In the family life the father is aiming, with every secret and deceptive move, to preserve the child as it was originally given to him. He fights the encroaching necessities of living in an economic and coercive civilization, siding with the child in every campaign against mother, aunt, teacher, neighbor, preacher, policeman; against punctuality, early bedding and table manners; against drugs (but not sundaes) uncrossed-legs and diets.

About the mothers' particular dementia I do not know from experience, but I have a clear notion of it from the outside. Theirs is at basis, I take it, a conservative's job. They are fashioning the child for a definite future. Sometimes they work with the instinct of a bird mud-moulding

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its first nest; sometimes they display clear thinking like a hen dropping its one hundredth egg. From their viewpoint the child as it was first given to them is at its least satisfactory stage. And the next less satisfactory stage is whatever one the child happens to be in at the given moment.

Here one sees without further development of the theme a formula for understanding what is inevitably and irredeemably wrong with most marriages. The successful matings are those that come about through daily compromise based upon a high philosophic comprehension of the necessary contradiction of opposites. And the whole matter is complicated in that sometimes the mother and father position is reversed; sometimes the father tries unnaturally to be a mother, and sometimes, often alas, the mother succeeds in usurping both roles.

Now as a father, I hasten to say, I am a useless person to ask for advice or for true observation of the facts of childhood. As a father my prejudices are unshakably instinctive. Mine not to reason why, mine to fight for my conception of the rights of my own, and daily die. But, fortunately or not, I am not the father of other people's children. Them I can look upon without even the suggestion of daily dying; them I can observe and coolly prescribe for and without the trembling of a single limb.

So, dropping the role of father for the moment I note that children, other persons' children, have their own prejudices about the way of life. My observation is that they neither desire to be what they formerly were nor what others are so courageously shaping them to be. They are concerned enormously with being themselves and with living always in the exact present time. And as time has a way of moving on they prefer not to oppose it but to move along with it. They seem to be quite aware, too, that even without our hovering insistence they would grow up and at the predestined hour would put on all the accepted characteristics of maturity.

But no child, I fancy, has ever had this delectable desire realized. The contrary paternal and maternal forces—to keep him the way he used to be and to make him into something else—are ever at work, and in the end he becomes a defeated compromise. Only the dream remains, which crops out in story, poem and picture, that dream which is so compellingly put in The House Without Windows and Eepersip's Life There by the nine-year-old Barbara Newhall Follett recently published by Knopf. Emile, too, is just such a dream.

PRESSURE moulds us into what we are, and it begins soon after birth. Psychiatrists have given us a handy name for the process by which the social environment puts its eventual stamp upon us. "Introjection" they call it. All of us are the victims of introjection. What we might have been we never can know; the family "introjects" us and we can talk and walk and think like the family, fight for its absurd "political" beliefs, take over its prejudices against this or that "class" or race, bow before its traditional gods; the already "introjected" children of our earliest acquaintance turn swiftly upon us to advance the job, and school and then society complete it.

All this may be as it should be, but it is at least amusing to think that possibly we have never seen a natural "unintrojected" child; and that, if this is true, then parents and teachers, whose business it is to know all about children, cannot possibly know anything about them. One cannot speak intelligently about something one has never seen. "Nonsense," I hear you say; "I was a child myself and I guess I know something about the animal." But were you ever a child? Perhaps you were merely an introjection.

Some glimpses of the real child, however, have been seen in this our day. It has come about partly because of the slow change in the kind of introjecting environment which the family and the school had hitherto set up around the child. Some of the nagging pressure has been removed, and, naturally, a new kind of child was bound to emerge. And, further, a new kind of parent and teacher has appeared, one who has sought out the real child and has given it a chance.

BUT before I go into that I should like to ask a question of those who think they know children, or, rather, of those who believe that the child they see is a natural creature and not the resultant of surrounding and compelling forces. Do you believe that the natural picture of a large group of six-year-olds at play is that of a noisy, darting, selfish, shrill-voiced mob; that they do little reasoning; that their language is on a low plane; that they have little sense of what is really fine or beautiful?

Well, that is the exact picture of the introjected child, and not the real child at all. Placed in an environment of hysteria and selfish grabbing and nervous rushing about, he becomes that child which we all know so well; but I could tell you of thoughtful parents and teachers who have made another environment for their children where all the social expectations contradict those listed above.

In such an environment I have seen four- and five-year-old children move with the deliberate pace of older persons; the hum of work has pervaded their group with nothing of what even a sensitive elder could call noise; the voice tones have been low and the speech calm; there would be no darting about or that nervous fear of the neighbor that leads to grabbing and hoarding of property.

More startling than this is the evidence of quiet, long-planned reasoning, not different in essential character from our own except that it seems more rational and less a clacking of repeated prejudices. Some evidence of this you will find in Before Books, a year's record of a group of four-year-olds, and Adventuring With the Twelves (meaning twelve-year-olds), and Experimental Practice (a record of seven-year-olds), all publications of the City and Country School, New York City.

Perhaps the most astonishing outcome of these new environments is the skill children show in using their own language. All our lives we study and strive to express our feeling and thinking appropriately in words. Without study and without striving these differently placed children equal us and sometimes outdo us. Once I showed an old-time English teacher a group of verses that some children of my acquaintance had tossed off without an effort seemingly. He read them and passed them back. "It's a lie," he said. "I couldn't do that well myself."

Not only are we seeking to get better results by changing the environment of the child but we are giving up many of our notions of what a child can do. Mothers, particularly, have led the way here. Instead of forcing the child toward a preconceived good they have listened and have taken notes. Mothers were almost among the first to discover that, left to himself, the real child is an artist. For proof one has only to read that thrilling record of early life taken down

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by Mrs. Grace Hazzard Conkling in Poems by a Little Girl. When the child is allowed to appear as artist, a perfection in the handling of the medium makes us at first disbelieve that a child could perform so well—like the frank gentleman who summed the whole thing up as a lie—until continued experience gives us the essential faith. Words come forth with astonishing deftness; they place themselves together in a pattern that we have always been accustomed to call mature. And they rise sometimes to startling heights of beauty.

A five-year-old tells her mother of a child's fatigue at the end of a day of steady play-living, when arms drop to the side and little legs can no longer hold their burden. How often have we fathers at those times taken them in our arms and marveled at their lovely drooping weight! Out of her own life experience and with her own imagery she puts the picture that has never been worded before:

I'm tired,
Tired as the lazy stones
That are always sitting down;
'Most tired as the sky
That stays up all night and day
Whether it's early with spider-vines
Or late with frogs singing.

Like seven-year-old Patricia they often give us a true picture of our own experiences by way of unintentional fable:

The Bumblebee

A black and yellow bumblebee
Flew over our bush of roses
And only stopped
To fall on his knees
To some fairies
Who turned up their noses.

They slip into unheard of language which delights us because of its charming rarity, as witness the creative effort of this nine-year old boy:

Everything Is Something Else

O, the towel and the bath,
And the bath and the soap,
And the soap was the fat,
And the fat was the pig,
And the pig was the bran,
And the bran makes sausages
And God makes man.

These three illustrations are taken from Singing Youth, an anthology of children's verse, edited by Mabel Montsier, and published by Harper and Brothers. Others could be found in Saplings, brought out by the Scholastic Publishing Company, Pittsburgh; or in those two anthologies of high school verse, Glimpses and Dawn, edited by Paul S. Nickerson of Middleboro, Massachusetts; or in the earlier Perse School Playbooks, one of which, Homework and Hobby-horses, has been republished in America by Dutton.

The new child has brought mother and father together. Each has compromised; one has given up trying to keep the child where he was and the other has ceased pushing him forward to what he should be. They are content, those who have been brought over to the new way, to let the child be—in both senses of that idiom—and to rejoice at the strong and delightful personality that day by day emerges. The worry lifts from father and it turns to rightful pride. No longer does he have to take a day off and fight it out with school mistresses; instead, he comes to the parent-teacher meetings and subscribes heavily toward the purchase of a new playground.

And in the home is peace. Gone is the secret warfare between two opposing theories of living. "Is marriage a failure?" In families who believe in the progressive schools the answer is no longer in the affirmative. And, then, to the benefits of the newer education—startling thought!—a solution of one of the most important social questions in our monogamous civilization.

Marriages at the Breaking Point

By MARY EDNA McCHRISTIE

DIVORCE, defying the analyses of experts, is the crystallization of as many causes of discord as there are stars in the heavens, and many of them just as hazy and far-distant as the Pleiades. A divorce petition is an uninteresting looking document, a bit of black and white, yet it is a subtle challenge to society, bearing on its face distressing truths or distorted lies. A divorce decree, formally worded, legally signed and entered, is a dynamic thing with the finality of a death warrant.

And the hearing-room of the family court! Its doors swing eternally to admit the disillusioned young, the restless middle-aged; the uncongenial, mental strangers to each other; the unsportsmanlike, the selfish, the amorous, the unfaithful—all chafing, secretly hating each other and desperately determined to escape these intolerable conditions. The walls of this hearing-room could be papered, inches thick, with the typed lies of attorneys, plaintiffs, defendants. Lies of collusion, white lies, black lies, well-intentioned lies, mean lies! The floor resounds to the feet of ambitious attorneys, harassed witnesses, alert newspaper men—the feet of the young, hungry for a new love experience—the deliberate approach of the middle-aged, apologetic but determined—the occasional lagging steps of the old, anticipating by only a few years a separation that so naturally would be theirs. And through and through this atmosphere is shot the poison of hatred, anger, petty jealousies, calamitous misunderstandings. In this poisoned air old loves wither and die, fresh relationships evolve and children are forced into new and often deathly ways of life.

Some reasons that these divorce petitioners offer seem woefully trivial, but the causes beneath the surface are fundamentally important.

A would-be plaintiff rushed into my hearing-room, with her child in her arms, and began breathlessly:

"If you lived as I do in two rooms—if every time you turned around you saw your man, either shaving or dressing, or chewing tobacco, finally something would spin around in your head and crack, and you'd find yourself screaming out. I know, because I did it. I could have loved my husband in a house where we didn't see each other all the time, but as it was, I got to hating him. I used to wish his Adam's

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apple would choke him. I used to long to bump his head against the sink when he spattered the water over everything. I got so I couldn't look at him. He is a good man, too—his only vice is chewing tobacco."

A temporary separation, larger quarters, a discarded cuspidor, surreptitious chewing of tobacco while at work, an obvious attachment for Wrigley's while at home, and everything has been harmonious for three years. Most of our applicants live in crowded rooms; they are so pressed financially that amusement is out of the question; it is not surprising that habits and mannerisms overshadow other very lovable qualities.

There was another woman, the mother of three, who so naïvely said, "The only time my husband looks good to me is when I get on a train to leave him"—a talking exponent of the theory that all married couples should have occasional vacations apart from each other. Distance, the stimulation a man derives from a mild flirtation, the excitement a woman experiences over a new wardrobe, the fact that dad can tell his old jokes without having his style cramped by mother, and that she can brag a little about him without embarrassment—all the possibilities of a temporary single blessedness as a curative force—are utilized in many cases appearing at court for possible reconciliations. Yet there still live women who say, so self-righteously, "I have never left John for a single night." Poor John!

Beneath many petty jealousies and childish complaints lies a fundamental truth—mother love gone wrong many years before. And into divorce court rooms, everywhere, march a ghostly array of mother spirits, never-relinquishing, jealous, critical, egocentric. Their attacks are often so effective that many a bride could have saved herself agonizing hours had she walked straight from the magistrate to the divorce court. As one male victim of an overly zealous mother said, after the decree was granted, "Now what am I to do? I'm single—I'm unhappy—I'm unanchored—what next?"

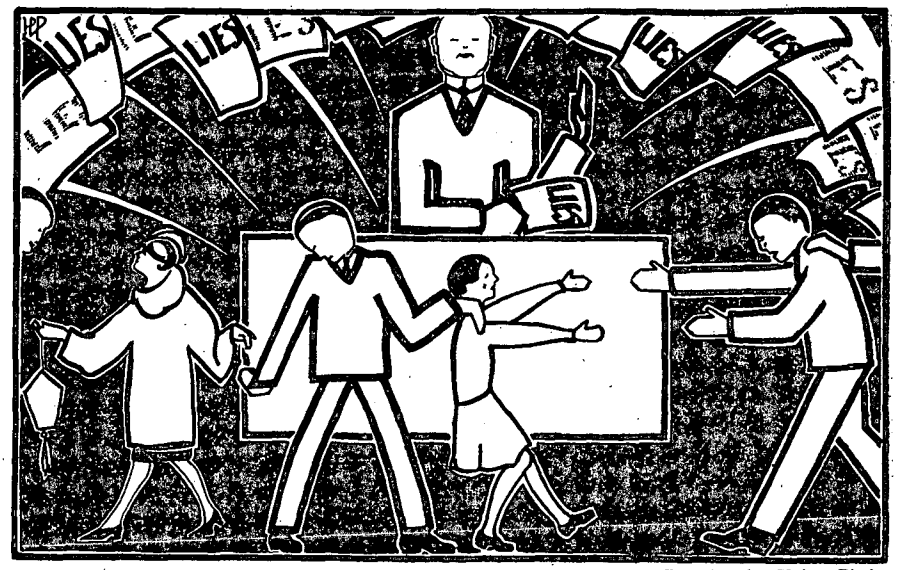
Close living quarters, poverty, a big gap in ages; one parent a home lover, the other a fox-trotter; the interference of overly interested relations; jealousies; too frequent child-bearing; lack of wholesome sex education of both men and women; conflicting personalities (and no situation more productive of active conflict than this); the hate which comes from trivial mannerisms that goad to fury; intimate desecrations that affect the soul: all these and many more serve as the motivating underlying causes, no matter what incidental reasons are given.

THE showing of a necessarily superficial survey of six hundred cases in which I talked privately with as many divorce plaintiffs, was astonishing. In these six hundred cases of alleged gross neglect or cruelty, five hundred and eighty, or ninety-seven per cent, confided stories which indicated sex antagonism or sex maladjustment—a startling deduction and an eloquent cry for sane, wholesome sex education before marriage.

The varied and contradictory opinions about divorce, legalistic, socialistic and all the rest, fail to take into account this one absorbing fact—that divorce between two hating adults, a childless couple, may be distressing and disillusioning, but it is unimportant. In their feverish search for personal happiness they are quite incidental to the scheme of life, and as contributors to posterity their names are not listed. Why does this dreary, unhappy procession of divorce plaintiffs and defendants with no children and no responsibilities have to pass in review before a curious public? Why is it necessary to file incriminating petitions, derogatory charges, to appear in open court, feed the scandal lovers and furnish the newspapers with intriguing headlines?

Two business partners with no responsibilities, who meet their mutual obligations, often dissolve partnership painlessly and without bitterness. The methods of dissolving partnership with or without obligation may be identical, but in cases where there remain common debts to be met, the dissolution is much more serious. Among these latter, each party is held responsible afterward, not for half the obligations incurred during the original partnership, but for all. So divorce between a warring, unsympathetic father and mother is of tragic import, and until some scientist evolves a substitution for father and mother love (centuries old and still a mystery), divorce will continue to be a hazardous proceeding, dangerously disastrous to the children involved.

After listening in on thousands of divorce hearings which are necessarily hurried, superficial, and often destructive, I have evolved one conviction—the need to divide divorce petitioners automatically into two groups which are widely divergent in their effect upon society: those *with* and those *without* children. By making such a division we could submit the cases of childless couples (about fifty per cent in our court) to a jurist, a man of fairness, equipped with a knowledge of the divorce statutes and property rights; and to the socialized judge with vision, essentially, a scientist, incidentally a legalist, we could apportion all cases involving the future of the helpless parties to the action—the children.



Drawing by Helen Phelps

THE DIVORCE COURT

The judge should know, beyond a reasonable doubt, where these children have the best chance. He must view with shame the old method of asking a boy or girl that tragic question: "Do you want to live with your father or your mother?"

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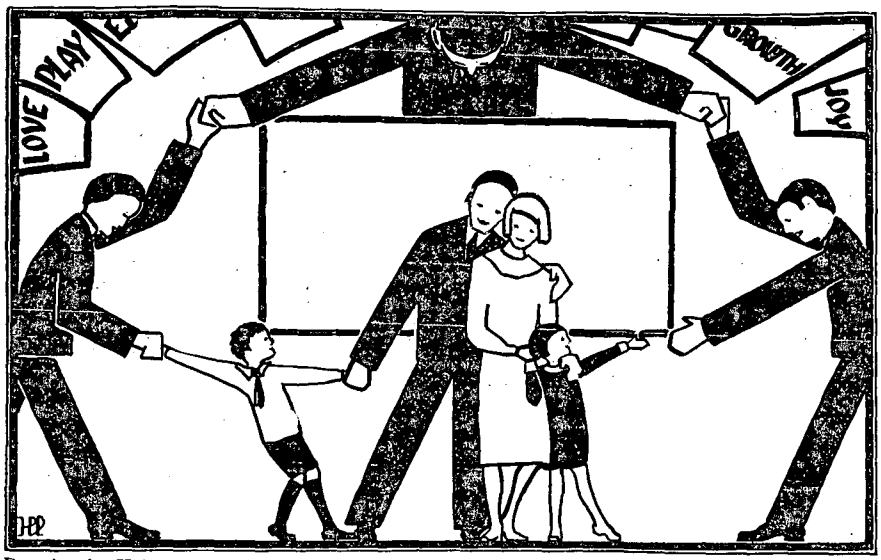

Drawing by Helen Phelps

THE RECONCILIATION DEPARTMENT

Our dream? Judges with the vision of happy children always before them; trained workers with a psychological understanding of unadjusted fathers and mothers; real homes where children are free to laugh and cry and play and grow

The hidden forces of divorce, its repressions, its underground workings, demand the highest intuitive powers and the keenest intelligence. The family courts are not functioning either intensively or effectively unless they contribute to the scientific consideration of family life and its essence—the children. Handicapped by a constantly filling docket, countless interruptions, routine work, divorce hearings, as they are constituted at present, can only skim the surface. Case after case cries out for the clear insight and tactful handling of an expert able to judge so far as is possibl the psychological moment for the rehabilitation or the disruption of a family.

I recall one cultured couple, both college graduates, whose two adorable children were threatened with a tragic "receivership." The wife was intelligent but so virginal that she regarded the kissing of her husband as a kind of ceremonial. He was magnetic, affectionate, pleasing to women, the kind of man single women adore. His surreptitious interest in passing adolescents showed that he was not yet out of the prowling stage. He was tender to his children, who worshipped him.

We argued for another try at married life. He plead and made many promises. She looked him over impersonally and finally consented "for the children's sake." She wasn't using the old circus excuse either; she was sincere.

I talked with him alone. He confessed his interest in many women but protested that he loved only one—his wife. He complained that she had not kissed him voluntarily for months. It was at these times that he looked "the others" over. He acknowledged that he always felt ashamed afterward, and this knowledge made him self-conscious and irritable.

We talked. We begged. Finally they decided to try it again. The children grabbed him excitedly and they all went home together. At that rather impressive moment he turned his head to see if my adolescent ward was watching him.

All these developments preceded one particular Monday when they again appeared, the wife complaining that he was beginning to come home late, smelling of cheap perfume, a faithful barometer of a man's evening amusement. She refused to go on, but cried at the thought of what separation would mean to the children, for they adored him. The little four-year-old son had never recovered from the horror of his first parting from his father and would often awaken from a sound sleep crying out, "Daddy, Daddy, don't run away—can't 'tand it! Can't 'tand it!"

Something radical had to be done to bring him back, but what? Watching her husband's expression as she talked to her handsome attorney (occasionally they are all of that) gave me the idea—evidently the husband was intensely jealous. He hadn't succeeded in awakening her love and he was determined no other man should. I dismissed him and told her of my plan.

We arranged to have a woman friend take a room at their apartment with the understanding that she would remain home several nights a week with the children. We planned for the wife's first party (her husband gave her none), with all the excitement of a debutante over her first tea. She was to go on a perfectly exciting spree—a picture show, a dangerous ice-cream soda, and a late return home—this after her dear wanderer had come back from somewhere.

We awaited results with as much feverishness as a dramatist on his first night. Will it take—will it fail? But, oh, how it took! He arrived home at eleven, never dreaming that she could be out of place. The piano and the buffet always occupied the same position, and she had become as static as a piece of furniture. He tore from the house, walked up and down the street, around the block, while she watched his antics from a nearby hedge. She slipped in and was undressing when he arrived, breathless from running.

Such excitement! She, the mother of his children, out until eleven-thirty! He, the father of his children, suddenly revering the state of motherhood! His inconsistency was delicious. A real scene followed. He cut up as we would expect a man to do who monopolized all the love experience. She smiled mysteriously, and refused to tell where she had been. He never told *her*, so he dared not insist.

THE next night he was home early and nearly electrified the children by announcing that he would play games all evening. She, following directions, appeared pleasant, but somewhat detached—another attitude that maddens the egotistical male. She looked up time after time to find him glaring at her with an intensity that gave her great joy. Motherhood, the sacrifice of her life for her children, giving no thought to other men, all these things meant nothing—but the suspicion that she might be desired, intrigued, stimulated him. Two nights later he took her to a show, the first time in three years. Her joy was pathetic. She was starved for the attention most women take for granted.

After a week of staying at home, he began to show signs of restlessness. We expected that, too. She telephoned me, and a few evenings later I (*Continued on page* 331)

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Daniel and the Lions

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Drawings by Helen Phelps

THE screen door slammed behind them, as Mr. and Mrs. McPherson emerged on to the dim piazza and sank into their respective rocking chairs behind the vines. It was a sultry evening in early July, and the silence was broken only by the tree toads, and an occasional June bug or mosquito. After a pause and several vicious slaps at his ankles, Mr. McPherson remarked:

"I suppose she's over at that Clapp girl's again. That's about as seriously as she takes it. Why isn't she at home making up her work?"

Mr. McPherson was the principal of the High School, where his two older children had graduated with honors, and Phoebe's unexpected and total failure in her examinations had shocked him deeply.

"Your sister had some difficulty in getting through school, didn't she?" was his next somewhat injudicious reflection.

"I suppose you mean that *I* did," snapped his wife, as she waved her fan indignantly. Then she leaned toward her husband.

"The fact is, Daniel, you've always let Phoebe have her own way, and now you wonder that she is no scholar."

"Well, she's your daughter, what do you expect to do with her?" he retorted. "She's the worst dunce in school. She has got to do something till she gets married, I suppose."

"She's crazy about dancing," sighed her mother, "but I don't see how that will help her any."

"Help her," snorted her father. "Do you know what I saw her doing when the circus paraded down town this noon? She and that Clapp girl started dancing the Charleston right there on the corner of Main Street and so everybody could see. Even the clown ran out and danced too. It was the most disgraceful sight I ever saw in this town, and for a daughter of mine to make a spectacle of herself in front of a circus—that's going too far. I want you to speak to her very sharply. She has got to respect my position if she doesn't her own."

"Why don't you tell her yourself? You saw her do it—I didn't," objected her mother.

"It would come better from you," retorted Mr. McPherson rather nervously. "What's the matter with her anyway? She only looks about half alive except when she's dancing. Lazy. That's what she is. Just lazy. You'd think all that jumping around would give her an appetite, but it doesn't."

"That's just at meal-times," sighed her mother. "She pieces too much, that's the trouble. I can't hide the doughnuts where she don't find them. She's growing so tall and skinny and she complains a good deal about her teeth. Maybe so much pastry isn't good for them. I suppose I could stop making it," she added with slight malice, knowing her Daniel pretty well.

"I don't know as I'd do that," was the hasty response. "She ought to learn what's good for her, and what isn't, like anyone else. By the way, speaking of thin girls," he added with a faint attempt at jocularity, "how would it be to give that Stearns widow the school position Williams had?"

"Gussie Stearns?" asked Mrs. McPherson in some astonishment. "Why I didn't know she was much on books. She never was as a girl."

"Well, I don't know as she's anything so remarkable, but we could get her quite reasonably, and she needs the money, and so does the school board. They are making a good deal of complaint about paying such high salaries. Gussie always seemed like a deserving woman."

"Oh, she's all right, I guess," murmured Mrs. McPherson indifferently. Then she peered suddenly through the vines. "I believe that's Phoebe right now, and I'm glad she's coming home early. She needs the sleep"—and she turned to her husband, who had risen as if stung, and was making a rapid disappearance through the door. "Now Daniel, you ought to stay and talk to her about her school work. You know I don't know what to say," she called after him.

A murmur issued from Mr. McPherson through the screen: "You just make her figure out what she intends to do. How about a business course?"

"She's got no head for figures," whispered her mother. "Why not a year at home just helping me? Or maybe a visit to Aunt Sara's?" she added vaguely.

"I'd be ashamed to have her drop her studies altogether," protested her father behind the shutters. "Look at Gussie Stearns. She's had to use her head even if she did get married. . . ."

His whispers trailed into an apprehensive silence as Phoebe dawdled up the gravel path, humming a tune and idly swishing the grass on both sides with a stick. Her mother noted with a pang how slender and listless she looked as she seated herself on the step and leaned back against the pillar, fanning her pale face and damp hair with her handkerchief.

"GEE, it's hot! Where's Dad?" she inquired after a pause.

"He's around somewhere," answered her mother, in a slightly constrained voice, whose cadence did not escape Phoebe's sharp ears.

"Been raving about Clara and me holding up the circus, I suppose," she laughed. "Gee, it was funny. The clown yelled out: 'Hey, gillies, strut your stuff,' and he danced too. Everybody laughed. And there was Dad with his eyes popping, so of course that made it funnier yet. I'll bet it's hot in the big tent tonight, but there'll be lots to see, so we won't mind it so much. Clara's father's got some comps—being a sheriff."

"Now Phoebe, I don't want you should go to the circus,

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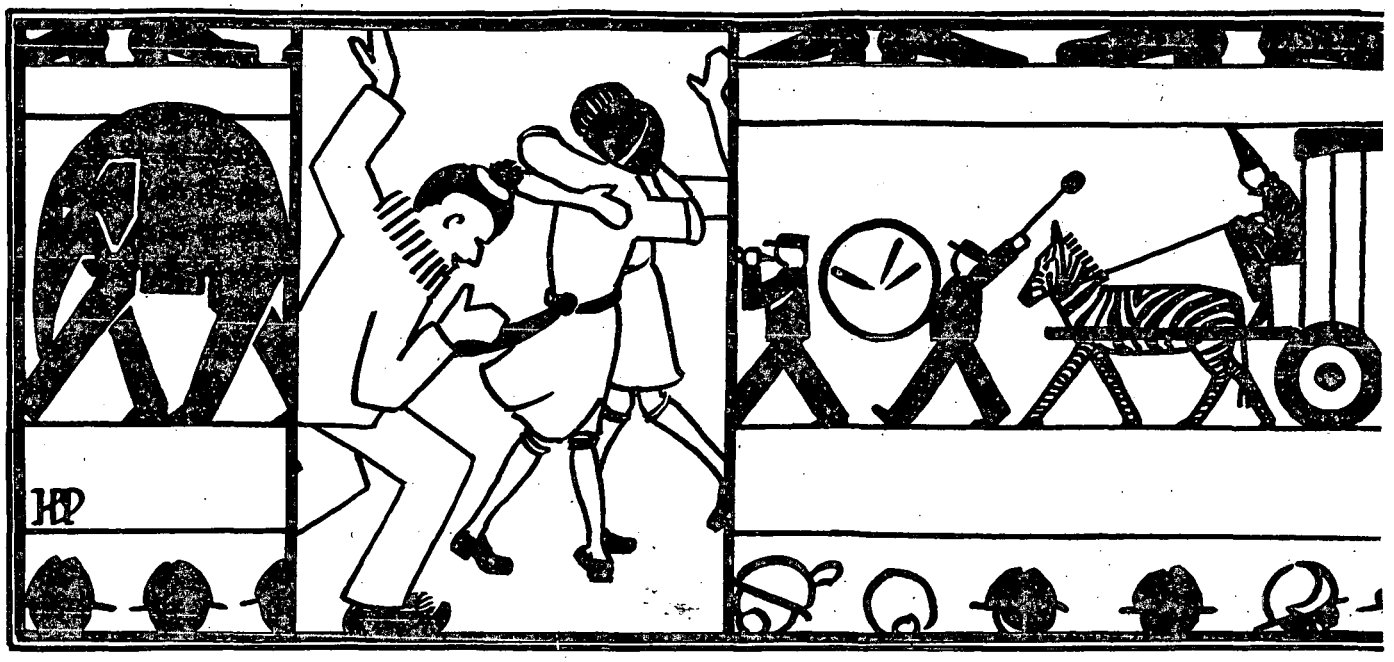


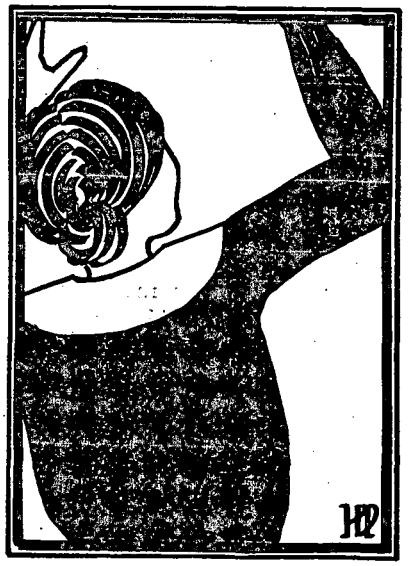
Phoebe and that Clapp girl started dancing the Charleston right there on the corner of Main Street and so everybody could see. Even the clown ran out and danced too.

and with that Clapp girl. I know your father wouldn't like it," protested Mrs. McPherson, holding her fan rigid in her dismay.

"Oh, he won't mind," returned Phoebe carelessly, as she flipped the vines with her stick. "With the sheriff along, we won't get shanghaied, worse luck! I wish we would."

"Your father feels that you might respect his reputation if you don't your own," continued Mrs. McPherson with rising concern. "With all his education, to have a daughter dancing in front of a circus—why Phoebe, I just don't see how you can do such things," and her voice fairly shook with agitation.

"What's the diff?" retorted Phoebe petulantly. "I've flunked everything, haven't I? His reputation as a brain-trainer is lost already. Dan and Berty were your angel children. Why get gray-headed because I'm a dunce?—What's a gerund?" she went on suddenly, without a pause or change of voice.



For a daughter of mine to make a spectacle of herself like that!

Her mother stared at her in astonishment.

"A *what?* Don't tear those leaves, Phoebe. You make me nervous just to watch you."

"I asked you what a gerund was," reiterated Phoebe relentlessly. "Or pi?"

"Why Phoebe, what *are* you talking about?" faltered her mother. "This is no time to joke."

"I'm not joking. I just thought perhaps you knew. Or rather, I knew you didn't, but I thought I'd make you say so. I don't mean *apple* pie," she explained affably. "I mean the kind you take the square root of, or is it the square root of something already? I don't know, and neither do you. But father married you. Why can't he let *me* alone?"

The silence both inside the window and without was heavy and complete. Mrs. McPherson for the moment was completely nonplussed, a condition to which Phoebe sooner or later always reduced both her parents. And she resented the desertion of her husband, who knew perfectly well that it was useless for her to hope to talk her daughter down. Let him try it, if he thought it was so easy.

"Don't get sore if I kid you," went on Phoebe, leaning over to her mother's knee. "We don't give a darn about these nutty questions, and neither does Dad really, although he thinks he ought to. Take it from me, the only kind of 'pi' that hands him a thrill is the kind that makes his vest tight. Why can't he admit it?"

"I just don't know what to say to make you take your work more seriously," quavered her mother. "You don't realize how you worry us."

"Why worry?" protested Phoebe fretfully. "I hear Gussie Stearns is going to devote her master mind to education next year. Poor old Gus. If she can get away with it, it's a cinch I can. If she knows a gerund when she sees one, I'll eat my hat. What was her husband like?" she went on dreamily. "To think that old girl got one. It certainly is encouraging to the rest of us."

"I guess you must talk things over with your father," sighed Mrs. McPherson, worsted as usual, by the interview. "He can give you better reasons than I can why you need these subjects to train your mind."

"REASONS. Dad's reasons!" echoed Phoebe with cold contempt. "He says we ought to want to know what *De Gustibus* and *E Pluribus* mean, when we see them. What do they mean? And who ever sees them?"

"I never took Greek," answered her mother stiffly, after a pause, in which a slight cat's sneeze behind the screen was

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It's harder to train the trainers than the lions. The lions will catch on to what you want if you know yourself. · But the fools can't decide what tricks to teach them.

drowned by Phoebe's derisive snort:

"Good job Dad didn't hear you, but it's all right with me. Another swell reason is that we might like to know where words come from. Gosh, it's a cinch the words I say never came from Latin. And what if they did? They're like babies. The less you ask about where they come from, the fewer lies you get told."

"Phoebe McPherson," snapped her mother, now thoroughly aroused, "I never heard such talk, and from a girl to her own mother—you ought to be sent right to bed."

BUT since Phoebe made not the slightest move to go, her mother gradually unstiffened and settled back with nothing worse than, "Your father says you might talk less slang if you knew more Latin."

"Maybe I might," jeered the irrepressible Phoebe, "but where are all these hotsey-totsey boys who are so crazy for me to talk Latin to them? Maybe old Deacon Whittaker wants me to shout *E Pluribus* in his deaf ear. Maybe that's how Gussie caught her beau. He said *'Hic-Haec-Hoc'* to her, and she thought he proposed. She *would*. I'll bet that was a lesson to him to talk plain English after that.

"It isn't that I don't get what they say," she mused, in a desperate effort to express herself. "It's just that I don't see any sense to their saying it. No one knows how I feel when they yammer at me about a triangle. I want to scream at the top of my lungs. I've never yelled in my life as loud as I wanted to. Not half. But someone is always telling me to keep still," she cried, getting more excited. "I wish I was an electric fan," and to illustrate, she suddenly rose and whirled so violently that her mother implored her: "Do sit down," and Phoebe sank back gasping. "It's no use unless I can screech, and I'd rouse the town. Clara feels the same way. We call it the jimjams. We both say that if we could only crow like roosters for one whole day, maybe we could settle down to verbs. You wait until old Gus gets at the blackboard, and watch the kids play ball with her. Oh Boys!"

There was a silence between them for a few moments until Phoebe broke it with an even voice: "Of course Dad is sitting inside, getting an earful, where else would he be all this time? And he can take it from me, that if Gussie tries to teach me anything next year, she's going to earn her salary. If she's a school teacher, then *I'm* a horse. There's Clara," she announced suddenly, and with no more ado, she tossed "Nightey night" over her shoulder and broke into a capering run down the path and into the street to meet her friend.

Mrs. McPherson, bewildered and distressed, rose hurriedly from her chair and entered the room to punish her husband as he deserved for witnessing a discomfiture which he had made no move to share. But she was too late. The chair by the window was still rocking, but its occupant, not caring to face her, was running down the grassy backyard toward his haven of refuge, the schoolhouse. He felt that he had been made a fool of, and he wanted to be by himself in the building where his authority was recognized, and where he did not feel so small as he did after encounters with his daughter or reproaches from his wife.

The circus tents were pitched in the fields beyond the school, but he turned his back on the strident noises and groped his way through the dim halls he knew so well.

As he entered his dark office, he heard a slight fumbling and scratching from the

There was Dad with his eyes popping—that made it all the funnier

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yard, and he tiptoed to the window. There had been considerable difficulty with boys stealing tools from the basement, and his immediate idea was that some of the rougher element, drawn to the neighborhood by the circus, was employing its time in this troublesome manner. He looked out and saw two figures leaning over the water faucet in the yard.

"What are you doing?" he called out sharply.

Instead of the scurry and flight which he expected, a heavy-set, round-shouldered man, with bushy curls hanging into his eyes, pulled off his cap and approached the window.

"Any chance of water down here?" he asked in a voice with an odd accent, but no lack of dignity. "Need a little extra for the lions. One of our tanks leaked. Thought that water in a school yard must be O.K. if you let the kids drink it."

"It's turned off during vacation, but I'll fix it for you," answered Mr. McPherson, hurrying to the basement, pathetically grateful for any diversion which would keep his mind off Phoebe's behavior. The shock-headed old codger respectfully addressed as Chief by his assistant, sent the boy off with the filled pails, and turned to McPherson.

"Much obliged, sir. Circus needs a lot of water. Hot weather, man and beast get thirsty." And since the schoolman did not immediately turn away, he added a little shyly: "This water here's a great help. You're not interested in seeing my animals, eh? They're all I've got to show, but I've some pretty ones."

His suggestion was eagerly agreed to by the school-teacher, who reflected that at that moment he would rather face any animal on earth than his wife. The stranger waited for him while he locked up his building, and together they trudged silently through the fields toward the big pavilion, flickering with torches, and raucous with the cries of barkers and peanut men.

A spirited roaring assailed their ears as they approached the animal tent.

"Sound pretty fierce, don't they?" ventured the teacher to his taciturn companion.

CHIEF shrugged his shoulders. "Just saying their prayers, the boys call it. Take animals from the open and stick 'em in a cage, need a lot of noise and stretching to keep their muscles fit. I never worry when they're playful. When they're too quiet, I know they're getting mean—or sick. Come through here," and he pushed his way under a flap into the menagerie, now nearly emptied of spectators, for the main show was in full blast. The cages were drawn up around the edge of the inclosure, while the elephants swayed at their chains in the center. The keeper started at once on his circuit, his sharp eyes under their shaggy brows peering into the cages like a surgeon inspecting his wards. Mr. McPherson trailed after him in respectful silence.

"Been having damned trouble getting good help," muttered Chief. "Seem to think any blanket-stiff can handle cubs. I tell 'em they got to give me the best help there is, or I leave the show. A man can't train animals unless he knows a damn sight more than they do, and most of these guys know less. Mightn't guess it," he boasted, "but me and the barebacks are the biggest paid in this outfit. Public always crazy to see animals do tricks, but any smart beast is too wise to learn tricks from a fool."

He paused and glanced sharply into a cage, then turned, snarling, "Who's been meddling with Queenie again?" There was no answer, but apparently none was necessary, for he pounced on a scared youth who was trying to look nonchalant. "I told you to lay off feeding that lion—look at her mouth," he roared, and then to Mr. McPherson's consternation he suddenly flung the fellow this way and that upon the ground, cursing him, his mother and his posterity, in a robust fashion that made a mere lion seem like a sucking dove.

A man in the background stole out, and returned presently with the ringmaster. "There, there, Chief, that's enough," commanded this potentate, gently, but not before the miscreant had been kicked ignominiously under the canvas flap.

The old trainer's eyes were bloodshot with wrath, and he shouted for another attendant to open the cage, which he entered, and proceeded with bare hands to examine Queenie's inflamed jaws.

"I'd feed that hyena to her if his dirty hide wasn't poison," he stormed to Mr. McPherson, as he emerged, and they continued their rounds. "I've warned him that Queenie is acting queer lately but the dumb donkey couldn't see it, even when I showed him."

"How do you mean—queer?" asked McPherson vaguely disquieted.

"Oh, all out of sorts about everything. First she's restless, and then too quiet, like she's up to something. Have to watch them when they get that way, or they go loco suddenly and maybe hurt themselves. She's only a cub herself, but a lion can't wait to go to college," he added more good-humoredly. "If she's spoilt for the show business, teeth or temper, it's long before then—and a female at that. If she's all shot to pieces, what'll her cubs amount to?"

He paused before two other cages and after a few affectionate remarks to the occupants, he asked: "Notice any difference between these two? Same litter."

"Handsome fellow at the right seems rather dignified," ventured the school teacher, hoping he said the right thing. "What's the matter with the other one? She acts wilder than he does."

"Dancing," chuckled the trainer. "They're playing her tune in the big tent, and I've trained her to dance to it." He whistled the tune to her sharply between his teeth, at which her swaying became more marked as she watched him with a wary eye behind an assumption of indifference. "Keeps better time than lots of the girls, I'll say," he observed with pride.

"How do you get them started on a trick like that? How do they get the first idea?" asked his guest.

"Watch the cubs to see what they want to do anyway, and then train them to do it better. That's the secret of it. Old Bert here—we call him the professor—makes a fine show when he sits on a pile of barrels and looks wise. But you couldn't any more make Bert dance, than you could make Phoebe sit still."

"What!" roared McPherson. "What did you say?"

Chief shot at him the shrewd glance of one accustomed to sudden jumpiness in animals, and joked soothingly. "Maybe you don't believe in dancing, even in lions. Well, the Lord made these critters. I didn't. Phoebe's got to earn her living in the show business, and it's no more use training her against her nature (*Continued on page* 345)

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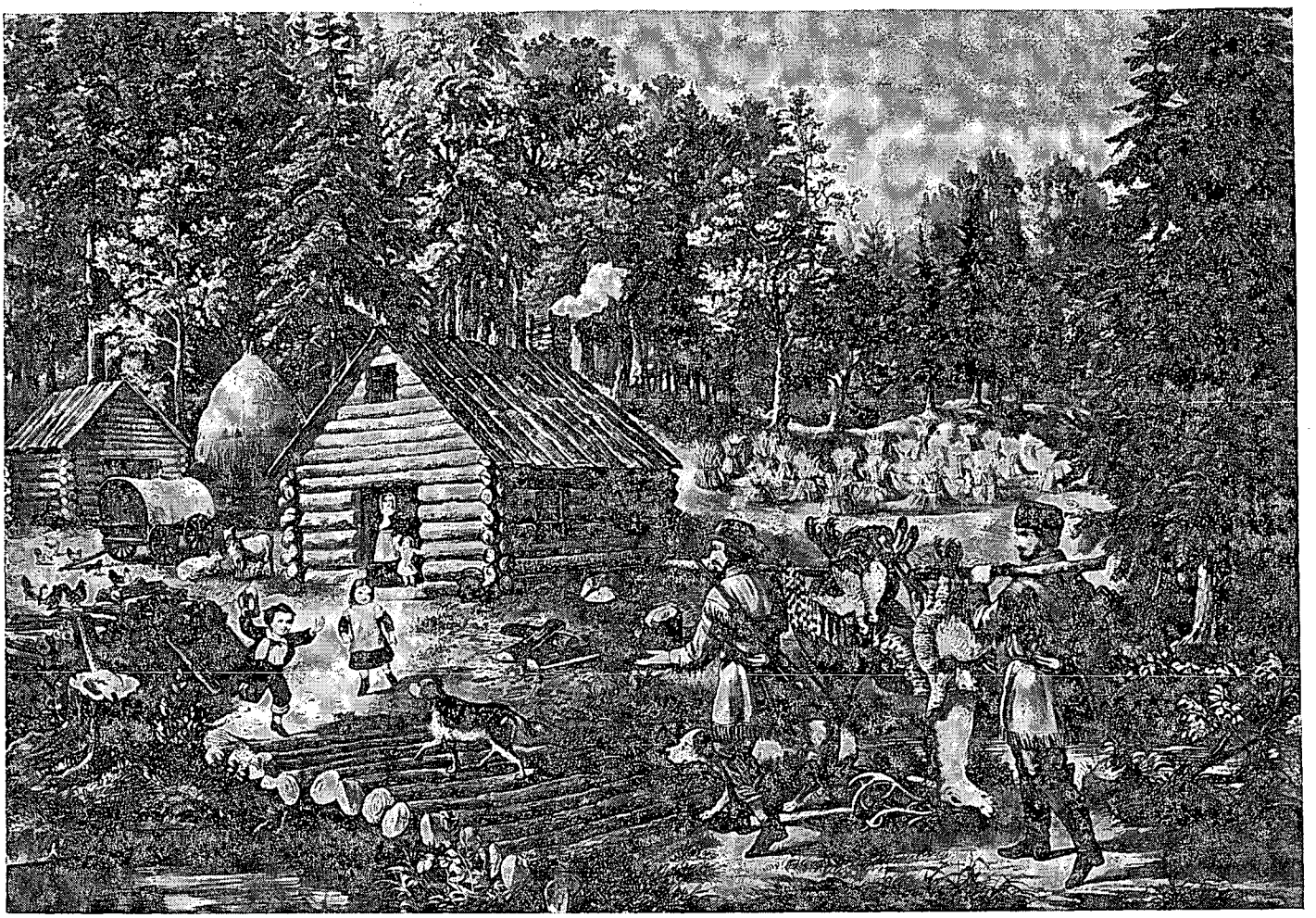

A Currier and Ives print.

Courtesy of Kennedy and Company, New York

THE PIONEER FAMILY

Family Portraits

THE little album of American families on this and following pages is held together by no kinship in painters' art. It ranges from the dignified portraiture of the eighteenth century, through the quaint silhouette of the early nineteenth century, the romantic style of "the colored engravings for the people" of the middle nineteenth century, the almost photographic workmanship of our fathers' generation, down to the portraiture of the moderns, which is more of moods than of men. Yet these pictures are bound by a common quality—the warm intimacy that is the hall mark of family life whether in the White House or a log cabin. Only the clothes and the furniture and the style of painting change—and the number of children! The family goes on, "the oldest and toughest in its fiber of all our institutions."

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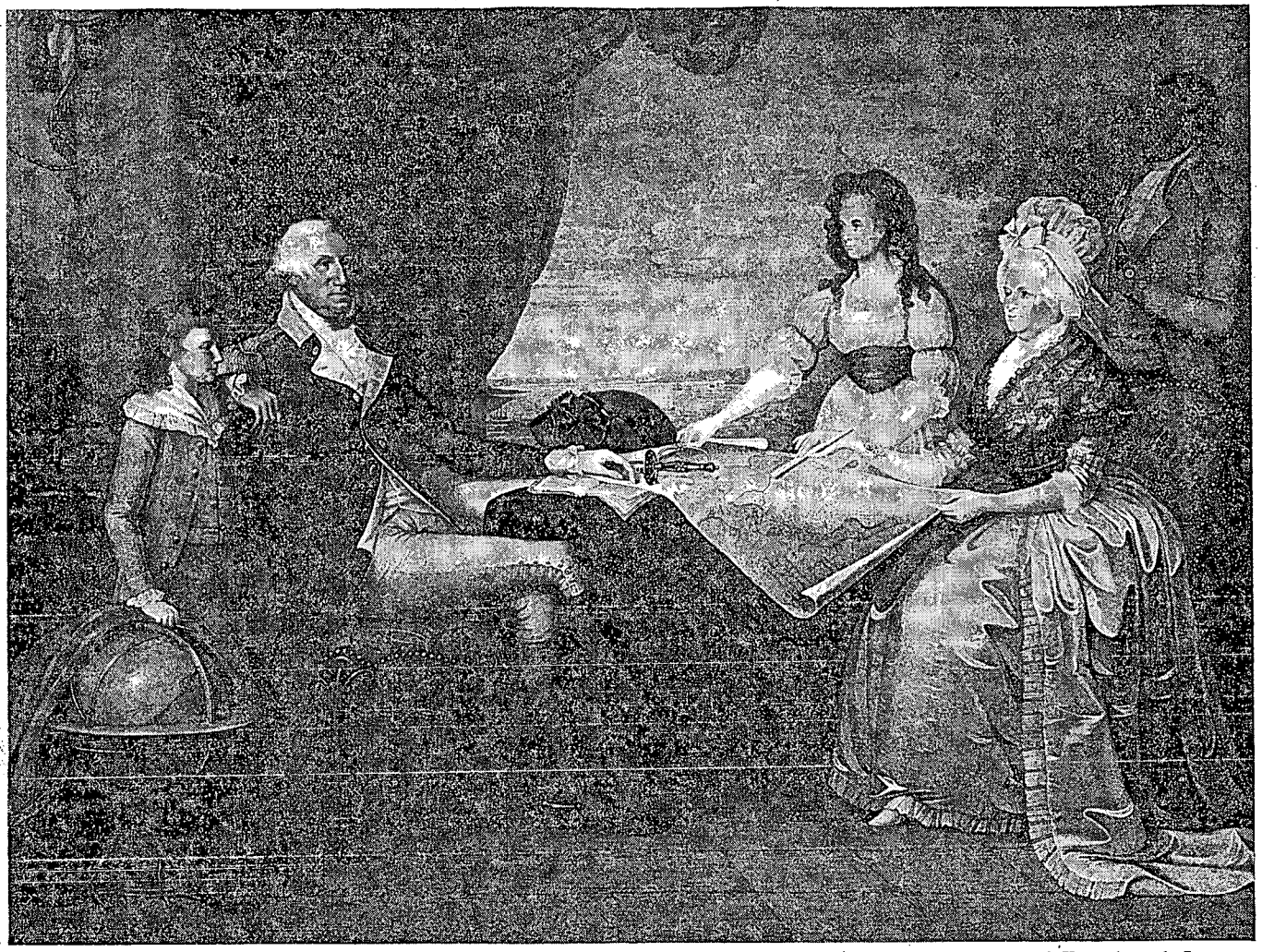
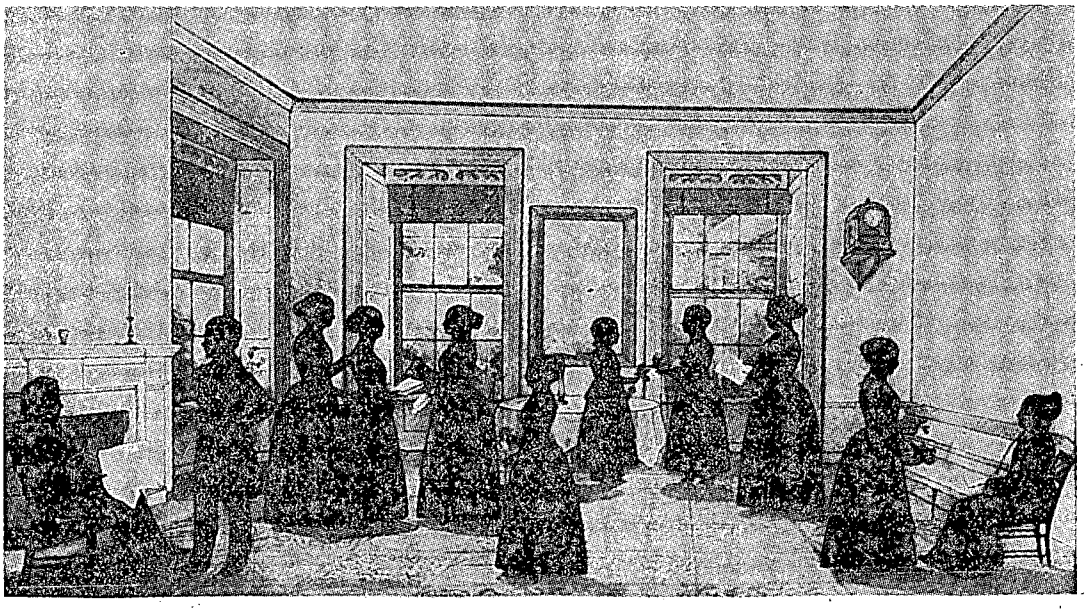


By Edward Savage

Courtesy of Kennedy and Company

The first family of the Republic



A silhouette of 1840—the parents and unmarried children

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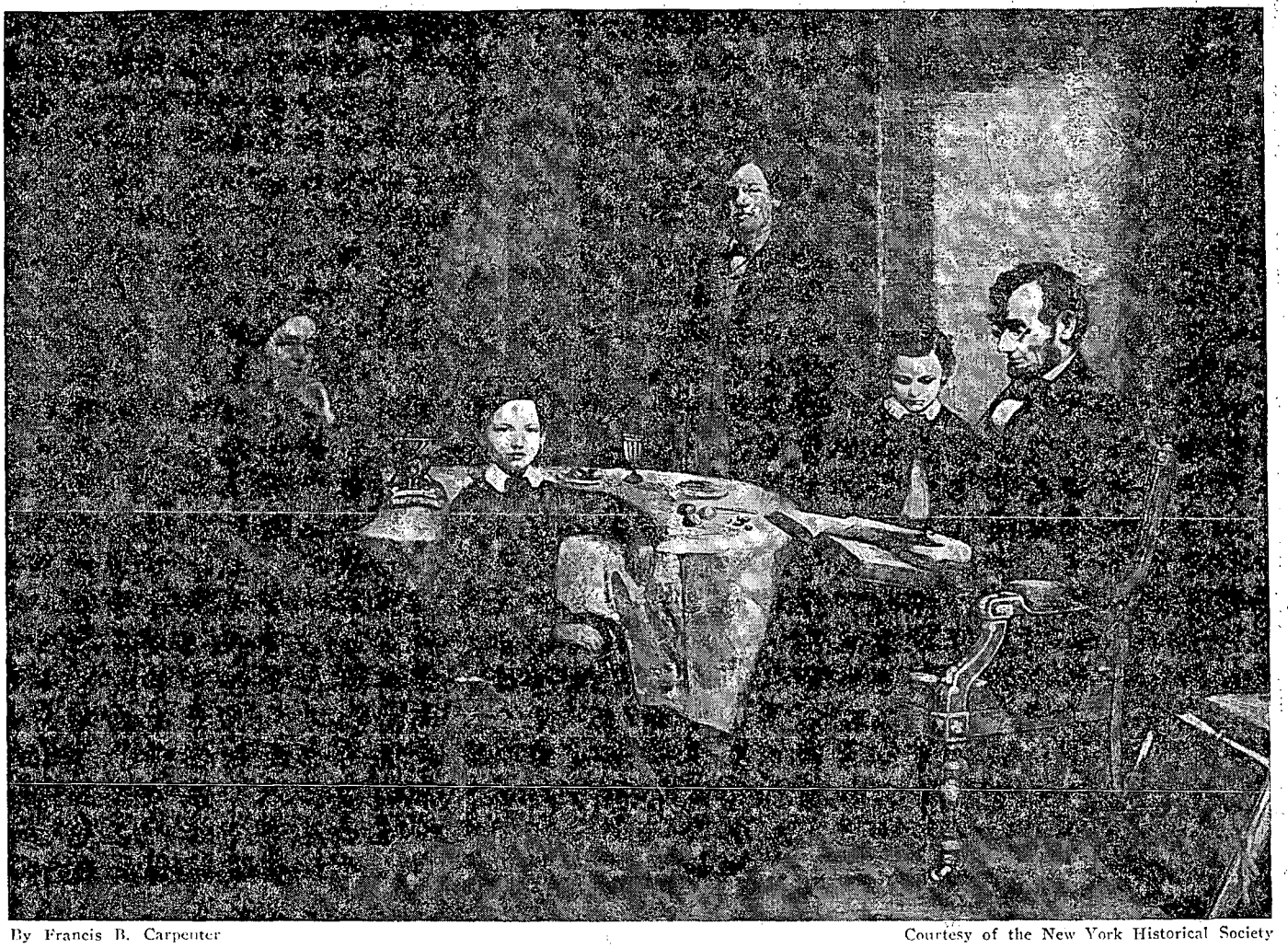
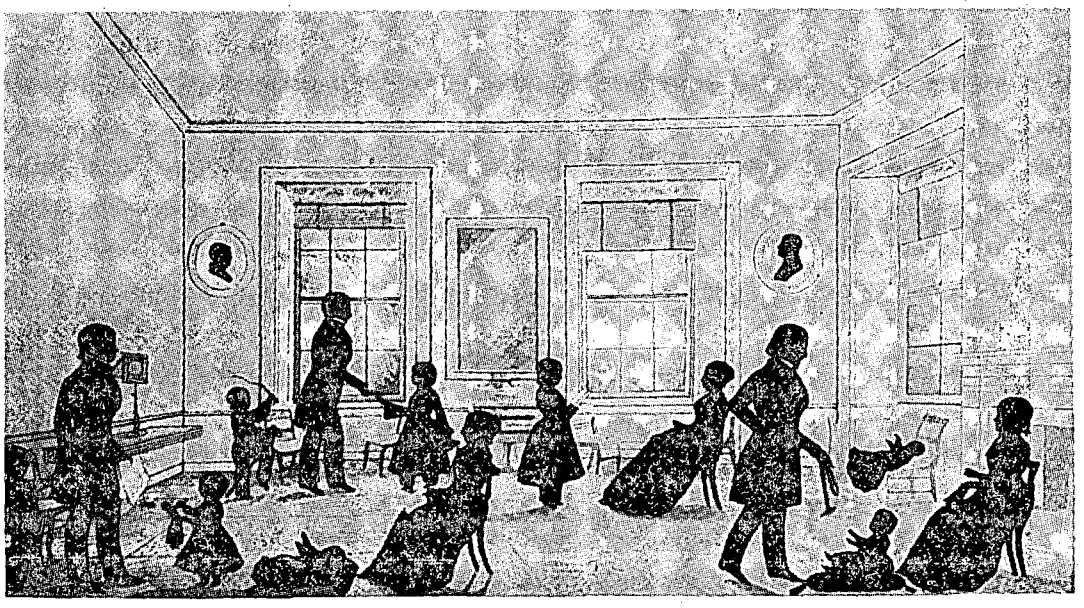


By Francis B. Carpenter

Courtesy of the New York Historical Society

The first Republican family



Married children and grandchildren of the family opposite

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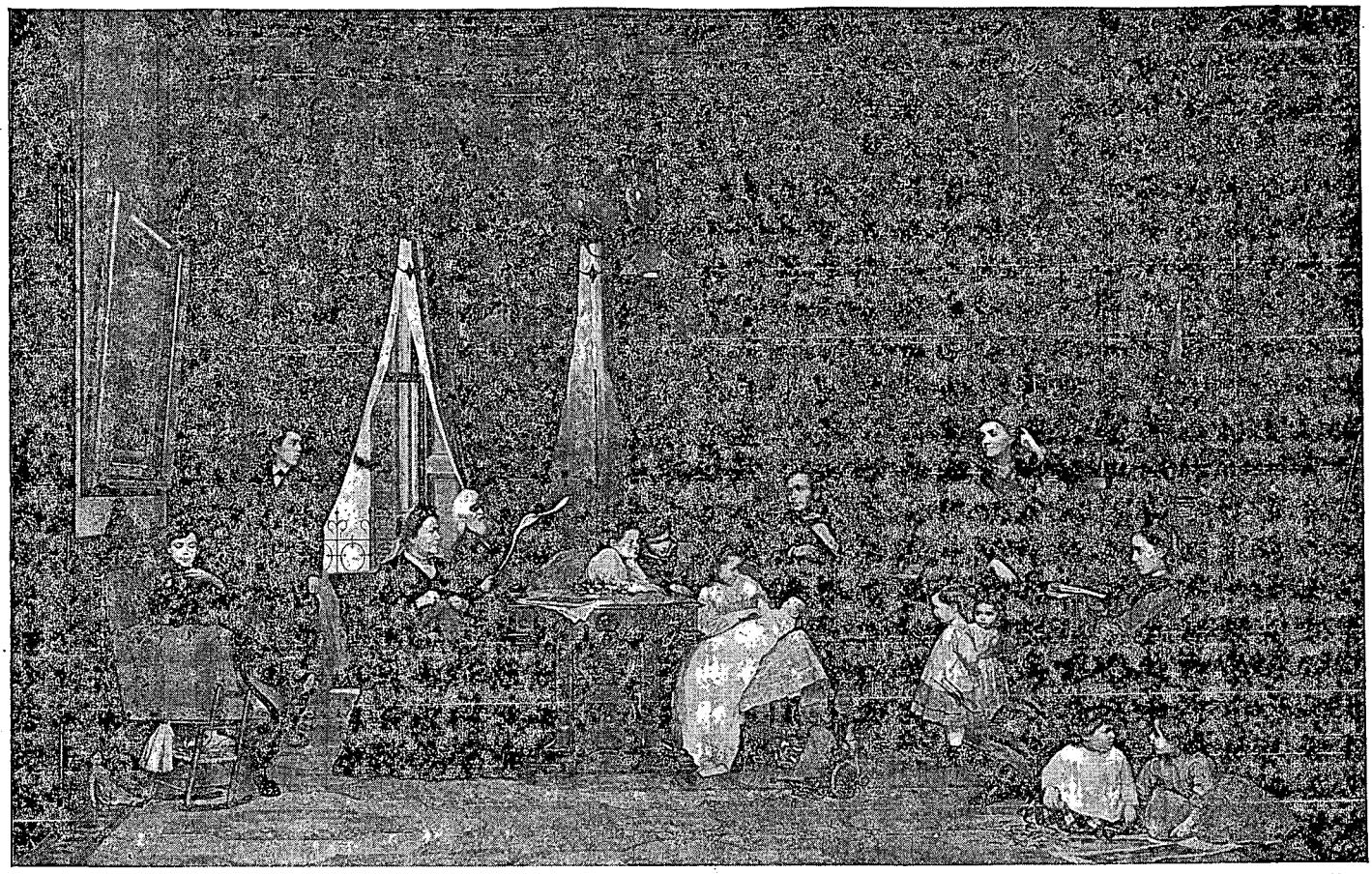
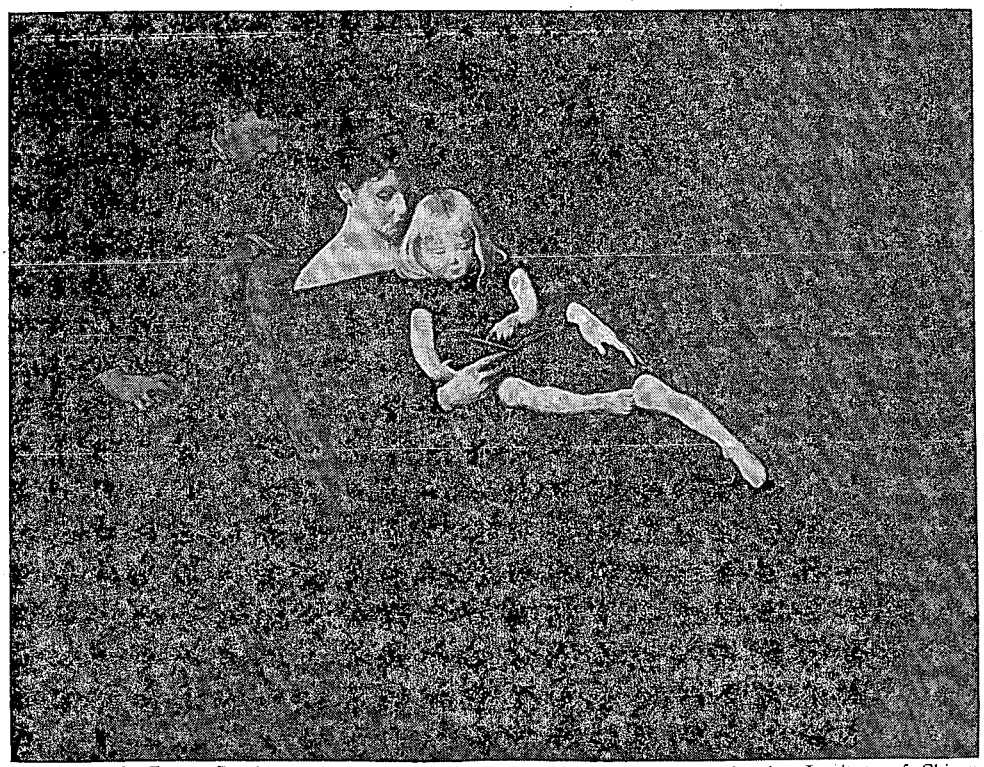


By Eastman Johnson

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

A family of 1870



By George de Forest Brush

Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

A charming group of the nineties

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By John C. Johansen

Courtesy of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington

TODAY

The artist and his family

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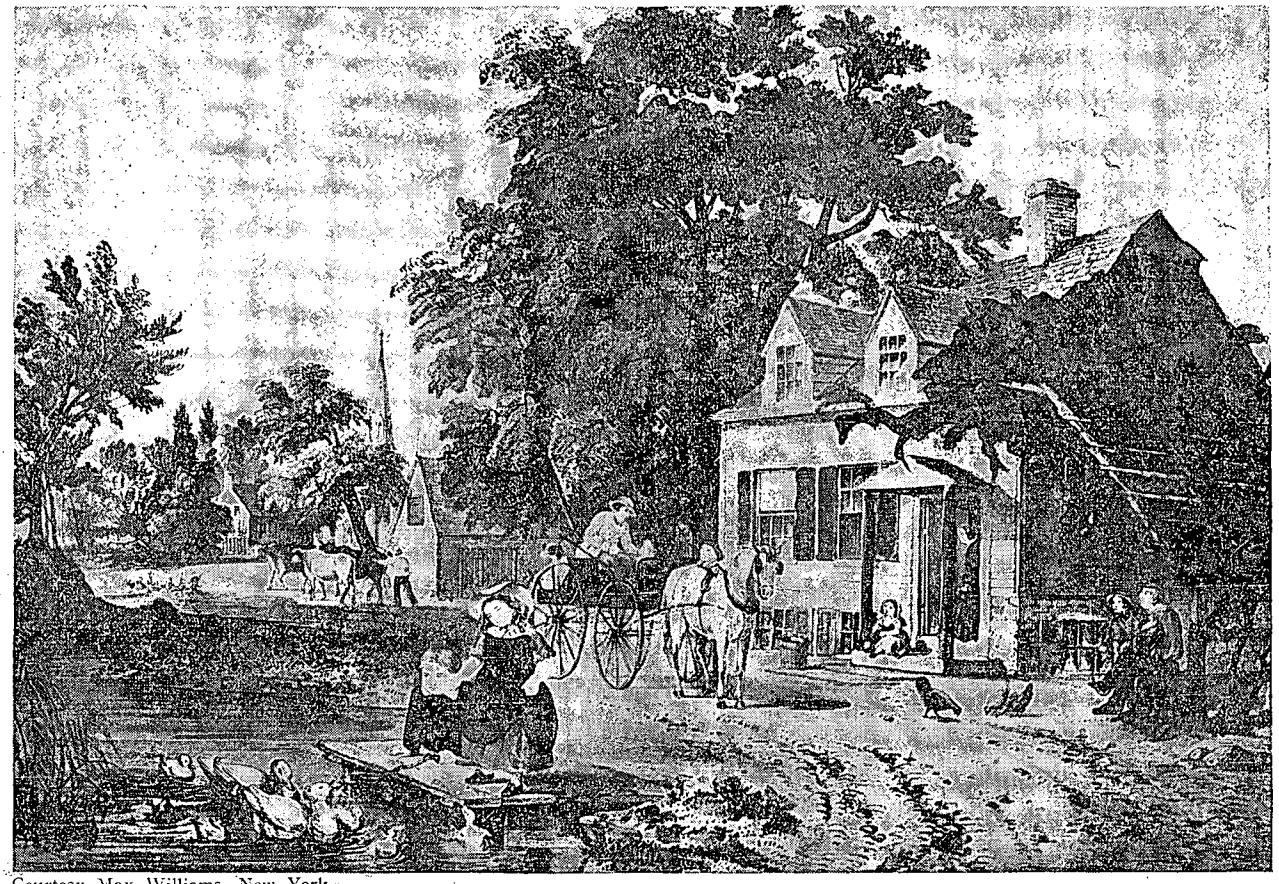

Courtesy Max Williams, New York

The village street where everybody knew his neighbors and might even love them. From a Currier and Ives Print of 1855

The New Neighbors

By FREDERICK M. ELIOT

THERE isn't the slightest doubt that neighborhoods are not what they used to be. There are, first of all, the physical changes, such as the invasion of apartment houses and the corresponding relative decrease of single dwellings. We are reminded by the campaign of advertising in the streetcars, with their horrible disregard of the amenities of spelling, that the "Naborhood Store" is suffering because of the rapid growth of chain stores and mail-order houses. New methods of cheap transportation, supplemented by prosperity that can ignore the matter of cost, have largely done away with the necessity of locating one's home within walking distance of one's work or of seeking one's amusements in the immediate vicinity of one's dwelling place. Geographically considered, the neighborhood is rapidly ceasing to be anything other than a more or less accidental grouping of sleeping quarters.

How far-reaching this change actually is, was brought sharply to my attention a year or so ago when I walked out of my front door one morning and saw an undertaker's car in front of a house almost directly across the street. I suddenly realized that I didn't even know the name of the family who lived in that house, and that now it was too late to inquire. Neighborliness—the natural human impulse to be kind to one's neighbor in his time of trouble—had ceased to bear any direct relation to the fact of physical nearness. That could not have happened to my father or mother. It could not have happened fifty years ago.

Psychologically, the changes are even greater. In his Confessions of a Reformer, Frederic C. Howe describes the way in which family life was affected by its neighborhood in Meadville, Pennsylvania, just about fifty years ago. He tells us that "what the neighbors might think, seriously conditioned our lives. Watchful eyes observed us in all we did. There was a sense of being clamped down stiff, in a mold made for one. My mother was a neighborly person, ministering to the needs of every one on our street; but she was sensitive to their opinions and prejudices, deeply unwilling to have them flouted." The moral standards of the neighborhood constituted a rigid fence about the lives of every individual and every family, shutting down relentlessly whenever any one wanted to break loose. Even his father, who had more of the adventurous spirit, was careful to indulge his love for freedom in such a way as to escape

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if possible the prying eyes of the neighbors. A few "purple spots of freedom" there were; but life in general was strictly governed by the neighborhood standards, which are inspired largely by the evangelical religion which Mr. Howe calls the "most characteristic influence of my generation"—an influence from which he frankly admits that his mind was never emancipated.

Whether, on the whole, such influence upon an individual or a family was a good or bad thing is not easy to say. The repressive character of strict neighborhood standards must be offset by the reinforcement which they afford to weak and wavering souls. If some families were held down by the opinion of such a neighborhood, other families were assuredly held up. If a few gifted individuals were smothered, undoubtedly a much greater number of less fortunately endowed were sheltered and saved. The balance is an impossible one to draw with any confidence; but the important fact is that the influence was there, in very definite and tangible form, for better or worse.

If the family life was in many respects conditioned by the neighborhood, it was also true that the family had an important part in creating and changing the neighborhood. Mr. Howe mentions almost casually the fact that his mother ministered to the needs of "everyone on our street," but that fact deserves more than a casual reference. To be a "good neighbor" was no slight matter, and a family might become a very great factor in setting the tone of a neighborhood. The sense of responsibility which came with the consciousness of belonging to a neighborhood gave meaning and value to the family life; it built up the family self-respect; it nourished the roots of the family tree. The old farmer in Robert Frost's well-known poem is a fair example: "Good fences make good neighbors." Yes, and that kind of responsibility made good families. To the extent that the neighborhood afforded a field for the expression of family life in terms of civic responsibility and human friendliness, it was of vital importance to the family as a social entity.

Perhaps the best way to picture the contrast today would be to call in the services of a humorist, for it sometimes happens that the humorists, like the poets, see things on the whole more clearly and set them forth with greater skill than the most erudite sociologists. In a recent number of Harper's Magazine, Stephen Leacock calls attention to the fact that many of the poems on which the older generations were brought up are no longer intelligible to "the wiser youngsters of today," and he suggests that these poems should be rewritten so as to make them usable in modern nurseries. With characteristic modesty, he merely offers a few samples of how it might be done and these samples are extraordinarily suggestive as well as amusing; they reveal the learned professor of political science underneath the humorist.

For instance, Thomas Hood's familiar poem which begins

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born

would be changed so as to commence with these lines:

I wish I could remember
The house where I was born

which suggests subtly but unmistakably the vagrant and nomadic character of much of our modern family life. The changes within the family, especially in the attitude of children toward their parents, are beautifully summed up in his proposed version of the touching old verse:

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one:
You promised, dear father, that you would come home
As soon as your day's work was done.

which, under Mr. Leacock's magic touch, is transformed to read:

Oh, father, dear father, why won't you go out?
Why sit here and spoil all the fun?
We took it for granted you'd beat it downtown
As soon as your dinner was done.

BUT it is the third of his suggestions, in which Mr. Leacock offers a revised version of The Village Blacksmith, that is most closely related to our present subject:

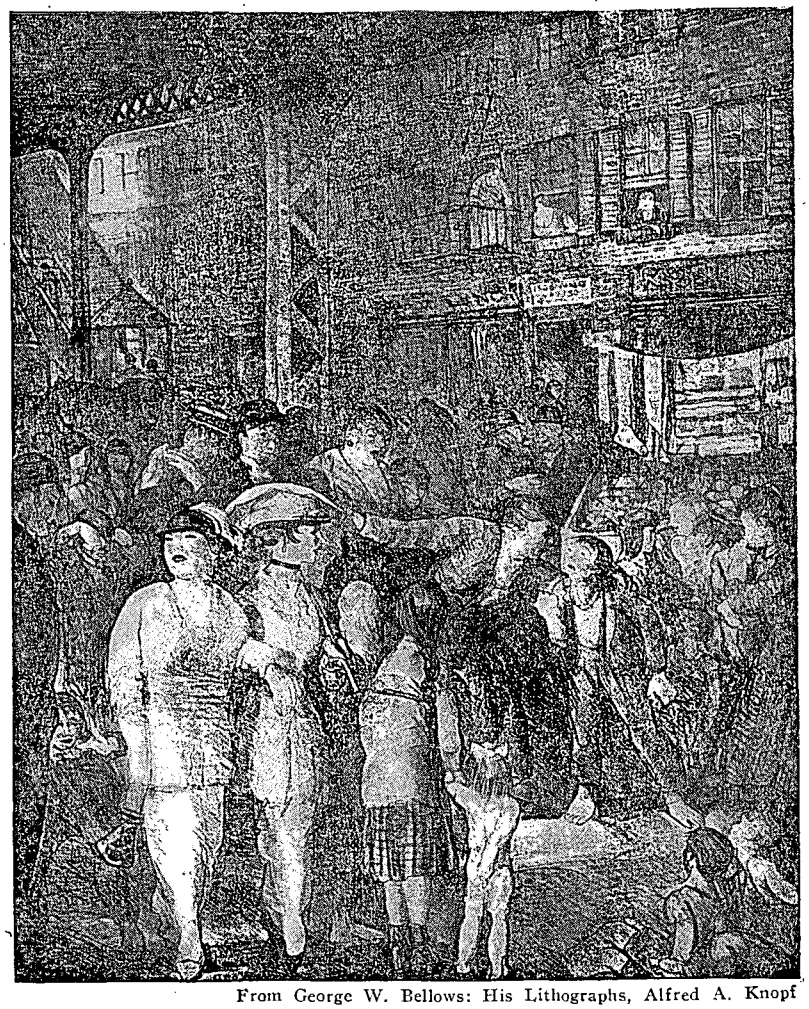
On the corner of the main street stands the principal garage.

The garage man is a man of singular muscular development.

Children coming home from school like to watch him punch the gasoline.

On Sunday he goes to the church whenever any of the cars of the congregation break down.

In this way he not only earns a night's repose but even



From George W. Bellows: His Lithographs, Alfred A. Knopf

A modern city street where the neighbors are people nobody knows

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now and then he can take a trip to New York and go without repose for a whole night.

In those five lines, I submit that Mr. Leacock has given a remarkably vivid picture of the modern neighborhood, and one that is startlingly different from Mr. Howe's picture of Meadville a half century ago. A few things, of course, are still the same. Children apparently still go to school; they still like to loiter on the way home from school to watch a man at work, though punching gasoline is a distinctly less poetical occupation than hammering out a horseshoe. Apparently, also, there are still churches, and some of the owners of motor cars still go to church on Sundays. Nothing is said about the garage man's daughter, or the village choir, but perhaps we may assume that both are in existence. It would, however, scarcely be safe to assume that the garage man, like the blacksmith, has paid all his bills, especially in view of that line about an occasional trip to New York. No; in spite of a certain number of similarities, the total effect is that of complete transformation. Gone is the spreading chestnut tree; gone, too, the lilting rhymes and rhythms of the old New England poet; and the good old neighborhood has gone with them.

The church will serve as an illustration of the change that is going on in a great many other directions, at least in the larger towns and cities. The neighborhood church used to be one of the most effective instrumentalities for building up the kind of neighborhood sentiment that in turn built up family life. Present day church-going is largely unrelated to neighborhood or even family considerations. I know families in which the father goes to one church, the mother to another, while the children are enrolled in the Sunday school of a third. Perhaps each member is better served than if all went to the same church, but the situation is very different from what it used to be when the blacksmith sat in the same pew with his boys while his daughter sang in the choir.

The development of specialized schools is another tendency that works against the neighborhood. We now have separate highschools of various kinds, frequently located in various parts of the city. There are, too, a variety of special schools for children with handicaps of different sorts, including the handicap of being unduly intelligent. In a family with four or five children it might easily be possible that each child should go to a different school—John to the regular highschool, Mary to the so-called mechanic arts highschool where she can get special work in domestic science, Henry to a junior highschool, Nellie to the school where special attention is given to speech defects, and Tom to the alpha class in still another school. Mind you, I don't suggest that there is anything wrong about all this; but the neighborhood school is disappearing somewhere along the line and carrying with it a part of the neighborhood itself.

THAT this disintegration of the neighborhood is going on, and that it must have serious consequences for family life, seem to me obvious facts which no amount of regret or complaint can mitigate. Nor is there the slightest chance in the world of restoring the conditions which have gone. But if the neighborhood as it used to be is no longer possible, there are forces at work in our day which can be utilized to create a new kind of neighborhood that may prove to be more effective than the old in its constructive influence upon the family.

You will remember the cynical and hackneyed saying: "God gives us our relatives, but thank God we can choose our friends." Well, the most important thing about the new kind of neighborhood is that to an increasing extent we can, and do, choose our own neighbors; and that, too, seems to me something for which we may well be grateful. For the opportunity to choose our neighbors opens the possibility of choosing them intelligently; and even if at present we fail to use very much intelligence, there is room for hope that with practice we may improve. For those who are concerned with the future of the family, as an essential institution in human society, I cannot imagine a more significant or hopeful change.

THE new neighborhood will be far less dependent than the old upon the accidents of geographical location, but it will inevitably have its geographical aspect. Even here, however, the element of choice is becoming very much larger, and this is the hopeful side of the phenomenon which we often deplore because it leads to so much nervous and senseless moving about. Freedom to move one's home, easily and quickly, for a good reason or for no reason at all except the whim of a restless spirit, is indeed inimical to that stability and fixedness of location upon which the old neighborhood was largely founded. But, on the other hand, this same freedom of movement makes it possible for a family to choose the location of its dwelling-place in accordance with the special needs which, from time to time, develop within it. Supposing the changes of location to be made with some real measure of common sense behind them, is it not true that the mobility of the modern home might easily become a factor of considerable value in promoting the best interests of the family? Even from the merely geographical point of view, a neighborhood which has been deliberately selected is far more likely to become a real factor in the life of a family than one in which it is compelled to live. A little careful observation of the family life among our Negro fellow-citizens, who are for the most part denied the freedom of movement which is becoming so nearly universal otherwise, will, I think, bear out the truth of my contention.

Instead of starting with a group of people who happen to live near each other, and building up a set of common interests on that basis, the new neighborhood will begin with the common interests and let the matter of living near one another follow along behind.

Not far from my own house there is a little church which has interested me for a good many years. The doctrine which it teaches might seem to some people fantastic and utterly incredible, but those who accept it are willing to make great sacrifices to maintain a place where it may be set forth. The little company of worshippers come from every section of a city that extends over fifty square miles of territory. I cannot think of any church which is less of a neighborhood institution, in the old sense of the word; yet I have discovered that the neighborly spirit among those people has completely transcended the mere matter of geographical diffusion. They are not neighbors who go to the same church, but ardent church-goers who have become neighbors. And I believe the change has made the neighborhood a more real and vital factor in their individual and family lives.

Gradually there is coming about a rearrangement of social forces, with new starting-points and new directions; but the functions of the old forces are not lost. They are being

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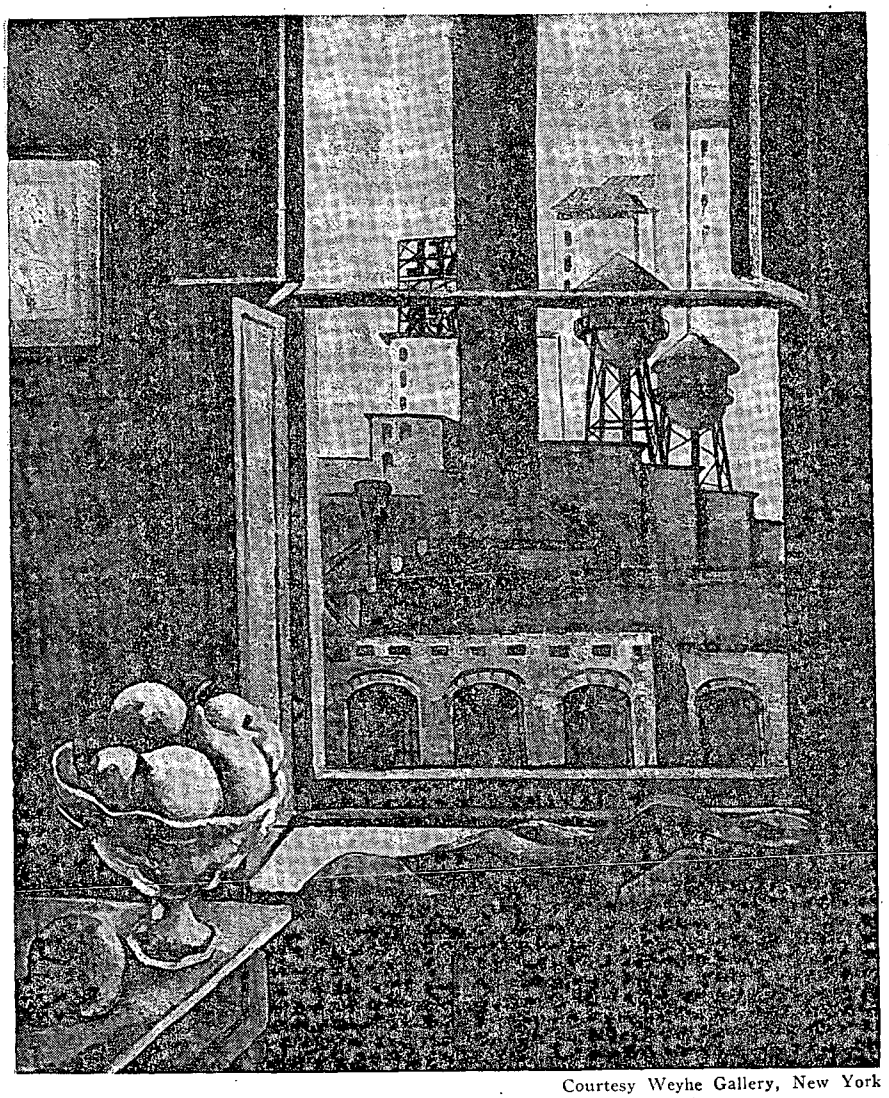

Courtesy Weyhe Gallery, New York

City window, from the painting by Emil Ganso

assumed, with greater promise of effectiveness, by the new forces. Everything which the old neighborhood did for the family can be done by the new neighborhood; and because the new neighborhood is primarily functional rather than geographical, because it may be directed by intelligence rather than accident, there is reason to expect that the family will be served in a more real and vital way.

Such a result depends, of course, upon the amount of intelligence which is actually brought into play in the creation and development of the new kind of neighborhood. What exists at the present moment is a potential rather than an actually operative "new neighborhood," and I want to point out some of the ways in which these new influences might be more intelligently directed, and to make a plea for the sort of leadership which will make that result more probable.

Let me begin with one of the most recent and one of the most roundly abused of American institutions—the luncheon club. H. L. Mencken has tried his best to make it impossible for any one to take these clubs seriously, but the significant fact is that tens of thousands of American men—and still more recently a considerable number of American women—insist upon taking them with the utmost seriousness. Those of us who belong to such clubs have no sense of shame in confessing that we take our membership as seriously as Mr. George F. Babbitt would take it if he were eligible to election to our particular club. Nor do we consider that we thereby forfeit our claim to a modest amount of humor in our make-up. We take our luncheon clubs seriously because we enjoy them and because we believe in their principles, and I have a distinct feeling that our fellow-members are more truly our neighbors than the people who merely happen to live in the same block.

When you see three or four hundred men, ordinarily self-conscious and conventional as perhaps only American men can be, forgetting their dignity and even their desire to maintain the outward appearance of dignity, you may be sure that they are under the domination of some force which no student of contemporary society can afford to ignore. The fashion in which we utilize the power represented by the vast network of these organizations must make a considerable difference in the whole fabric of our social life. Many an American city has begun to discover that when this force is directed into the channel of philanthropy it can, if wisely controlled, be of tremendous service. Too often, of course, it is sentimental rather than intelligent but one of the most interesting things about it is the willingness with which it accepts intelligent leadership, provided that leadership is sufficiently intelligent to be sympathetic.

If fifty years ago, family life was in considerable degree controlled by "what the neighbors might think," there is no reason to suppose that a similar control over family life might not be exercised by the opinions and judgments of the members of the newer kind of organization. How far such a control has already begun, I have no adequate evidence to say, but I have just enough knowledge of specific instances to lead me to guess that it has already become a factor in the lives of many families. Great potentialities lie ahead in this field. Just suppose, for instance, that by a careful and systematic campaign of education we could win the understanding support of the members of the luncheon clubs for the idea of the child guidance clinics—not their financial support, but their moral support. It doesn't require much imagination to see what an enormous effect upon American family life would be the result.

IT is part of our American tradition that there is nothing in which the ordinary citizen is so much interested—so far as civic matters are concerned—as the school to which his children go; and the Parent Teacher Associations have capitalized that interest with remarkable skill. Curiously enough, their importance as an element in the environment of the family has been little realized by students of family life. The school is, obviously, the focus of their attention; but the educational campaign which they carry on continuously is chiefly directed toward educating the parents, and it is a most cleverly devised kind of education, based upon

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the sound principle of learning by doing. Few organizations in recent years have made such admirable use of the practical teachings of psychology, and the result is that the parent-teacher associations are today perhaps the most powerful single factor in creating the new neighborhood.

Among other forces working to create the new neighborhood, there are the fraternal organizations and orders, of an amazing variety in detail but all very much alike in their hold upon their members' allegiance. There are the labor unions, the professional organizations, the business and trade associations. There are the rapidly growing clubs for athletic and recreational purposes. Then, too, we must not overlook the development in the press—daily, weekly, and monthly—of a whole set of influences that have as their avowed aim the dissemination of knowledge about home life and the welfare of children. To the power of the written word, with the million of readers of our popular periodicals, must be added the new power which the radio has given to the spoken word. H. G. Wells may tell us that "the future of broadcasting is like the future of cross-word puzzles and Oxford trousers—a very trivial future indeed;" but some of us have discovered by our own experience that broadcasting has already become an influence that is far from trivial, and we may venture to think that for once Mr. Wells is likely to prove a mistaken prophet.

All of these agencies are aware of the new scientific spirit, and all are at least beginning to see that in this spirit lies one of the main sources of human progress. All of them have been touched by the sense of social responsibility which is another of the characteristics of our modern world, and all of them have at least begun to realize that not to be socially minded is to be out of step with the marching hosts. There is a willingness to learn—a sense of almost guilty ignorance—that is encouraging and sometimes rather appalling to those who are supposed to be givers of knowledge and light; and in addition there is a growing sense of the importance of the direct, personal, "human" factor, which is already giving to the new neighborhood the quality of neighborliness, even in its most impersonal quarters.

But what remains, after all, the chief impression as we study this new neighborhood of our modern age, is the sense of almost unlimited power which is as yet very little controlled and directed. Henry S. Canby, writing of the younger generation in the field of literature, speaks of their "expansiveness," and compares it to the rush of water from a hydrant. The power is there all right, but so much of it is being wasted! "What is needed is a hose," he says, "to stop the waste of literary energy, to conserve and direct it." And then he adds this word of caution, which is more needed, I think, in his field than in ours: "Call for a hose, then, as much as you please, but do not try to stop the waters with your Moses' rod of conservative indignation."

Combatting the conservative indignation that relies on magic may not be so necessary in the field of social engineering as in the field of literature, but the need for conserving and directing the stream of expansive idealism is most assuredly as great. The power is there—more exuberant and eager, more amenable to leadership, more capable of following intelligent direction, I believe, than ever before. That power is sufficient to surround the family with an environment far more rationally planned and far more wisely controlled than has ever been possible in the past. The power is there, and the desire to use it rightly; but at the present moment the waste is much more evident than effective use. What is needed is that the leaders should rise to the responsibility that is theirs and turn the waste energy to useful work. The future of the American family lies, to a much greater extent than you and I like to admit, in our own hands, as the persons who, by virtue of training and experience, are best fitted to provide sensible leadership in creating the new environment in which the family shall live. Whether we possess intelligence enough to be such leaders, remains to be seen. If we fail, it will not be due to lack of opportunity, or to any want of idealism either on our part or on the part of the American people in general, but to a failure to *think* with sufficient rigor and patience and breadth of mind, so that idealism may be transformed into realistic planning and action.

Two to Get Ready!

Education for Family Life

By ERNEST R. GROVES

WHY does it now seem necesary to provide education for marriage and parenthood, since in the past families seem to have gone on efficiently without it? The answer lies in the changed conditions of life and a clearer understanding of the value of specific training for social situations. The extension of science into the field of personality has caused a rapid breaking down of traditions regarding family life, and this brings the realization that in our time every human value must be protected by special educational effort. We have traveled a long way from the biological family; like other institutions, the family has become artificial, complicated, and now rests upon a cultural basis rather than upon original instincts or social necessities. It is unreasonable to suppose that in all departments of life except that of the family we could enjoy the advantages of a many-faceted civilization which has been carried far beyond the elementary needs of man through the enrichment of culture, and still have the home continue on a spontaneous and impulsive basis.

Out of the multiplicity of our interests with the resulting specialization, there has come a separation in the cultural stream so that society no longer transmits as one consistent whole the values it has perpetuated. The family is no longer automatically protected by our social habits, but must depend for its vitality and achievement upon organization in the way that all the major interests of life get their security. The fact that it is the last to receive its share of attention

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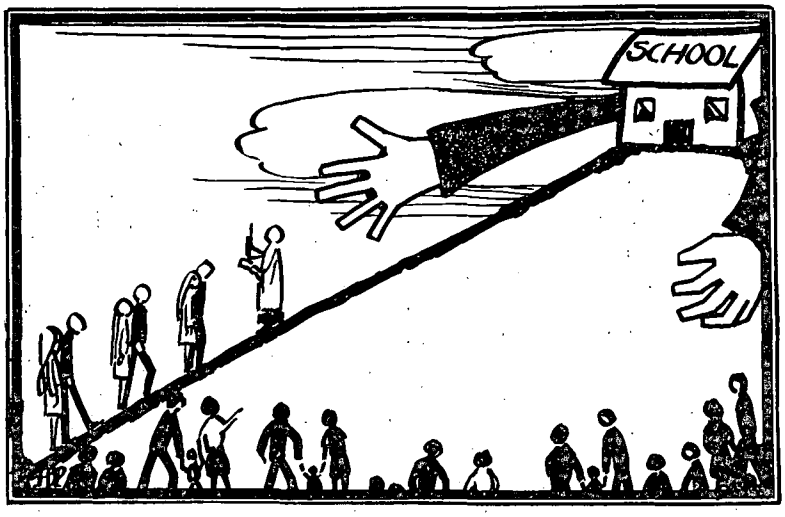
only makes its predicament the more apparent, while at the same time it discloses the reluctance of human nature to realize that the family is not a self-perpetuating institution.

Both marriage and parenthood are affected, and the hazard of each is heightened. In the case of marriage, the motives and attitudes that modify the developing individual lead away from the home as well as toward it. Concretely this is often illustrated by those people who for political, social or commercial success sacrifice the desires that support the family, until their interests in marriage and children are smothered, thus producing a home experience that is both meager and unsatisfying. There seems at present to be no way by which the competition the family receives from the outside can be decreased. The only way in which the family can receive its fair proportion of human interest is to provide it with a special organization that will keep its interests prominent in cultural routine.



Drawing by Helen Phelps

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

Society must protect the family by using its educational resources. The logical next step is education for marriage and parenthood based on popularizing what we already know

The situation of the family is not primarily due to an attack by opposing forces, but rather to the neglect that necessarily follows in our time when any interest in life does not have the advantage of special organization. In a culture as divergent as ours, with the separated forms of appeal that are made upon human nature for its time and interest, the family would be left defenseless and its function reduced to the lowest possible terms, if nothing were done by those who undertake to influence the flow of human culture, in an effort to give the family its just importance. In other words, the family is being crowded out by the richness of modern culture and by an inadequate effort to use our educational resources to conserve its interests.

The challenge that comes to marriage travels on the level of pleasure and demands the giving of happiness. Marriage must accept the testing of modern youth who turn toward it as a means of gratifying individual desires. Religious obligation and social duty pass into the background, for it has become characteristic of our time not only to enter marriage under the spell of pleasure motives, but also to retreat from it just as soon as it ceases to advance happiness. The same situation is developing with reference to parenthood, and a large portion of our population decides whether to have children at all, or how many to have, by arguments that issue from a philosophy of pleasure-seeking. How could we expect either marriage or parenthood to keep apart from the prevailing atmosphere and win their place in the general scheme of things by a different sort of appeal than that which belongs to other interests of life?

Of course it is unfortunate that at a time when the personal responsibilities of family obligations are so easily shed and such large demands are made by husbands, wives and parents for pleasurable experiences, the hazards of marriage and parenthood should be so great. This could not be otherwise, for the urge that turns one toward pleasure leads to impatience, restlessness and a narrow grasp in the appraisal of family values. Whoever becomes interested in conserving the family must recognize in the beginning that human nature is asking more of marriage and the home than ever before and at the same time making it difficult for the family to function sufficiently to yield the satisfactions desired. Some wish to help the family by lessening the demands made upon it by those who seek pleasurable satisfactions, but there is no hope of changing the present attitude unless our entire cultural habits are reorganized on a different basis. Legislation which attempts to force the carrying on of family relationships that individuals desire to repudiate gives no promise, at least for some time to come, of being successful. Hope lies in another quarter. Society must protect the family by using its educational resources. Instruction provides the best way of bringing about a discrimination of values in living and establishing the basis of a satisfying career in marriage and as a parent.

It is hopeless, in our desire to accomplish results, to run ahead of the facts which are available at present. The training that is useful in conserving the family must come out of experience, and at present we must recognize frankly that we do not have the factual knowledge we desire. Especially do we need more information regarding successful marriages, how they became satisfying and what difficulties were met by the persons concerned, and how surmounted. We can get the benefit of the study of marriage failures; of such material there is a sufficiency. What we need now is to enlist the interest of those who find their married life delightful and are willing to take us into their confidence to reveal as far as possible the methods by which they have won their successes.

THE same situation is true with reference to children; we need now to emphasize the normal child, or at least the child that has no great difficulties of adjustment or peculiar handicaps. Child-training is not a special sort of surgery nor the treatment of a universal form of disease through which human nature has to pass in its effort to get to maturity. The danger of over-stressing causal knowledge with reference to the effect of childhood experiences of an unsatisfactory character upon later development is apparent. We have little evidence of the absolute determination of the happenings of childhood upon the final personality growth which so many seem to be taking for granted. There is, however, abundant material which demonstrates that in childhood we do most to help or hinder the development of wholesome character and outlook upon life. Only as we can gather

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and popularize this material regarding marriage and the parenthood relationship, as a basis for instruction, can much be done toward education for either parenthood or marriage.

Meanwhile it is well to recognize how attractive is the opportunity of giving this new instruction to those who are seeking a virgin field for exploitation. There are enough troubled and baffled parents and perplexed husbands and wives and skeptical lovers to invite the self-seeker to the undertaking of the new type of education. This risk is not entirely future; it is already with us. Those who love to instruct and have the parrot facility of repetition are already casting their eyes upon this opportunity. Then also those who cover up an itch for interference by rationalizing their habits of meddling as efforts of service have caught sight of another chance to exercise their power. The greatest need of all in the movement of educating for marriage and parenthood is to keep it from becoming either a fad or a species of social exploitation. The more the new type of instruction is linked up with existing educational institutions, the greater will be its sanity; at best any program for the conservation of family life will carry risk. As the mere phrase-maker and the pseudo-scientist rush into the enterprise, much mischief will result and the growing confidence of the public will be quickly lost.

Education for marriage and parenthood is the reasonable next step. Hopeful as it is likely to be, it has no power to perform miracles. No one acquainted with the history of social experience would expect quickly to change the balance of harmful and useful influences that operate upon human character. Progress comes slowly, but education has a large part in bringing it about. Family life is influenced by too many things and is too much a reflection of the current manner of living for any type of instruction completely to dominate home activities so as to make all marriages happy and all parents wise. As the situation is, the family is certain to fall further behind and marriage to show an increasing percentage of failure if no effort be made to contribute to the welfare of the home by special instruction.

The situation in which the family finds itself looks to the higher institutions of learning for leadership in education for marriage and parenthood. It is easier to carry on the necessary experiments in family instruction at the higher levels of education; indeed one wonders how it has come about that institutions whose primary purpose is to advance human culture have been so hesitant in training for the most important of all human relationships. Of course education for marriage and parenthood is something quite different from sex training, although the latter has to be included.

THERE is special need of giving pre-family education in normal schools, schools of law and theological seminaries. From the normal schools come teachers who easily, through ignorance, hamper family life. Law, through legislation, influences the family constantly, and it is most important that those trained in legal matters should have a grasp of the science of family relationships. From the ministers we expect assistance in furthering every sort of wholesome social enterprise, and if their idealism is actually to function in service for the family they need to be better grounded in the application of science to family problems; this is particularly true of the Protestant clergy who at present do not develop from experience the concrete understanding of family difficulties that the priests through confession more frequently attain.

Training for marriage and parenthood will prove of little value if taught as a system of recipes; what is needed is not a set of rules, which most certainly would lead those who followed their precepts into mishaps, but a basis for insight. This fact reveals the place where the new instruction encounters limitation. Already even thoughtful parents are dissatisfied by instruction that does not lead to rules which they can easily follow. However one might like it, the fact remains that information that can really function in the family cannot be mechanical in nature. It is adaptability to meet rapidly changing conditions that both husbands and wives and parents require to pass successfully the tests of everyday experience. Yet there are many who seek a rule of thumb method and who adopt a system that they will attempt to carry out with little sense of the need of adaptation. This explains why an element of disappointment is bound to follow even the most serious effort to provide training for family life.

Were it not for the information that recently has been gathered by psychology, psychiatry and sociology, particularly the first two, there would be little hope of giving substance to pre-marriage and parenthood training. The better knowledge that we have recently gained in the understanding of personality provides the source from which much wisdom has to be gathered for the establishment of profitable courses for those interested in marriage and parenthood. In spite of the prevailing confusion, due to differences of opinion among the scientists that attempt to interpret human behavior, enough has been accomplished to provide the means for instruction that will conserve the family.

VERY recently sociology also has become more conscious of the necessity of adding its part to the general fund of information that helps in the understanding of human relationships and is making a more serious effort to analyze the family, not as an institution but as a relationship in which the personality receives its expression. The family is being studied with a different attitude, and the change in viewpoint is the largest contribution the science of sociology has yet made to family welfare. Although pathological family life has occupied the center of attention, there is a growing feeling among students that sociology must somehow find a means of getting more accurate information concerning successful family life. Science still relatively neglects the significant place that parenthood holds in the social machinery which perpetuates culture. There is, however, especially among the younger sociologists, a marked trend away from this former indifference to the social experiences of children as an influence upon the growth of culture.

When we ask where and how, and by whom the new instruction should be given, we come squarely face to face with the need of more experiment before any program is finally determined. Surely part of this necessary education must appear somehow in our schools, even if it be only in elementary form and as a means of building up the idea that there is material which can be had by those interested, which helps to meet the problems of marriage and parenthood. The churches also have an obligation to serve the family by delivering helpful information. It would appear that this must be done mostly by bringing to the churches either specialists or a popular interpretation of their findings, and although no one would ask the minister to take over, in ordinary cases, the task of instruction, he can by a changed attitude in looking at the family on its social side

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advance the notion that science can help marriage and the parent just as it now serves the child's physical needs. Special organizations like the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. have a clear duty and one that they are beginning to recognize; the experiments they have already made are most important, for an effective program can only be worked out on the basis of experience, which carefully collects, analyzes and tests the facts already at our command.

The largest service that could be rendered the family in providing instruction is in the hands of the community itself. It would be disastrous to attempt to work out a community program prematurely, for it is likely to be the last step. If a beginning could be made by private organizations that serve the entire community, as the family welfare societies serve part of it, we might begin to see more clearly the necessity of attempting to prevent rather than to patch up the domestic difficulties that are so often the root of family tragedy. There is real need of some sort of matrimonial clinic to which seekers for help can come to get unbiased assistance grounded on practical experience and a basic understanding of behavior problems, and perhaps no contribution at present will prove of greater benefit to national need than experimentation along this line by the more progressive family welfare societies.

The Nursery of Souls

By RUFUS M. JONES

THE more we learn about childhood, the more clearly we see that the earliest period of life—even the first year—is the crucial time for the shaping of the deepest elemental roots of human personality. Imagination, wonder, reverence, and awe underlie the child's normal religious attitudes and all these mental traits begin at the very dawn of consciousness. If spiritual culture is to fit the unfolding steps of the natural development of the child, it must, consequently, be pushed far back toward the headwaters of the child's life. It is thus primarily a problem and a task for the family, and only secondarily for the school and the church.

If the family is found wanting as a nursery of this vital spiritual culture, the failure is bound to involve serious consequences in the shaping of the destiny of the new-born life, while the ultimate effects, as we know only too well, stretch out far beyond the range of the individual life. It is business which deeply concerns the spiritual health and welfare of society and the state as well. I have no miraculous solution of the problem of the child's religion to propose. There are no Aladdin's lamps for us to rub. There is no magic wand to wave; no mystic spell will come to our help. The family life in America must first of all be saved and restored to its divine functions and then the solution will be within our reach.

Whether we realize it or not, we are building a new kind of civilization. We have tapped new forces. We have girdled the globe with lines of travel and traffic. We have surpassed the prophesies of Shakespeare's Puck with our magical methods of inter-communication. We send our radio message through mountains as easily as over prairies. We fly over wastes of ocean as though we had suddenly got the wings of cherubim. We can locate the resources of the earth by electrical devices without any of the uncertainty of boring or digging.

None of these things, however, will, I believe, fill the center of the picture in the long perspective view of it. What the historian will see in our world will be the fact of the common man's invasion of rights and privileges that in all previous ages had been kept exclusively for a chosen few. The man with no crest and with no pedigree has started to knock at every door of opportunity, and the doors have opened to his challenge. The ancient mysteries of life and death with which science has been busy are now "open secrets." They are no longer kept for the laboratory. They are familiar to the school boy and the reader of the newspaper. The more primitive races, too, know how to control life and how to destroy it by methods undreamed of a century ago. The vast multitudes of laborers in all fields of activity are organized and are guided and directed by leaders from among themselves.

Literature is no longer produced for the benefit of a rare and scholarly class of readers. It is produced for the rank and file. Naturally, the quality of the output has greatly altered as a result of the immense extension of the *clientele*. The novel has come to rank as the foremost literature of our age and its influence probably now surpasses that of any other type of literary production. The theater was once a place of entertainment and culture for the *élite* of society; now it is the playhouse for the entire city-public. The purveyors of entertainment appeal to all social and intellectual levels, and obviously this inclusive widening of ticket-buyers has changed the tone and character of the play. Art, too, has captured a new public. Creative genius aims to attract the whole world and no longer a tiny fraction of it. The Sunday supplement and the evening edition with its comic strips, pay their artists larger sums each year than Michael Angelo or Raphael received for the work of a lifetime. Necessarily, the quality is different. The modern picture is not for the holy shrine; it is an ephemeral production for the thousands or the millions to see. The newspaper reveals more clearly than any other modern phenomenon the extraordinary invasion of the people. The newspaper is made not alone for the nice-minded and the pure-minded. It is a composite production for the entire public. Here, everybody is supposed to be "at home." It is a strange being who cannot find some food for his appetite in the extensive pages of a daily newspaper!

ALL these transformations have given us a new kind of world. It is intricate, complex, involved, tangled, confused. The methods and the forces which organized and controlled the simpler social order of a century ago are wholly inadequate today. We have increased the size, speed, and tonnage of the ship, but we have not correspondingly enlarged its rudder or improved its steering facilities. The time has come for us to wake up and look straight at the

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facts. We cannot avoid serious catastrophe unless we deepen the foundations of our social structure. It is top-heavy and not built with a plumb-line. By some wiser methods we must find out how to increase the moral and spiritual forces that build good, solid, trustworthy individual lives and that, at the same time, construct and integrate the social organism, which can hardly be expected to be much better than the units that compose it. The situation calls, I think, for a profound reorganization of all our educational methods and systems from the pre-kindergarten to the university graduate schools. We need to shift the point of emphasis from the supply of information to the formation of life and character.

But the new focus in education is not my present subject. I am now concerned with the formative spiritual forces of family life, without which no educational methods or systems will ever be quite adequate. Wherever there has been profound religious life in any nation, race, or people, there has always been behind it a deep and pervasive piety and religious culture in the home. Jewish religion has been born, in all periods, not in the synagogue but in the family-center. Puritan faith had its nurture around the family hearth. Quakerism has lived and flourished only where the home was the nursery of its spirit and its ideals. The child of the seasoned Quaker learns to pray in silence and to practice meditation in the family before joining in these ways of worship in the larger group at the meeting-house.

The first step toward rebuilding our new society is in the direction of the recovery of a truer and more vital spiritual quality in the home. The influences in the atmosphere and spirit that the child unconsciously breathes by day and by night are the deepest forces that shape his destiny. He is a born imitator. The muscular movements of his face and hands instinctively follow the patterns and copies set before him on other faces and in other bodies. His first ideas and his budding ideals have their ground and origin in the thoughts, acts, and suggestions of those nearest to him. Until the day of his death, he will carry within himself an inner psychological climate which the family weather, with its calms and storms, its pressures and its vortexes, its warm currents and its misty clouds, has unconsciously shaped in his plastic mind.

IT will be said, no doubt, that the recovery of a vital spiritual quality in the home is a hopeless quest. The modern Macbeth has not only "murdered sleep," but he has killed out all possibility of having time for hush and quiet at home, or time and patience for the task of initiating into faith and love and joy the little ones who "come trailing clouds of glory, from God who was their home." The complexity of life, we are told, is the pitiless foe of spiritual culture. The automobile is said to be a vehicle which assists the devil and all his works and militates against all the fruits of the spirit. Bridge, golf, exercise, play, sport, recreation, dancing, aeroplaning, skiing, mountain climbing: these are the gods of the present hour and they are the stern rivals of all religious attitudes which enjoin sacrifice, unselfish love, and the old-fashioned virtues.

Well, I, for one, do not believe that human nature has become vitiated and depraved. I cannot admit that "complexity of life" has altered man's fundamental nature, which is, I still maintain, essentially spiritual. Mechanistic theories of life have most assuredly worked serious harm and materialistic tendencies have, of course, made religious ideals seem to many less live and gripping verities. But the best leaders of present-day thought are swinging away from mechanistic interpretation, and the growing emphasis on the fact that spiritual values are also a part of the eternal nature of things in our universe will in the near future break the drift of materialism. I see many signs of returning sanity and I am confident that the native hunger of the human soul for God will reassert itself and bring social health and healing.

The waning and decline of religion in any epoch is usually due to a reaction against crude and inadequate formulations and interpretations of religion. The persons who are saying today that they do not believe in God only mean that they do not believe in the kind of God they have heard preached about. They apparently do believe that there is a rational basis to the universe and that there is a moral and spiritual structure underlying the unfolding processes of history. They may not believe in the creedal statements about Christ but they feel in their deepest being that He is beautiful and loving enough to satisfy their ideal of what the divine should be. And that is a good point from which to build up a positive living faith.

EVEN now any book which gives a fresh, powerful interpretation of religion becomes a "best seller" and it is significant that eight million copies of the New Testament sold last year. Let the churches stop contentions over dead issues and petty questions and turn all their energies to present-day constructive interpretations of a religion of life, and the fathers and mothers of little children will quickly show a revival of interest in those things which most deeply concern the spiritual culture of their offspring. The widespread loss of interest in religion is mainly due to the general prevailing confusion on the subject. It seems to many persons like a hopeles muddle. It sounds to them like words and jargon. It does not function. It opens no doors of life. It kindles no enthusiasm. It promotes no daring adventures. It adds no new dimensions to the soul. The critical situation which now prevails in our homes is not due to the perversity of parents nor, primarily, to the complexity of life. It is due in large measure to the lack of insight, inspiration, leadership, and adventurous faith in those who should be the guides and prophets of religion in the world today. The first turn in the tide will come when the leaders within the church or perhaps the spiritual prophets outside the fold, wake up to the fact that the homes of America must be made nurseries of a sound, healthy moral and religious life if we expect to build a permanent and advancing civilization.

What type of religious life do we want to see cultivated in the homes of our nation? If we were talking about the cultivation of art instead of religion, we should emphasize the importance of the love of beauty in the family circle, a pervasive good taste in the home and the surrounding presence of beautiful objects, harmonious colors and a fitting setting for continual unconscious suggestions of loveliness and charm. That would work much more effectively than would the frequent discussion of theories of beauty, or occasional lectures on form, or a well-selected library of books on aesthetics. The same features apply to religious culture. Discussions of creeds and doctrines are not the important matters. Religious attitudes in the child count for much more than do specific beliefs. Habits of reverence and of wonder, once formed, are likely to last through life, whereas

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VILLAGE CHURCH

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

The critical situation which now prevails in our homes is not due to the perversity of parents but to the lack of insight, inspiration, leadership, and adventurous faith in those who should be the guides and prophets of religion in the world today

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ideas and thoughts are, and should be, transitory. They have their day and cease to be. The child ought not to be a little theologian. He ought to be a joyous little child, full of spontaneous enthusiasms and growing loyalties. George McDonald has beautifully expressed the natural spiritual reactions of a normal child:

I am a little child and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze into the starry sky
And then I cannot speak.

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The infinite of God.

I do not believe that picture is overdrawn or greatly idealized. None of us believes any more that the new-born child is totally depraved. He is not a little brute. He is not a mere bunch of instincts. He has spiritual potentialities and he is quick to respond to the appeal of the divine which is always within reach. Professor Otto of Marburg has been showing that the religious experience is as natural for a child as is hunger or play. He is aware of something beyond himself. He has a mysterious feeling of some higher presence, a consciousness of more than he sees or touches. Sometimes it is a hushed and tremulous state which came over him. Sometimes it is charged with awe and wonder. Sometimes it is an over-brimming, over-abounding emotion. It is what Browning means when he says:

The child
Feels God a moment, ichors o'er the place,
Plays on and grows to be a man like us.

These overbrimming experiences made primitive man a religious being and they make the little child today natively disposed to religion.

Whether he "ichors o'er the place" and "plays on" like any case-hardened man, or opens out his spiritual possibilities like a flower in the sun, will depend a good deal on whether he discovers that his family carry that line of higher interests or are cold to them. We are coming more and more to realize that religion attaches to the simple, elemental aspects of our human life. We shall not look for it in a few rare, exalted and so-called sacred aspects of life, separated off from the rest of life and raised to a place apart. Religion to be real and vital must be rooted in life itself and it must express itself through the whole of life. It should therefore begin, where all effective education must begin, in the home, which should be the nursery of spiritual life.

A home penetrated with spiritual culture and spiritual ideals is the highest product of civilization and it in turn ministers all the time toward the creation of a still higher civilization. In fact there is nothing of what we mean by civilization where the home is wanting. The savage is on his way out of savagery and barbarity as soon as he can create a home and make family life at all sacred. The real horror of the slums in our great cities is that there are no homes there, only human beings crowded indiscriminately into one room. Our present society will be well on its way out of the existing moral chaos as soon as the home is restored and rededicated to its true spiritual functions.

The home is the true unit of society. It determines more than any other one influence, and perhaps more than all influences combined, what the destiny of the boy or girl shall be. It shapes the social life; it makes the church possible; it is the true basis of the state and nation. Men and women each for self, with no holy center of family life, could never compose either a church or a state. The woman who is successful in making a true home and nursery of spiritual culture, where peace and love dwell, and in which the children whom God gives her feel the sacredness and holy meaning of life, has won the best crown there is in this life and she has served the world in a very high degree. Some day perhaps the men, too, will discover that this home-base, which is the center of all that is best and most valuable in their lives, is not alone a woman's task but deserves from the husband and father the same intelligent and devoted attention that his business ventures receive.

We moderns have the habit of conquering difficulties, of succeeding with great adventures, of daring to try what seems impossible. Has not the time come to apply that spirit and that attitude to other conquests than those of space and matter? That same determination of purpose which has cleared the virgin forests of this continent, made the deserts blossom like the rose and tapped for daily use the inexhaustible resources of nature can recover and revitalize the home and make it once more the nursery of souls.

Drawing by Jessie Willcox Smith, from A Child's Garden of Verses, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Scribner's

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Sharing Experience

The Contribution of Social Case Work to Modern Life

By GORDON HAMILTON

NOT long ago, a woman went to a family welfare agency for help. Her husband had been drinking heavily for several years, and everyone in the home was suffering from the resulting emotional and the economic tension. Nothing dramatic ensued. Congenial part-time work outside the home was found for the wife, which tended to relieve the strain. The two high school children were helped to choose and find jobs, and the husband was persuaded to go to a psychiatrist for treatment. Slowly there emerged a more stable family life, with a better understanding by all of the causes of the past difficulty, of the assets which might be discovered in their family relationships, and the ways in which their several abilities might better be harmonized and developed.

Such a story illustrates modern case work procedure in a number of ways. One might say, for instance, that there were problems of insufficient income, marital friction, parent-child friction, alcoholism, which were treated with some skill and with success. One might count the cost of such treatment—so much in relief, so much in skilled service. One might try to measure the successes and failures by some measuring rod and so account for the contributions made by social case work. I wish to note only one aspect of the circumstances. Through a period of two years a case worker attended this family in all its troubles and vicissitudes until the family ceased to need her services. In much the same way did the old-fashioned practitioner attend his patients.

There is nothing new, singular or startling in the emphasis of social case work, yet there is something significant in the close concern of the case worker with the family. The word that suggests itself for this relationship is *participation*. Is it perhaps true that social case work because of its participation in these family groups can help us see a little more clearly in what ways family life is more than a bare sequence of events which may take this or that chance direction, and how the members of families may be made more effective in meeting the demands of modern affairs? It is always easier to possess ourselves of quantitative concepts than of values, but it is in the field of values that case work assumes to make its peculiar contribution.

One can ask many questions about the family. How did it originate? What is its purpose? The present generation is inclined to add, "What good is it anyway?" Social case work varies this question a little and asks, "What is its good?" and perhaps this significant further question—"Are we using this family good scientifically; are we using it to its fullest value?"

Now social work, like every other educational or scientific adventure, must begin by accumulating material, much of it irrelevant. Later, it must rationalize this material if possible; later still, and in addition to the processes of reason, social case work, like all creative effort, must "begin to have great intuitions," if its contribution is to have any significance. As Dr. Richard Cabot has truly said, we know more about human beings than we know about anything else. Yet social work is far from having completed its fact-finding stage. Impressive as are some of our data on court, playground, school and home, we have scarcely scratched the surface of what we need to know. Is it too soon to talk of social work intuitions? Critics of the social sciences maintain that they can never be true, as the exact sciences are thought to be, because in the social sciences, and especially in social work, the investigator enters so completely into the observation—the experiment must include the maker of the experiment. How then reason about the experiment? And is not intuition still more insecure?

Reason, we are told, depends on a balanced and proportionate emotion, or sensitiveness. While emotional balance is not easily derived from social data, it may be derived, we believe, through the corrective of *sufficient exposure.* It is in fact only through exposure that one can achieve this proportionate sensitiveness. The important thing about social work is that it is *social;* its facts, perceptions, reasons, and intuitions lie within, not without, social relationships. Relations of cause and effect, obscure as they are in the area of interacting personalities, can be approached to some extent quantitatively by the aid of social statistics. The task of collecting and classifying life data is not simple yet granting the blockings of prejudice, vital interest, moral judgments and so on; granted, too, the imperfections of case record material as at present demonstrated, there is something positive as well as negative, strategic as well as perilous, in the position of the case worker.

SOME sociologists have asserted that there can be no laboratory in this field—that social experimentation must be carried on in the realm of the imagination. This is surely not true. The most significant thing about any experience is having it, and the next most significant thing is being able to reflect upon it. In an immediate sense the social worker lives his way into his thinking. He does not experiment on people but he shares a certain experience with people. The ability of human beings to interpenetrate and yet maintain awareness is the germ of the matter. It is possible not only to have the experience but to think about it; not only to have it but to evaluate it. Natural science does not teach us to prefer one end result to another, but religion, philosophy, aesthetics and perhaps also the social sciences, are inevitably concerned with preferences and values. Here is the point in which social case work is beginning to play a small role, but a definite one in helping to comprehend and determine the values in social relationships; and in trying to bring about understanding and self-directing in place of fatalistic and haphazard activity. The final test of any truth lies in "its experienced agreement with fact." The first intuition of social case work is that out of shared creative experiences, and the rationalizing of those

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experiences, one has direct apperception of social values, which can be gained in no other way.

In the early days of social work, there was sometimes a tendency, I believe, to regard its activities as commodities which could be given or withheld. One built a settlement and offered it to a congested, saloon ridden neighborhood; one mobilized some patriotic principles or some classes in English and offered Americanization to the immigrant; one mobilized economic resources and offered organized charity to an aimless, drifting benevolence. Social workers were particularly concerned with an institution called "the family" and a commodity called "the home." But social work has been slowly moving away from commodities. It has also become less interested in categories and labels, such as poverty and delinquency; increasingly it has become preoccupied with habits as well as events, with persons as well as with problems. "It is more important to know what sort of patient has a disease than what sort of disease a patient has," said Osler.

AS social work has continued to extend from one area of human existence to another, it has left symbols of its presence and special interests. The family case worker, probation officer, recreation worker, visiting teacher, hospital and psychiatric workers mark almost with dates, trends and purposes. The characteristic motif introduced by each phase of case work was, however, always the same, that is to do away with wholesaling wherever it exists in human relationships. It is hard to estimate what the totality of these experiences signifies—the home, the school, the workshop, the hospital, visited and revisited, lived in and observed—by social workers. There is an intuition that arises from repeated association with runaway children, broken marriages, or frustrated people, which academic science so often seems to ignore; there are discernible common and uncommon factors in these relationships and through shared creative experience it is possible to release the forces that lie in personality.

This intuition as to the potential release of personality challenges some of the economic determinism of the past, or indeed some of the more extreme behavioristic or psychological determinism of today. Important as are good wages, fair labor arrangements or conditioned reflexes in their several ways, they are not guarantees of what the social worker is inclined to call adjustment. Better heredity and a more controlled environment are naturally indispensable to progress but the individual has still to be taught not only to develop but to attune himself. In a recent French book by Henri Barbusse, the grasshopper, when his strong legs are admired, says, "It is the earth that throws me into the air." This idea, exploited as it has been by success propaganda of various kinds has in it a germ of reality. Through participation, through creative social experience, personality can be developed and adjusted.

SOCIAL case workers, operating with mothers' allowances, foster homes and sharing in so many intimate relationships, observing or taking part in disintegrating and rebuilding processes, may have come to feel too readily that the values and limitations in family living can be known, analyzed and in a measure utilized. These processes are subtle and complex indeed, and although we do believe that much is known and much more can be known through the methods of social case work, we should be rash to make many definite assertions or to try to draw too precise conclusions. Nor are the methods of case work, as we still most awkwardly call it, characteristic of social work alone. Lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers, parents, friends—many of these, consciously or unconsciously, use such methods. It is only by reason of the degree of familiarity with these methods that case workers have any right to claim the distinctive technique which more and more is being recognized. But it is because of this very familiarity with recurring patterns in the family and exact ways of studying them that social work has a word to say on the question of family change so much under discussion today.

Many are quick to state that we of today are a lost generation, that the family as such will go or must go or is half gone already. The movies, the cities, the newspaper comics, the greater mobility of population, social work itself, are all accused of taking part in the breakdown of the family. Birth control, companionate marriages, state institutions of many kinds are recommended to replace parental failures. Some of the great mediaeval artists are said to have painted their madonnas while kneeling, but one must admit today that the family has been taken out of its sacred niche and cut away from its supporting liturgy. Pressures from relatives and racial groups, as well as religious sanctions, have been withdrawn or softened. As never before, the family is being tested from within.

YET there are still traditionalists who regard the family as an indestructible unit, who would stereotype and mold it by rigid authority and censorship. They believe in unquestioning obedience for obedience's sake, duties and indissolubilities and repressions, all under the aegis of the family for the family's sake. In older variants of the family there was a solidity resting partly on the number of the permanent *dependents* within the family circle. The wife, grown daughters, unmarried relatives, slaves—and, in some civilizations, guests—were part of the picture. The young married couple shared their problems willingly or unwillingly with a large number of interested kinsmen. In the modern family, relatives less frequently play dominating roles. Children may, in fact, play "leads" under conditions not always healthy. It is not so much, however, that relatives have stepped out as that society has stepped in. Family responsibility has not turned to irresponsibility but by and large there is a more diffused social responsibility. This social responsibility should bring with it more elasticity, more interaction, more encouragement of individual differences, more real sense of the whole, a stronger and finer community structure. One of the intuitions then arising from social work practice tells us that we need not worry so much about family disintegration or reorganization. No one knows better than social workers how hard it is genuinely to modify a family, let alone do away with it: if the people who are now so alarmed or rejoiced over the breakdown of the family unit would only try their hands at changing a few families radically, they would be astonished. As a vigorous organism, capable of slow but of almost unlimited adaptation, the family can hardly be excelled—and this too the social worker knows.

Social work has had its period of rigidity and traditionism, as it has had the period of commodities. It has tried to mold families into classic groups in a genuine spirit of serving important and beautiful ends. So also did traditional education work for conformity, (*Continued on page* 332)

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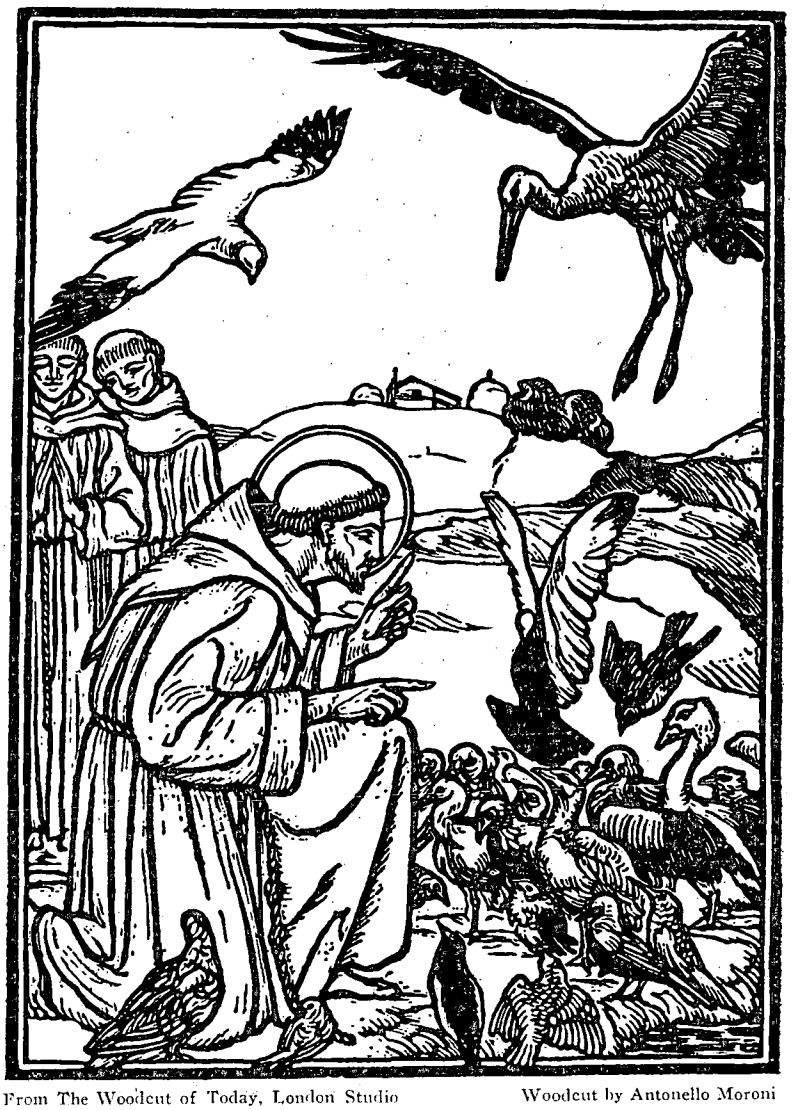
Light from Hand to Hand

The Family Welfare Movement in America

By MARY WILLCOX GLENN



From The Woodcut of Today, London Studio — Woodcut by Antonello Moroni

Saint Francis of Assisi, who had a genius for seeing people divested of conventional trappings, as counting but one each in the eyes of God, and as having worth if they habitually care for one another

HALF a century should be but a stage in our movement; a brief stage, if the movement is advancing toward a definite goal as the result of deliberate action based on sound social principles. The movement in itself is an evolution and a cult; a cult because it is and has been the subject of devoted attention and study on the part of its true followers, has enlisted their whole-hearted interest, and has been pursued with a single mind; an evolution, because the explanation of its vitality, its steadiness of purpose in the face at times of adverse public opinion, as well as its mistakes, lies in the fact that the roots are sunk in an historic past.

In an unpublished address on Joseph Tuckerman, Zilpha Smith names seven persons who made distinctive contributions to social life over a period of about two centuries through helping men individually to maintain and to develop their essential character—their personality. St. Vincent de Paul and Frederick Ozanam of Paris, Caspar von Voght of Hamburg, Count Rumford of Bavania (born Benjamin Thompson of Massachusetts), Thomas Chalmers of Glasgow, Octavia Hill of London, and Joseph Tuckerman of Boston—three of them clergyman; one each a banker, a lawyer, a scientist; one a woman, an artist: they had in common a passion for helping men individually. The activity of each was untarnished by sentimentality. Collectively one might say of them what Dr. Crothers said of Alice Higgins Lothrop, "the soul of man rather than men in the mass" was what interested them intensely. Back of these protagonists in the unfolding drama of social endeavor stands the mediaeval saint, Francis of Assisi, who had a genius for seeing people divested of conventional trappings, as counting but one each in the eyes of God, and as having worth if they habitually care for one another.

In the foreground here in America is the organization in the late forties and early fifties of the association for the improvement of the condition of the poor. They, too, derived from our French, German and English progenitors; but they failed in those early days to hold to the principles of their founders. They became absorbed in the details of relief-giving with no ground work of experience in administration to guide them. They also lacked method for the correlation of experiments or for disciplining the minds of their staffs, whether salaried or volunteer. Nevertheless, some few men and women carried over from their personal experience as volunteer members of these earlier associations a conception of the social value of learning to know poor people in their homes. Much as we owe to these several forerunners, our direct descent in this country is from the London Charity Organisation Society.

Charity organization began with the purpose of bringing order into a chaotic field. With that end in view the movement set itself wholeheartedly to the task of being a mediating force. Its aims were to stimulate already established charities to use relief funds for the positive good of those who received aid, and to avoid the danger of itself becoming absorbed in almsgiving as a charitable means. But it soon realized that to become an interpreter in a world of charitable chaos it had to begin by being a doer. It could prove that there is inherent strength in people to respond to a charitable endeavor which will help them draw themselves

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out of disabling poverty only by making the experiment. What one should bear in mind is that our founders were practical men and women, practical, because they were realists, and faced squarely the seriousness of their undertaking to keep "alive the saving health of the family." They were innovators and they were persistent because they were consecrated to their task. They enlisted because they had vision, and they brought with them as men and women of the world both experience of life and trained intelligence. They withdrew in a measure from the professional positions for which they had been fitted as lawyers, doctors, ministers, makers of their own homes, in order that they, as friends of all families, might stand together for the institution which of all institutions is "the oldest and toughest in its fiber," and that they might show that the strength of community life rests in the family. Their objective, as Alexander Johnson put it, was "the place where most trouble begins, the family." They were prepared, as Josephine Shaw Lowell urged, to give to the work "some measure of devotion." It was said, for instance, of one of the pioneer presidents, a brilliant physician, that his society was never out of his mind, that in a sense he devoted all his time to it.

Their concern was not alone with the poor as husbands, wives, sons and daughters, but with them also as belonging to a locality and as affected, therefore, by the conditions which surrounded them. Their belief was that charity should be positive, that it has to do with social efficiency rather than with pauperism. Their cue, as Charles Stuart Loch declared, was the people, not their poverty. Their province was to consider a standard of living, not a standard of comfort, for they were jealous lest a poor man's right to conduct his own life with dignity should be lost through thoughtless, sentimental interference on the part of dole givers. It is not fortuitous that one of our founders, whose visiting in poor homes antedated the organization of the society of which she has been continuously a director, should have had a reprint made of Lord Moulton's 1912 address on Law and Manners. "Manners must include all things which a man should impose upon himself, from duty to good taste," said Lord Moulton. They have to do with what is unenforceable. In considering both law and manners, he adds: "I have borne in mind the great motto of William of Wykeham: *'Manners maketh man.'*"

BUT let us go back of the founders to our forebears. They had the imagination of poets. They were socially alert and most of them lived close to the end of the eighteenth century. They were therefore true exponents of democracy. Their sense of the value of fraternity had its roots, as with Chalmers, in recognition of what a neighborhood can do for its members in the way of mutual helpfulness through sharing responsibility for one another. They had, as was said of Octavia Hill, "a solemn sense of responsibility." Their belief in equality made them align themselves neither with rich as rich nor with poor as poor, but with people irrespective of their social status, who had need of their service. Josephine Shaw Lowell said later that there are but two classes in society—workers, idlers. They realized that the evils of poverty grow out of the character of the rich as well as of the poor, and that as oppressors of the poor, the greatest cruelty of the rich is to themselves.

No more glowing tribute could be paid to the power of these forerunners to bring fraternity and equality into a world filled with class distinctions and distrust than that paid in 1915 by Lord Roseberry to Chalmers. "He warmed Glasgow," the city he found cold, wealthy and material. Faith in liberty led them as later it led our founders to a belief in character, the peculiar quality or sum of qualities by which a person is distinguished. In the 1927 report of one of our societies, the axiom is quoted "that the noblest charity is to prevent a man from accepting charity and the best alms is to enable a man to dispense with alms." "This thought," the report continues, "has always persisted as one of the cornerstones of the family welfare movement." It is the cornerstone because there lies at stake the liberty of the individual to maintain his identity, to develop his innate qualities, in other words to be a personality.

IN a private letter written in 1898 Charles Stuart Loch defines what was in the minds of those who laid the groundwork for our social case work in a sound regard for personality: "I feel more and more the need of what one may call a deeper and fuller analysis of the thought and life of those we would help—not a paper affair but a rich, many-sided conception of them and their possibilities."

But the followers of the founders in the first half of our history as a movement took from the past a great fear—the fear of the effects of material aid—which put many societies in the way of being negative rather than positive in work. The memory of the abuses of the English system of public subsidies and private doles which led to the poor law reforms of the 1830's; and a preoccupation with economic theories, such as the law that bad money drives out good, prompted the granting of small, rather than adequate, amounts of relief, on the principle that the less of a poor medium used the better. The question as to how relief should be raised came to be looked on as a matter of principle rather than of policy. The fact was not grasped that "perfect administration and foresighted watchfulness," as Octavia Hill defined it, was the solution of the relief problem thought of in terms of an evil.

The crux of Chalmers' contention as to relief was discerned only by a few societies. His contention was that there is an invisible fund, fountains of available aid which inhere in poor people and are their strength as are, also, the helpfulness of relatives, of neighbors, of the parish. These are resources which may be classified as normal. Ill equipped as they were to handle the difficult problem of relief, the societies became vulnerable to critical attack in the optimistic period of preventive philanthropy. Honor be to those staunch practitioners of our untutored case work past who, during the years when our charity organization movement was said to be negative in outlook and merely remedial in practice, held in mind what is now common property, that prevention cannot be segregated, that it does not belong in a separate compartment of social activity, unrelated to, unaffected by, acts which are experimental and exploratory, remedial and curative. Their first-hand though uninstructed observations of life itself, had taught them that "no legislative legerdemain will give desired results ready made." To them Dr. Jung's statement, quoted in the last annual report of the London C. O. S., would have seemed axiomatic: "The great problems of humanity have never been solved by universal laws but always and only by a remodelling of the attitude of the individual." Somewhere, even in the dreariest years of our history relief was administered discriminatingly and effectively, (*Continued on page* 336)

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The Buffalo Conference on Family Life

By FRANK J. BRUNO

WHEN the American Association for Organizing Family Social Work looked forward to celebrating the fiftieth birthday of the charity organization movement in this country in the fall of 1927, Mary E. Richmond suggested that it would be well to adopt family life as the subject for the conference. She suggested that any attempt to recite the story of the family welfare movement would be in poor taste, and to do so would also waste a unique opportunity to restate and to reexamine our philosophy of family life. The family had achieved universal recognition as the goal of social work, although its acceptance, outside of a special group, had been without thoroughgoing preparation. Miss Richmond also felt that the family, itself, had come in for a good deal of destructive criticism. If it is worth preserving, we ought to find out why. Many sciences would be willing to contribute to this voyage of discovery at such a conference. By this means it was hoped to challenge the thinking of the nation and start it on a line of endeavor which would enrich the positive content of family life.

This suggestion instantly appealed to the member agencies of the association. Three years ago its annual meeting authorized the appointment of a committee to work out the details. Subject to the limitations of the committee, the Conference on Family Life in America Today at Buffalo, October 2-5, was the realization of this idea. It was an effort to focus on the contemporary family whatever light is available from the various sciences, disciplines, and skills of the present day.

In the half-century of its life, the family welfare movement changed its philosophy, as well as its name, even though it clung to and enriched its original method. When the first charity organization society in this country was established in Buffalo in 1877, the social science, as well as much social practice, was under the domination of economics; wealth, and poverty were the phenomenon with which they were concerned. The economic man, faith in economic motives, even a mild belief in economic determinism characterized thinking on social subjects, and was held to be the adequate explanation of human behavior. If man failed there must be some relatively simple economic factor which, if found, would explain the failure, and further, if controlled, might prevent its recurrence.

There were two general consequences of such a philosophy. The first was that of considering each applicant merely as an individual, and the second was that of choosing one social factor, poverty, as the subject of our social endeavor. It does not require an overly keen analyst to see that a considerable portion of the social work in the second half of the nineteenth century was rendered sterile by these two major errors. This individualistic, economic approach was perhaps natural, even if it proved to be a false lead to social case work. In social groupings profoundly affected by such radical economic changes as occurred in the nineteenth century, it was inevitable that grave injustices and maladjustments should occur. An approach to social questions by skilled and liberal economists would be the most effective method of determining them, and checking them through new group controls. This the movement did. The story of the reforms which it initiated and successfully carried out is an honorable and wholesome one. But it did not lead its practitioners to the art of case work, nor did it envisage the social implications of living.

There is no date which can be set as the time when the change took place, when social work began to look to the whole field of social relations as its concern and to accept the family, not trade, as the social institution of primary importance, because from the very first days of specialized social work there were many who were interested in the rich variety of human experience rather than in any single phase of it. Sentimentalists they were probably called. We know they were dubbed retailers.

SOCIAL work had no assistance from the social sciences in arriving at this more adequate conception of its task, least of all from economics, its midwife. Sociology, which might have tested out and given sanction to its findings, was busied with other interests. Social workers were not trained in sociology, and the few sociologists who became interested in social work strangely did not carry over their disciplines into their practical efforts.

Social case work found itself only by the hard processes of everlastingly searching for its data and subjecting it over at least a quarter of a century to unsparing criticism. For a long time its progress was slow and uncertain. It was quite unpopular in comparison with the brilliant programs of the economic reformers. But it was extremely fortunate in many of its leaders: Zilpha Smith, Josephine Shaw Lowell, the three Glenns, Francis McLean, and Mary E. Richmond would place the stamp of greatness upon any movement to which they devoted their lives. Given time enough, recognition was inevitable. It has come within the last decade. The social case method has been accepted as valid by social scientists and social practitioners alike; the swing toward it has become a veritable stampede.

This issue of The Survey prints a large number of the papers given at Buffalo. Others will appear in this month's number of The Family. The addresses will be published later in convenient and permanent form. These and other methods of publicity are taken in the expectation of stimulating similar thinking, research and effort in behalf of a family life which is readjusting itself to an industrialized society.

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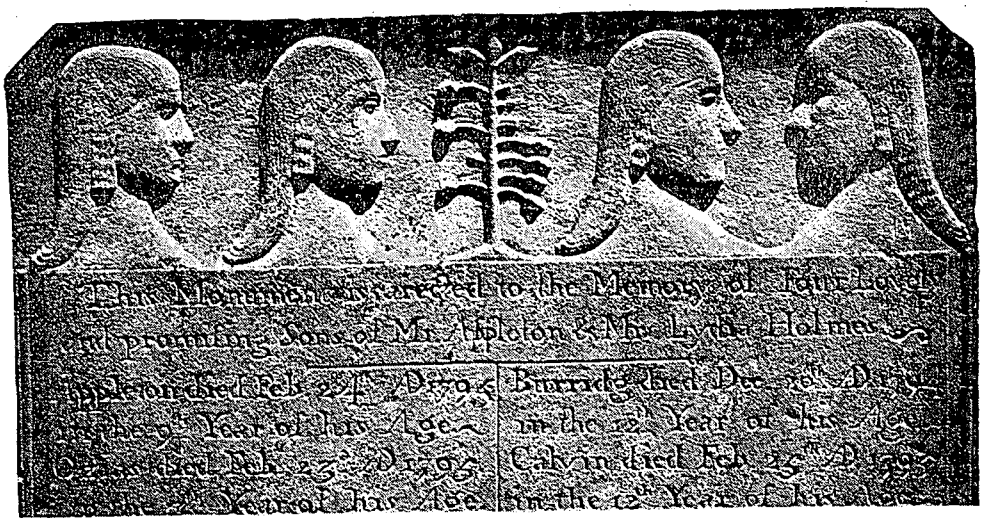
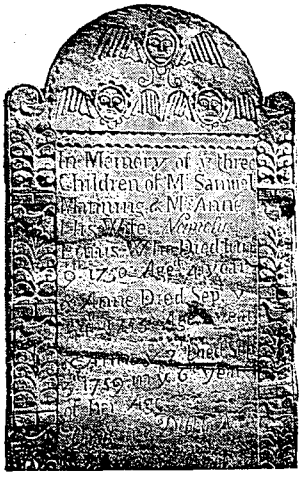


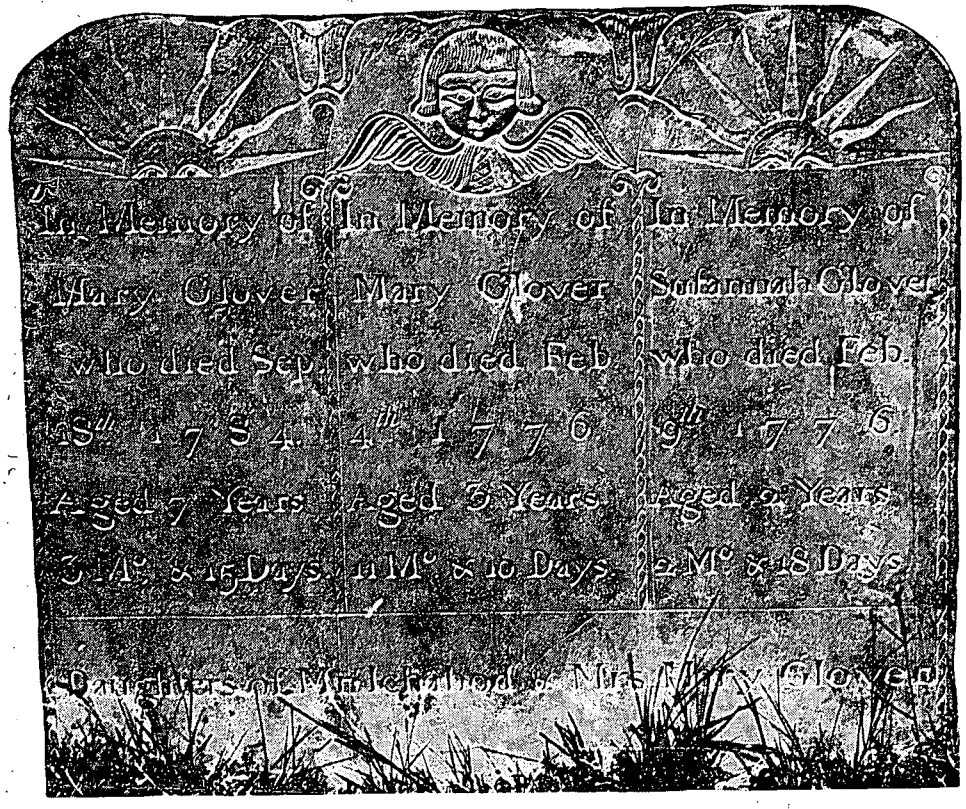
"Four lovely and promising sons" who died within a year, three of them in three days

Telltale Tombstones

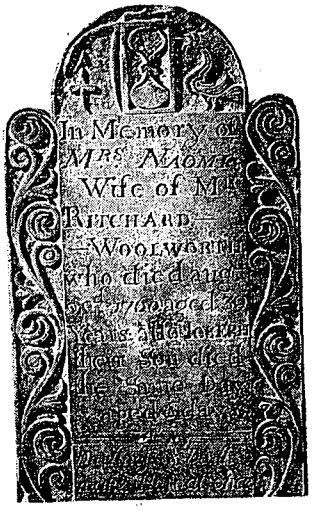
Epidemics, hard work, meager medical and nursing care swept away the children of our forebears. Yet in the monuments to their young dead, the early New Englanders found one of their few methods of artistic expression. In the carving and lettering may be traced a whole history of artistic development, and the selection of rock in layers of contrasting colors gave the finished marker the effect of a cameo, dull red on soft olive green, or orange on gray. The pictures on this page are selected from a great number of photographs taken by Harriette M. Forbes for her book, Gravestones of Early New England and the Men Who Made Them, just published in a limited edition by Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston ($12.50).



"Death is a Debt to Nature"



Three sisters, aged 2, 3 and 7, who died in the course of the Revolution



"Darkness and Death make Haste"

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Through Neighbors' Doorways

A Department Devoted to Affairs Commonly Called "Foreign"

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

IN DIPLOMACY, shirt-sleeves seem to be giving place to ham-and-eggs. It is a good sign of the times. Let us hope that there will be more of what it means—all over the world, and especially in respect of attempts to improve our own badly-twisted relations with Latin-America.

"Shirt-sleeve diplomacy"—I do not remember the origin of the expression, by or about whom it was first flung in our faces, probably by some Old World adept in the business. It was intended as an expression of contempt, applying to the invasion of the field of hyper-dignified international intercourse by persons unschooled in the traditions and technique of ostentatiously polite and well-caparisoned insincerity on the grand scale. It had a certain justification, to be sure, because it implied—usually rightly and regardless of personal garb, manners or behavior—that the intruder was more or less completely devoid of knowledge or appreciation of the historical background of the matters with which he would have to deal. In Europe quite generally—barring present-day Russia—ordinarily one is not charged with important or impressive diplomatic responsibilities solely on the ground of political participation or contributions. Especially in Great Britain, the diplomatic service is a career. One comes up through training. The United States has had some extraordinarily good luck out of its fashion of picking diplomats for every reason except fitness and training—a lot of bad luck, too—but either way it has been luck rather than painstaking intention. We are doing better now. It is the result of recent legislation but also of some awakening, that a steadily increasing number of our representatives at important posts are men who have come up through the grades of experience. Our foreign policy is gaining thereby, both respectability and intelligent continuity.

THE outstanding characteristic of the conventional international diplomacy is the studied exclusion from it of every trace of humanity. On no account may there be in its transactions or its utterances the slightest tinge of human emotion or personality. Its interchange reeks with a cold obvious insincerity. "I beg the privilege of renewing to Your Excellency the assurances of my most distinguished consideration!" This sesquipedalian formula may, of course, cloak sentiments of the most affectionate personal esteem; on the other hand, it may quite as appropriately close a menacing ultimatum with the threat of war. In other words, it means and is intended to mean, precisely nothing.

THE expression, "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," is charged with the resentment of the whole cult of this sort of thing, against the upstarts of democracy who would introduce into international intercourse the same kind of common candor and common sense to which they are used in other relationships. There are, to be sure, forms and decencies to be observed; but behind the resentment lies the superstition that nations cannot afford to be frank with each other; that it is unfitting to appoint for diplomatic transactions the same kind of plain men that bring peace out of discord in other human affairs.

THERE is a reason for this. In the older day, when mutual hostility or anyway scarcely-dissembled suspicion was assumed to be the normal attitude of crowned heads who owned and delivered their peoples, the ambassadorial function was in large part that of a spy *de luxe*. He must be all ears and eyes, and his tongue must "say harsh things soothingly," or, better still, ponderous high-sounding things shrewdly concealing thought or making it seem to mean anything but itself. Some candid ones there were whose technique was to "tell the truth with intent to deceive;" it succeeded because nobody ever believed that it was the truth. Those who resorted to that strategy gained especial fame, but they were no more believed the next time they told the truth—it was impossible, not the game at all, for anyone to have his cards in sight face-up.

Into this sort of time-established situation butted the "shirt-sleeve" boys, ignorant of

Knott, in Dallas News

His First Act of Intervention Should Be Remembered

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the vocabulary and methods of circumlocution, naively reducing the mysteries of a learned profession to terms comprehensible to the vulgar. Crudely saying in the vernacular what they meant—a thing unheard of since time immemorial. 'Twas not done, you know—impossible!

FURTHERMORE, there had to be writings, impeccably correct phraseology. Particular expressions, such as "grave consequences," carried special significance and connotations; they must not be used carelessly by mere laymen in their ordinary conversational sense. To have a man come in and cut across all this, saying out loud in plain, everyday language and face-to-face, a thing to which as all the world knew, reams of correspondence and months or years of time should be devoted, undermined an ancient and remunerative craft. The indignation reached down into the realm of industry, evoking emotions like those of the silversmiths when St. Paul proposed a god to supersede Diana of the Ephesians.

OF this piece is the behavior of Dwight Morrow in Mexico, getting up betimes in the morning and motoring out to have breakfast with President Calles. Ham-and-eggs! A perfect symbol of "shirt-sleeve diplomacy." And oh, so good in its reactions back home!

So diplomacy has entered upon the stage of legs-under-the table. Morrow and Calles didn't invent it—don't forget that lunch of Briand and Stresemann at Thoiry, up in the mountain back of Geneva. Or the meals the Big Fellows had together at Locarno, talking face-to-face over the homely food that they liked, threshing out man-fashion the things about which their nations were supposed to be at swords' points.

It is the same process that I have seen time and time again at Geneva. Across the Council table things of ominous portent have been discussed and disposed of in fifteen minutes, by men who have come to know each other, things which if they had been left to the ponderous correspondence and time-wasting of the old diplomacy might have plunged the world in war again.

And that without food. Just talking intimately across a table. So much better with ham-and-eggs, or some other friendly dish such as men have at home.

I IMAGINE it was by no mere chance that eating and drinking together became the crowning ceremony of fellowship, mutual understanding and spiritual unity of that most famous of brotherhoods—to this day the reminder of that meal is the central sacrament in all the branches of the vast company which perpetuates it. There seems to be something about eating together, bread from the same dish, drink from the same bottle, salt off the same table, that does a magic. . . . I have heard a tale of two men who met in the road an old friend whom they believed to be dead, and although as they walked along with him he said many things that might have given them the clue, they did not recognize him. Coming at last to the village where they would spend the night, they supped together, and as they supped "their eyes were opened, and they knew him . . . in the breaking of bread."

BUT there is something else. When men sit down together to accomplish understanding, they must be equals and so regard each other. It cannot be done even across a table if one despises and the other hates because he knows he is despised. Only one worthy to be despised can tolerate it without hatred. Nor is it much if any better to approach the occasion with motives of philanthropy. Nobody worth his salt likes to have good done to him! Do you?

THE essential trouble with our relations with all of Latin-America, especially Central America and most particularly including Mexico, is the spirit of our approach to a proud and self-conscious race. Never mind the fact that it was in the same spirit or vastly worse that their forebears approached equally proud and self-conscious races that preceded them in residence; never mind still more that Mr. Coolidge and his predecessors, and all of our recent secretaries of state, have voiced other sentiments. It is not through the utterances of dignitaries in Washington that the people of Mexico and other Central American states have gained their impressions of us. The policy of the United States as they know it has been exhibited to them by *the men whom they have seen;* by oil and mining exploiters, representatives of fruit companies, profit-seekers of many kinds, gun-toters and adventurers. They have heard our guns at Vera Cruz; seen our marines take possession of their custom-houses, their civil affairs bossed by soldiers; they understand what is meant by "treat 'em rough." They have felt behind all this a certain contempt for themselves *as men,* and they feel about it—exactly as we should feel if positions were reversed, and *we* were at the muzzle end of *their* power.

THERE is a fine little man named Rodriguez, of Panama I think, in the Latin-American Bureau of the League of Nations. Again and again he has pestered me to espouse the cause of cultural relations between the United States and Latin-America. He did not talk for publication, so I may not quote him; but he dreamed of intellectual, sentimental, moral cooperation between those countries and mine —even including exchange of professors and students in universities.

He and others from those countries have made it clear to me that they fear "Pan-Americanism" of any type that they believe the United States would join, as a tool for control by us; that they think of us as regarding them in the light of actually or potentially profitable colonies. It is because of that fear that most of them have joined the League of Nations—as a measure of preservation for their national integrity and independence. They believe that outside of it they would be lost. Mexico has regarded both the League and us with proud disdain.

HEREIN lies the reason for the almost pathetic eagerness with which Mexico and all the rest have seized upon Morrow's allusion to "independent, sovereign states." It takes so little in human relations to turn a current of thought in the opposite direction! These, believe me, are *people,* like ourselves.

That is what is the matter with the cartoon printed in the midst of this article—big, proud, efficiently philanthropic Uncle Sam defending a frightened urchin. The essential idea of the artist was right; we did do that thing, and in the long run the service, the magnificent achievement of stamping out yellow-fever, is profoundly appreciated by those whom it chiefly benefitted; but we gain nothing by being patronizing about it. (*Continued on page* 330)

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EDITORIALS

MAYOR THOMPSON of Chicago and his trainloads of Mississippi Valley followers made something of a splash when they arrived in Washington to argue before the Flood Control Committee for national responsibility. They were shrunk to the proverbial drop in the bucket by the evidence offered by the New England flood, for when Nature cuts loose she makes an impressive witness. New England congressmen who may have read of the Mississippi flood as something local, happening to far-off curious folk who live in the Delta, must have been impressed with the terror, the helplessness of a people before a convulsion of nature. They cannot, by themselves, meet it, much less prevent it. Even in temporary relief measures they must have outside help. Witness the governor of the stiff-necked Yankee state of Vermont who first refused and then accepted the help of cavalrymen hurried from Fort Ethan Allen by the War Department; first deprecated all outside aid and then asked the Red Cross to take entire charge of relief and welcomed its workers experienced from long service in the wake of floods, tornadoes and earthquakes. For one small but vital item, there was not in the entire state of Vermont enough chloride of lime to safeguard the water supply where every kind of surface refuse had been swept into the reservoirs and wells. It came out sharply in other ways, such as the statement by business men that storage reservoirs could have held back the flood, and the fate of a friend and neighbor of President Coolidge who, caught in a stalled automobile, perished miserably from exposure. The Merrimack and the Connecticut are much nearer Washington than the Atchafalaya and the lower Mississippi, and they perform in much the same way.

EMERGENT relief work was immediately got under way, chiefly through local Red Cross chapters, which are strongly organized in New England. Army amphibian planes, here as in the Delta, were the first to get into towns from which all communication by rail and automobile had been cut off. They delivered typhoid serum and yeast for baking bread. Amateur radio operators got out messages from districts where all wires were down. The floods ran off quickly in the steep, narrow, rocky valleys of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and parts of Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York. Rehabilitation started on the heels of relief. The crops were chiefly in, except perhaps for pumpkins and some late corn. But there was great destruction of road and railroads, bridges, streets, houses and industrial establishments. A factory with its floors covered with mud and its machinery with rust is harder to clean up than a cotton farm. Many sections face long periods of unemployment before the looms and lathes can be set humming again. And there was serious loss of life as well as property.

This flood, like most others, was the result of a freak rainfall. A southern storm traveling north met a cross current of cold wind from the west and was swept on with torrents of rain. That it offered its testimony successfully in Washington as well as in the newspapers may be surmised from the remark of Congressman Reid, chairman of the House Flood Control Committee, that "it serves to emphasize the need for a comprehensive policy of nation-wide scope."

EACH new flood and earthquake leaves in its wake a sediment of the ridiculous. Two young women, tourists from New York, who had been "accommodated" overnight by Mrs. Obadiah Perkins of Vermont—that wasn't her name but it might have been—had speculated as to what the raging Connecticut had done to her house hard by the river-bank. Mrs. Perkins wrote them that when she went back home before the flood had abated she found "every blessed thing in the parlor floating around in two feet of water." Came unbidden a vision of just what that flotsam must have been: a stuffed owl, a black haircloth sofa, a colored photograph of the late Obadiah, a framed "God bless our home," three stuffed chairs, a standard rocker bearing on its golden plush upper parts an antimacassar of white cord on which had been embroidered in red, "Do sit down in our rocking-chair." Too heavy to float, the grenadier andirons and the Cape Cod lighter must have rested solidly on the Axminster carpet.

At a refugee camp in Mississippi an old Negro was asked by the Red Cross nurse, Margaret C. Kennedy, what he had lost in the flood. "All I got," he replied, "'cept God, the itch and a bad cold." And there was the priceless remark of young Lincoln Steffens, aged three, who had moved from the relative quiet of Fascist Italy to California and there experienced his first earthquake. Somebody asked him what

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the earthquake was like. After due consideration he replied, "It was like mother." In all fairness it should be set down that this was a mild, almost a domesticated quake, which shook up a young gentleman without really injuring him.

WHEN we launched Survey Graphic as an illustrated monthly, six years ago this fall, one objective underscored was that of developing a carrier that would put creative contributions of social work before audiences, wider than those usually reached by serious books and reports.

Twice this fall we have so employed it in an especial sense. Our November Graphic presented a sheaf of articles by leaders in the community chest movement, which was celebrating its outflowering from the war chests of ten years ago. Our December number presents a sheaf of articles drawn largely from the Family Life Conference at Buffalo in October, at which the family welfare societies of the country pooled with their own the contributions of contemporary sciences and professions on the problems which modern stress puts upon this, the most ancient of our social institutions. In each case, we are distributing around 35,000 copies, more than double our old weekly with its semi-technical materials now handled in The Survey Midmonthly.

The Buffalo conference marked the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Buffalo Charity Organization Society, the first of such societies in this country. Both community chests on the one hand (or more especially community and welfare councils), and the family welfare societies on the other, have tap-roots in this earlier development, insurgent in its time, a yeast which gave issue to a wide range of the social movements and undertakings—housing reform, the prevention of tuberculosis and the like—which characterized the first twenty-five years of the century. There may be question whether the transference of the base of community organization from social needs to the organized wherewithal to meet them, may not have its disadvantages; there may be question whether in concentrating on case work with families, the coordinating charitable agencies in many cities have relinquished over much of their dynamic function in putting their experience to work for the common welfare. But as offset, we have the genius of the community organizers in drawing into their movement the efficiencies associated not alone with business but with engineering and statescraft, and in offering a new and synthetic leadership in our urban life. As offset we have the genius of social workers with families in drawing into their art and practice the advances of the last quarter century in psychology, psychiatry, medicine, education, and in matching these with offerings of their own.

The method of these two numbers has not been to explore lines of cleavage or to stage debates on moot points. Other issues of The Survey will afford opportunities for the like of that. Their purpose has not been to evaluate, underwrite or criticize the positions of those taking part in them; but rather to afford a hearing to present-day leaders in two great fields of human endeavor; to collaborate in putting forward before the widest audiences we could reach, affirmatively, as they see them, the things they have to offer to the sum of human understanding and social advance.

AMONG the baffling questions that beset practitioners of family life is a somewhat gratuitous attempt to understand why the neighbors' children turn out as they do. There is Jimmy Jones, for example, son of the staunchest deacon, caught red-handed shaking pennies out of the Sunday-school box. Is this a flaw handed down from Great-uncle James, who is known to have been a dealer in small potatoes? Or is it the effect of over-piety in the deacon's house? Thus, in homely terms, we steer between the Scylla and Charybdis of what the scientists call heredity and environment.

In a section of his Buffalo address not reprinted in this issue, Professor H. S. Jennings discussed briefly the biological characterization of the family as it is found in man—a little group of individuals who share in a common stock of the hereditary materials that we call genes, furnished by the two parents, who share also a common environment, in which the members of the family themselves are the most potent factors. It has been a favorite occupation of students in one field or the other, Professor Jennings pointed out, to attribute all the important peculiarities of people to the one of these two factors which they themselves had studied intensively. Many years ago environment—training—was held all-important. Then heredity had its day, and in scientific language the perplexed public heard again the old adage of silk purses and sows' ears. Now, in a new terminology of "conditioned reflexes," environment again is being pushed forward as the all-significant force in making people what they are today.

"It seems to be the fate of many human doctrines to vibrate between two errors," declared Professor Jennings, "so difficult is it for man to conceive that things are not due to single causes but to the interaction of many." Biological science, rightly considered, favors neither of these two extreme views. It points out that the mechanism of heredity is such that no two children, with the probable exception of identical twins, start the world with the same sets of capacities and handicaps; even if the conditions surrounding a family of children could be made precisely the same, the children would develop differently. But the environment also has its subtle but deeply significant differences, even for members of the same family, under the same roof. "The differences in age and in genetic constitution, together with the accidental differences resulting from the multiplicity of life and the change of days, ensure that no two members shall have the same effective environment." And since both genetic constitution and effective environment are diverse for every member of the family, it may be difficult or impossible to know certainly to which any specific peculiarity is due; usually both have been at work.

"What biological investigation indicates," Professor Jennings concluded, "is that we shall find differences, fundamental differences, in members of the same family due to both categories of causes. To reject either as potent in moulding its members is a serious error. To attribute all to heredity is doubtless the more harmful; it discourages effort; it promotes a fatalistic viewpoint. But to attribute all to environment is to encourage teacher and parent in the unfortunate belief that they can fashion all their unhappy subjects on a uniform plan; is to promote that disastrous neglect of individuality which has in the past been the bane of home and school and society."

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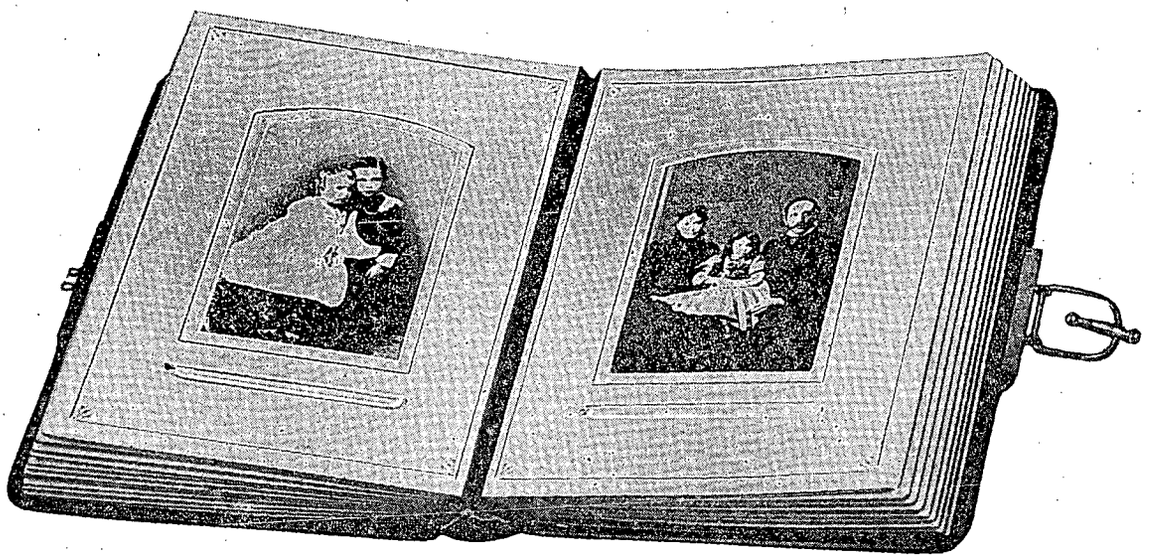
Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE



Dusting Off the Family Album

AN UNMARRIED FATHER, *by Floyd Dell. Doran. 301 pp. Price $2 postpaid of The Survey.*
RED SKY AT MORNING, *by Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday. 331 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
THREE WIVES, *by Beatrice Kean Seymour. Knopf. 364 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
OVER THE BOAT-SIDE, *by Mathilde Eiker. Doubleday. 362 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
A GOOD WOMAN, *by Louis Bromfield. Stokes. 432 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
MY HEART AND MY FLESH, *by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking. 300 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

NEVERTHELESS the young folks face tasks. Item, to conquer the machine; item, to get reconciled to the family. Neither can be escaped, for one roots in gravity, and the other roots in sex, and these buttress the firmament. The twin puzzles are getting into our books and plays and fermenting in cheerful and encouraging ways, as may be discovered in the fall novels. The fact of the matter is, our heroines are having babies again. Love for love's sake is going out, babies are coming in. For a while it looked as if birth control in our novels would extinguish the human race. Babies did not happen in nice novels; anything beyond free love, seduction, or divorce was very improper. "Children not allowed" was the sign on the front door; and we were expected to get our tragic katharsis from a lady's *crise des nerfs* over a yipping Pomeranian. Babies make life more difficult for novelists as they do for parents, but more real. And, of course, a baby makes a family.

IT is a sign of the times that Christopher Robin is an international figure, and Floyd Dell, long wandering in the morass of kid-sex, has given us An Unmarried Father in which the hero is a baby. This case-study á là Eleanor Wembridge of indestructible paternity is new and true and valuable, and most amusing. Human beings face human situations in this deft story wherein the taut spare plot marches with tantalizing uncertainty to a just conclusion. It is a highly moral (in a modern sense) though the baby is illegitimate. But he has an embarrassingly legitimate father, Norman Overbeck, who, when confronted with this incarnate souvenir of midsummer madness in a college wood is driven by instinct and a sense of social duty to adopt, publicly, his own son. The mother prefers to study art in Paris. Norman blunders after the baby, smashing his own career as a lawyer in his father's highly respectable firm in mid-West Vickley, smashing his engagement to a daughter of convention, and landing with a thirty-dollar-a-week job, in a room rented him by his son's foster-mother.

Instantly the world starts to establish this nucleus as a family. Norman's father reveals his own buried romance, and draws a new will in favor of the unexpected inheritor of the Overbeck cells. His mother and his sister (and cousins and aunts) rush to see the BABY. The fiancée turns woman, and rebukes Norman for having classed her as Victorian. She is as rebellious against Vickley convention as he is. She seems ready for both baby and father . . . hasn't he given *prima facie* evidence of being the stuff every woman wants for her own child's father? The moon-calf is near killed with kindness. All of which, and something

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deeper and unbidden, piques the recreant mother who decides that . . .

Now this is both gay and important. So much so that with all our admiration for Floyd Dell's real achievement, we regret with tears that he did not turn his plot over to one G. B. Shaw for orchestration. To treat biology with common sense is George Bernard's meat—rather, his vegetable dinner. This is not farce, but genuine comedy told with sincerity and dignity, and its inevitable destination is the stage. Dell does not window-dress his fun; it is just in the people. His character sketching is light, but firm, and if the motivation is not always clear or quite believable, it has an authenticity, biological and social, that excuses inconsistency.

Every social worker will chuckle at the true picture of Martha Zerneke, medical director of the St. Thecla Child Adoption Society and general manager of this family. First, the baby must get a square deal, but as side lines she takes on the father, and double-crosses the mother. She has the tact, sound sense, crisp indifference to convention plus emotional sympathy that all case workers pray may descend on them from above. Norman comes to her office anticipating exposure, hysterics, a shotgun marriage. "Do you think I ought to marry Isabel to legitimate the child?" "No," answers this *dea ex machina*. "It is, as I told you, merely a technical matter. With a medical record of paternity, showing that the child is free from hereditary disease, a more desirable adoption can be secured." She just wants a doctor's certificate, and instead of his heart's blood merely a few drops for a Wassermann. She wins out in the end; and if her solution does not—as family case work rarely does—promise complete happiness, it promises as much as most human situations promise.

The family saves itself, declares Mr. Dell, and leaves us asking at the end: How much thwarted paternity is there in this old world? We must encourage the men who feel as did this appealing, thumb-fisted FATHER (he deserves the capitals the baby and mother have long enjoyed), driven by something too big for him, something sadly neglected in late fiction, the paternal instinct which in some cases, and perhaps not so rarely as we cynically think, is as noble, blind, and perdurable as the widely advertised maternal variety.

THERE is a kind of novel about the family that poses real problems, but chooses such picturesque or unique characters and places them in such extraordinary situations that they give little wisdom as to how life works out among us common-garden variety of folk. The English excel at this brittle pastel work wherein marital felicity yields to verbal felicity. The authors are not simple-minded enough. They must deal in exotics, authors and artists and the boringly rich. Everything they write is glittering and sophisticated and ultra-modern in the Mayfair manner. Often we are amazed at the intricacy of emotion they picture, and sometimes we respond with tears, but oftener only with admiration for the brilliant surfaces that are as hard and unreal as those of Congreve and the Restoration wits. Of this kind is Red Sky at Morning by Margaret Kennedy, who created that charming study of tears and music, The Constant Nymph. Here are temperament and tantrums, gay birds of passage and another version of Sanger's Circus, but the net result is a *bombe glacée*, flavored, crispy, faintly cloying, but not nourishing.

THREE WIVES, by Beatrice Kean Seymour, is richer fare but of the same genre. It does, however, contain one pathetic and penetrating study of a man and wife who love in the family fashion, and deeply, while the man pretends he is not a failure and returns to the daughter of his first flame in a desperate effort at compensation. The author confronts the baby honestly, but somehow the babies remain symbolic creatures without that power of cosmic deflection real babies possess. Birth is part of the intellectual pattern of the story, not a biological coercion as was Norman Overbeck, second.

THE American novelist does not achieve the brilliance of these English sisters for we have no such scene to serve as background, but often we cut deeper. Mathilde Eiker does in Over The Boat-Side. Despite the incessant talk, and the excursions into the realms of architecture and the sad economics of the Broadway stage, and the incredible idea that people can marry and divorce in absolute secrecy, the play illumines family life. One sister has a baby to anchor a spouse who is too flimsy to stay put otherwise. The place of a child's crib in a common bedroom as barrier to a husband is noted in the topography of marriage. And Eltin, the heroine, finally learns that the family has its way with us: she remarries the man she divorced, and takes the man's baby in the bargain. Moreover, the family of the dead mother pivots on the baby into a relation with this new home. Too much coincidence and plot-trick spoil the tale, and too little recognition that it is not hysteria but internal bleeding that kills love. Yet at moments Eltin's tale is the tale of life, and not the projection of the author's escape motifs.

THE vampire mother is not new in novels or case work, but her blighting influence needs always to be recalled, as it is in Louis Bromfield's A Good Woman. This good woman messes up the lives of her son, her daughter-in-law and those they in turn touch, because people are to her only pawns to move around the central actor on her stage, herself. Her husband deserts her; the son abandons the foreign missionary career and the wife "in name only," both chosen for him by his mother. No wonder the "good woman" was called a "Hell-cat" by a penetrant saloon-keeper. Yet to the end she thinks herself always right, a self-sacrificing woman whom God will at last reward. The village undertaker alone sees her as a woman who has created her own tragedies. She ends by marrying the congressman, to save his reputation by joining her respectability to his indiscretion, and makes speeches against Sabbath-breaking and cigarettes. There are no more lives to suck dry at home.

MUCH of family life is not fit to print. There are, for example, those matters the censor and good taste rule out, but which make or mar living in close quarters. The body hath its carnal sovereignty. There are odors, and slight habits of the mouth, or nose, or fingers; there are trespasses and taboos of flesh, intimacies that make another's gorge rise; there are insatiate demands and ill-timed repulsions; and finally, the slow corruption of this incorruptible—the fat paunch, pouchy eyelids, deciduous hair, the waning fires. We do not want these distillations of the cadaver in a book that must by nature bear some burdens of beauty; but we know, alas, silence does not disarm these disintegrating furies. Art cannot find place for them, nor should, but

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it must be permitted to mark the time and place where we shall supply them from behind the closed doors of experience. Prettiness will not suffice for truth; there is no victory in omission as if such things were not.

Unfit, too, for the romancing novelist is the dull diary of the days. Families are not good drama; they go on and on with never a final curtain. Death means new problems, nothing else. Their inter-relations are too complex to produce stark naked conflict pruned to a single catastrophe. The family takes time, as the Forsyte Saga or Jean Christophe prove. The poor author must be forever cutting the texture of life. "Five years passed," he writes in despair as if he were Joshua stopping the sun, and skips over the drizzle of days like stencils that sent a good mother out after a lover. Monotony is not the matter people read even when it reaches the shrieking-point. The nervous breakdown is a hard theme for drama. To weave all this drab pattern of repetition and triviality ruins the tale; the novelist has broken his implied contract to make life vivid and significant. He is caught in an impossible dilemma.

Elizabeth Roberts makes a gallant effort to escape by seeking forever at the roots in flesh. She is not afraid of the earth, or of slow growth, because she perceives that from them come flowers. In her book, Theodosia Bell is Everywoman whose pilgrimage leads her into the dark places. Her mother dies from too long an endurance of an obscene gay husband who leaves two Negro girls and a half-wit Negro son for his daughter to ponder upon. One lover recants in favor of a more opulent beauty. Another is burned to death. Her proud old grandfather dwindles into death still hoping she may learn to play the Brahms concerto. She drifts, sick-willed and almost insane, to endure life with a miserly aunt on a Kentucky farm, where the roof leaks and mangy hounds loll and spawn everywhere. Hunger and cold nearly kill her, but some last spark of life sends her forth into the hills to teach school in a kind of dumb peace, among rich-uddered cattle and the slow processes of the earth.

This is a grim but moving book, no guide to families, for we cannot be forever plucking at these roots of life—the passage of time and the decay time brings; the services old bodies require; the meaning of animals, blood, hog-killing, ploughed earth, the call between black and white children of one sire, lust, imbecility, hunger and the seasons. Yet there is wisdom in knowing these deep sources of our daily acts. There is also a wisdom never here hinted in building a super-structure of callousness, make-believe, routine, jests, religious hope, and unfearful resignation to get through the day with. Miss Roberts interprets suffering with great beauty, but how short is our memory of suffering!

The failure here is that we are not told that the spirit of man transcends his roots. The author seems forever on the verge of some proclamation of spiritual victory—Theodosia's violin is perhaps the symbol—but she never attains either faith or comfort. This pseudo-peace of Nature—what folly? Where is the raw brute of life more regnant than in the everlasting hills? The fact is, these horrors Miss Roberts faces so courageously are of no importance, mere physico-chemical phenomena conditioned by an inexplicable something we call time. They may be of interest to God but to man they are only the raw stuff out of which his spirit builds a soul and weaves his dreams and loves. No laughter pierces this book, yet laughter must come from deep roots too, for it puts pain and death in their place.

LEON WHIPPLE

Marriage Between Covers

THE COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE, *by Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. Boni & Liveright. 396 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
WHOLESOME MARRIAGE, *by Ernest R. & Gladys H. Groves. Houghton, Mifflin. 239 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE FAMILY, *by Ernest R. Groves. J. B. Lippincott Company. 314 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
HOME MAKING, A PROFESSION FOR MEN AND WOMEN, *by Elizabeth and Forrester Macdonald. Marshall Jones. 267 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE HOME MAKER AND HER JOB, *by Lillian M. Gilbreth. Appleton. 155 pp. Price $1.75 postpaid of The Survey.*

"THANK goodness I shan't have to worry about my daughter's future—she'll get married," remarked the complacent lady in front of me.

And that, I thought, is the point of view that we flattered ourselves had gone out of fashion with the mauve decade! Perhaps it isn't typical, but it does make one wonder whether problem plays and problem novels, articles on marriage and the home in popular magazines, the syndicated newspaper material in which prominent citizens express their views on the past, present and future problems of the home, and the rapidly increasing efforts of the Parent Teacher Associations, Child Study Groups and Women's Clubs for a thoughtful consideration of the problems of family life, have so far produced more than a slight dent in the consciousness of the people who are gaily entering on married life. Do most of us still think of marriage as the end of the novel rather than the beginning of what Dorothy Canfield Fisher calls a "high adventure?"

But the increase in books—fiction and non-fiction alike—which deal with the problems and the satisfactions of family life is none the less a hopeful sign of a more objective attitude toward this much-maligned institution. There is evident in many recent books a wholesome scientific scepticism though the complete objectivity of the scientist is difficult to attain in connection with a matter in which our own emotions, past, present or future, are so inevitably involved. The gamut of thinking runs from that which would throw our present form of marriage and the family

Books On Family Life

THE FAMILY, *Mrs. Helen Bosanquet, 344 pp. London, Macmillan, 1906.*
SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY FROM COLONIAL TIMES TO THE PRESENT, *A. W. Calhoun 3 v. Cleveland, Clark, 1917-19.*
THE FAMILY IN ITS SOCIOLOGICAL ASPECTS, *J. Q. Dealey, 134 pp. Boston, Houghton, 1912.*
THE PSYCHO-ANALYTIC STUDY OF THE FAMILY, *J. C. Flugel, Ed. 2, 259 pp. London International Psychoanalytic Press, 1926, c1921.*
HISTORY OF THE FAMILY AS A SOCIAL AND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION, *Willystine Goodsell, 587 pp. N. Y., Macmillan, 1915.*
THE HISTORY OF HUMAN MARRIAGE, *E. Westermarck.*
FAMILY DISORGANIZATION, *E. R. Mowrer 317 pp. Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1927.*
CONSERVATION OF THE FAMILY, *P. B. Popenoe, 266 pp. Baltimore, Williams & Wilkins, c1926.*
MODERN MARRIAGE, *P. B. Popenoe, 259 pp. N. Y., Macmillan 1925.*
THE DRIFTING HOME, *E. R. Groves, 217 pp. Boston, Houghton, 1926.*
PERSONALITY AND SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT, *E. R. Groves. 296 pp. N. Y., Longmans Green, 1923.*
CHILD MARRIAGES, *M. E. Richmond and F. S. Hall, Russel Sage Foundation, N. Y.*
THE FAMILY AND ITS MEMBERS, *A. G. Spencer, 322 pp. Phila., Lippincott, c1923.*

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into the discard to that which accepts the present institution as inevitable but wishes to improve its functioning. The latter group is in the majority and offers a more concrete and thoughtful program.

It would clarify our thinking if we could discuss marriage forms and the problems thereof separately from family life and its problems. Perhaps it is unavoidable that the two should be lumped together since it is undoubtedly true that many of the problems of the family are related to our social requirements for entering marriage.

AMONG the recent books that consider primarily the form of marriage is Judge Lindsey's The Companionate Marriage. It should be clearly understood that Judge Lindsey does not desire to do away with the marriage ceremony, or the ideal of the monogamous family. His suggestion involves the recognition by society of two kinds of marriage, the companionate, in which the partners, with or without formal agreement, have no children, and the procreative or "family" marriage in which children are present. In the companionate form, divorce would be a matter of mutual agreement; in the case of the "family" marriage, society through its legal machinery would have the right to evaluate the effect of a divorce on its future citizens—the children. Unfortunately, Judge Lindsey does not make clear just what, if any, would be the difference in requirements for entering the two types of marriage, though he suggests that there might well be such a difference. Apparently, with the coming of children the companionate marriage would turn into a family or procreative marriage without further legal sanction. The companionate marriage does of course exist and is at least sanctioned by society. The term was invented by sociologists after the fact, possibly with a view to a formal recognition that the problems of the childless marriage are different—both from an individual and social point of view—from those in marriages where the responsibility for children has been assumed.

The illustrations that Judge Lindsey advances in support of his thesis are not wholly convincing that the recognition of the companionate form of marriage would solve all the problems of family life. Even in the companionate marriage there are problems of human and social relationships for which neither the dissemination of scientific birth control information nor divorce by mutual consent would offer a panacea. Judge Lindsey suggests but does not analyze these difficulties.

Professor Ernest R. Groves is "agin' panaceas." Both Social Problems of the Family and Wholesome Marriage (written in collaboration with Gladys Hoagland Groves) stress the fact that the success of marriage depends less on the initial ceremony than on the training of husband and wife in a sense of mutual responsibility and the shaping of behavior patterns from childhood on. In his chapter on companionate marriage, Professor Groves points out that the coming of children frequently relieves a tension that has grown out of a too complete absorption of the married pair in each other.

Professor Groves' main thesis is that successful family life is the result of careful training, of an understanding of human relationships, of definite scientific education for marriage and parenthood. He suggests: "The standards of parenthood must be lifted. . . . The training of parents to meet their responsibilities in the light of such science as we now have is necessary to complete our educational program. . . . Parenthood instruction must aim at better parents. . . . Eventually it will be seen that to train parents adequately we must also train youth for marriage" (Social Problems of the Family, pages 221, 284 and 285).

Social Problems of the Family is avowedly a text-book for use in this training of youth for marriage. It touches on so wide a range of subjects that it should, as the author points out, be supplemented by other reading and by class discussion. His excellent bibliography lists plays and novels as well as books and articles on the problems of family life.

Wholesome Marriage is a more popular presentation of many of the same problems. It offers not only an analysis of some of the present difficulties in effective family life but suggests methods whereby the roots of these difficulties may be discovered and removed. The test of family life offered does not concern itself with external conditions or even with the too popular concept of happiness. "There is only one test for a home. Does it send out its members well trained to play the game of life? If not, no matter how orderly and comfortable it may be, it is a mere shell of a home" (Wholesome Marriage, page 210).

Home Making a Profession for Men and Women, by Elizabeth and Forrester MacDonald, also emphasizes the fact that the test of family life is its products. The authors deplore the fact that most of our conscious efforts at education for marriage and family life have been directed towards teaching future wives how to keep house! They join with Professor and Mrs. Groves and Mrs. Lillian M. Gilbreth (The Home Maker and Her Job) in emphasizing repeatedly that a house is not a home, and that responsibility for successful family life rests on husband as well as wife.

> Homemaking must be seriously prepared for and professionally approached if it is to maintain its central position in human life. . . . To strengthen rather than weaken homemaking, which means parenthood, not housekeeping, we must make it an educational objective. Eventually, we may hope, it will attain professional standing and be guarded by requirements for training as well as examinations for a license to practice (Home Making a Profession for Men and Women, pages 1 and 7).
>
> In home life the greatest values are the intangibles. . . . Homemaking is a creative calling. . . . It [home] is a serene and lovely partnership of the past, the present, and the future. It is a place where body, mind and soul are re-created for greater accomplishment with each succeeding day (Home Making a Profession for Men and Women, page 16). The responsibility of the homemaker is a critical one, to meet which the strength of high purpose must be reinforced by honest mental analysis and an intelligent effort to improve home stimuli (page 57).

This sense of the high adventure of family life illumines every chapter of the text book which Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald have prepared. It is even more exhaustive in the range of its subject matter than is that of Professor Groves, and has appended an excellent bibliography and discussion outlines. This, like Mrs. Gilbreth's delightful volume, definitely attempts to show the effective relation of historical perspective, the discoveries in scientific fields, and in business, and the increasing knowledge of human and social relationships to the art of family life.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald also recognize that at present entrance upon marriage is so little safeguarded as to give rise to many of the problems which they analyze.

> In most sections of the United States it is easier to secure a marriage license than to achieve a license to drive an automobile. . . . In the present status of homemaking as an amateur pursuit to be casually entered upon, the marvel is that the divorce rate is so astonishingly slow to increase. An undertaking similar to marriage, so far as freedom from entrance con-

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ditions and lack of specific standards of preparation go, is the grocery business. Here statistics show a terrific mortality. About nine out of ten ventures in this field are failures, whereas our divorce-rate shows an exactly opposite record of only one failure in ten ventures (Home Making a Profession for Men and Women, pages 4, 200).

Mrs. Gilbreth, in The Home Maker and Her Job, not only shows the application of modern business methods to the art of homemaking but stresses the importance of recognizing that family life is a group activity. In connection with definite mechanical devices to promote efficiency, she brings out the intangible values which make for satisfying relationships. The opportunity for privacy, mutual consideration, the value of family festivals, the need for group activities, the possibilities of infusing the dullest tasks with the spirit of play offer possibilities for concrete approaches to some of our complicated problems. Her own gay and adventurous spirit with which the book is permeated suggests still another essential to success in homemaking.

All of these books—as do most of the recent writings on marriage—bring out the need for a critical and objective evaluation of the institution of the family. A clarifying of objectives which has been so well done in the four last mentioned books is certainly a first step towards any changes in the form of marriage and an understanding of the mechanics of homemaking. They suggest also the possibilities of still further study and analysis. We are not the first generation which has criticized and attempted to evaluate the family. The institution has changed much during the centuries of man's evolution, not in its central function as a place of nurture for the young, but in the ways in which it has carried out this function and in its adaptation to other social institutions. If the family is, as Professor Groves points out, "a human relationship ever in such processes of adjustment, sensitive to the total social situation, and never a standardized and completed form of human activity" (Social Problems of the Family, preface, page VII), it will continue to change whether consciously or unconsciously.

We are in a better position than any previous generation to apply scientific method to the study of the family. Through such study we may assure ourselves that changes shall be conscious, not merely opportunistic, and we may give to the next generation not so much a new institution as tools by which they may make human living more effective.

MARGARET E. RICH

Fifty Years of It

FIFTY YEARS OF FAMILY SOCIAL WORK, 1877-1927. *Charity Organization Society of Buffalo.* 158 *pp. Price* $.60 *postpaid of The Survey.*

BUFFALO deserves the place of honor which it held as the meeting place of the October Conference on Family Life in America. In Buffalo fifty years ago the first city-wide Charity Organization Society, bearing that name and conducted on the general lines of the London society, was organized and to this day the name of the society remains unchanged and its methods and spirit are akin to those of its founders.

Objection might indeed be made by captious critics to Ansley Wilcox's broad claim that real family welfare work in the United States came into life in definite form with his society. If family welfare work be taken in the common, non-technical sense, rival claims might be made for Springfield, Massachusetts, where earlier in the same year the Union Relief Society had been organized with such sponsors as Washington Gladden and Frank B. Sanborn; or for New York City, where thirty-six years earlier Robert Hartley had founded the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor with principles as sound and as clearly formulated as those of Mr. Gurteen in Buffalo; or for still earlier pioneers. If, on the other hand, we mean by the phrase such social case work as Mrs. Fox describes in the closing pages of the history of fifty years of family social work in Buffalo, we can hardly regard it as having come to life in a period when, as Mrs. Fox says, "treatment in the modern sense seems to have been well-nigh an unknown quantity." Nevertheless, it is historically correct to date the charity organization movement from the founding of the Buffalo society; and to give to that movement the credit both for the development of the technique of social case work in families and for widely diffusing that technique among social agencies. Religious, governmental and industrial social work and even personal charity have all been modified, in large areas even revolutionized, by the example and by the direct and indirect teaching of the charity organization societies.

It would be difficult to find a more representative society than that of Buffalo; and it would be hard to write a more candid or a more convincing tale than that of Frederic Almy, which makes up the bulk of this history. He gives the facts succinctly. He records disappointments, failures and mistakes as well as achievement. He apportions credit with discrimination. He makes occasional generalizations, when they appear to be warranted. He begins with the declaration that "in comparing the past with the present, nothing is more striking than the paucity of its resources," and ends with a quotation that (in 1924) "pauperism has been so greatly diminished that one might say it is non-existent." Mr. Almy's belief that there is a direct connection between enlarged resources for relief and the diminution of pauperism shines through his whole historical sketch.

The modesty and restraint of Mr. Almy's history is matched by the courage and wide sweep of Mr. Adie's forecast. As to the interplay of agencies and cooperative participation in social advance, he thinks that the Council of Social Agencies, the Social Service Exchange, the Buffalo Foundation, and the federation of finances (involving the concentrated voluntary, annual effort of 125,000 citizens) represent a performance that can be duplicated; or rather that the advance of the next fifty years in such directions will be even more dramatic. The society will not be as solitary as in the past; though it will have its own significant contributions within the field of family welfare work. Educational work in home-making and housekeeping will reach into more prosperous homes, especially in temporary situations such as sickness. Psychiatric social work and preventive work for children of tender years will rank with that of the visiting nurse. Social research will have a great development. Incipient poverty will be attacked through earlier discovery and treatment of disturbed individual and social situations. Old age and unemployment will be dealt with, probably through some form of social insurance; the urban nature of social work will vanish in favor of the county unit, with a resulting extension into the rural field. Social work can not escape contact with the growing movement to secure better regulation of marriage laws, the more intelligent handling of feeblemindedness and the elimination of slum areas.

Nothing less than the reorganization of the social order involving the replacement of the "give" impulse with a "do"

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ethic will satisfy the present secretary of the Buffalo society. The family will command increasing interest and appreciation, but the society which deals with its problems will increasingly find itself as one among many factors of social action. Social reform, social legislation, and regional surveying will receive increasing attention as the horizons of social case workers are extended and its outstanding contribution—the case work method—is increasingly absorbed into other programs.

EDWARD T. DEVINE

Troubadours for Children

I LIVE IN A CITY, *by James S. Tippett. Harper. 50 pp. Price 75 cents postpaid of The Survey.*
NOW WE ARE SIX, *by A. A. Milne. Dutton. 103 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
MAGPIE LANE, *by Nancy Byrd Turner. Harcourt. 88 pp. Price $1.60 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE FOUR WINDS, *by Edith Ballinger Price. Stokes. 181 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
WONDER TALES FROM PIRATE ISLES, *chiefly translated from the Dutch by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Longmans. 256 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
A ROAD TO FAIRYLAND, *by Erica Fay. Putnam's. 171 pp. Price $1.75 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE WIND THAT WOULDN'T BLOW, *by Arthur Bowie Chrisman. Dutton. 355 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE BOY'S LIFE OF COLONEL LAWRENCE, *by Lowell Thomas. Century. 293 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
PIRATE PLUNDER, *by Frank E. Potts. Harper. 262 pp. Price $1.75 postpaid of The Survey.*
I KNOW A SECRET, *by Christopher Morley. Doubleday. 235 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
GAY-NECK, THE STORY OF A PIGEON, *by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Dutton. 197 pp. Price $2.25 postpaid of The Survey.*

A CHILD'S book isn't just paper and ink and cloth-covered boards. To a child, Mowgli and Master Skylark and Christopher Robin are real people in a real world which a little boy and girl may enter by the magic of printing, to find new hills and rivers, new friends and new experience. All the people who make cheap and shoddy books, with silly text and meaningless or ugly pictures, seem to me to betray the high-hearted eagerness with which children use their new tool of reading. Equally guilty are those careless adults who, the evening before a birthday or in the Christmas jam, snatch from tumbled counters "a book"—any book—to carry to a loved child. A little exploration among the crowded shelves of children's books brings to light not only delightful editions of old favorites but many new books; well written, well illustrated, well printed and bound, that hold between their covers authentic beauty and adventure for boys and girls. During the last weeks I have found, for instance:

For small children (three to eight, perhaps) I Live in a City, a book of the size small people love best, with brief and charming poems by James S. Tippett of Lincoln School and bold, simple line drawings by Elizabeth Tyler Wolcott. The verses are made out of the every-day materials of a city child's life.

Now We Are Six, by A. A. Milne, is for the five-to-tens, less fresh and spontaneous than Christopher Robin's first unforgettable book, but of course six *is* less fresh and spontaneous than three!

For the nine-to-twelves who like pleasant verses and enchanting pictures, Nancy Byrd Turner offers Magpie Lane, with silhouettes by Decie Merwin. Edith Ballinger Price's singing poetry and quaint drawings out of which she has made The Four Winds have special appeal for girls in the dreamy teens.

I have found three new treasure books for children who demand fairy tales. Wonder Tales from Pirate Isles, a collection of East Indian folk tales told in a stirring pirate setting, delighted a seven-year-old girl to whom I read some of the stories and equally a thirteen-year-old boy, quite long-legged and grown up, who read them all for himself, though both children considered it "too bad the pictures are so stupid." The Road to Fairyland, by Erica Fay (Dr. Marie C. Stopes), with a frontispiece by Arthur Rackham, has been much applauded in England. It should appeal also to the American child who enjoys highly fanciful fairy magic. Arthur Bowie Chrisman, last year's Newbery medalist, has written for children of all ages The Wind That Wouldn't Blow, a delectable book of Chinese stories with equally delectable scissors silhouettes cut by Else Hasselriis.

This reviewer happens to have a special weakness for "story books," a name she and her brother reserved in the long ago for "a whole book about the same people." Those far-off Christmas afternoons when, relaxed after the excitement, we settled ourselves on the brown cushions of the window-seat and read straight through a new "story book" . . . It would have been hard to choose *the* one from the four on the corner of my desk today. The Boys' Life of Colonel Lawrence, though written without distinction, has the satisfying flavor of real adventure, centering in a young hero as mysterious and romantic as a Knight of Arthur's Round Table.

Pirate Plunder, by a new writer, Frank E. Potts, most satisfyingly illustrated and decorated with woodcuts by Lucina Wakefield, is a swift and colorful account by young John Manning, "born in London in the memorable year of 1727," of his experience with Cap'n Bill Quick and the crew of the Vulture.

When I read the publisher's statement that I Know a Secret, by Christopher Morley, belongs with Peter Pan and Alice in Wonderland, I sniffed. Then I read the stories, somehow molded of the stuff of life itself, though they are so simply gay and whimsical—stories about Fourchette and Donny and the kittens, at once animals and humans like the hero of Where the Blue Begins, about four real children and Mr. Mistletoe and Escargot, the snail—and it seemed to me a sort of miracle to realize that there is now another book for all of us which has in its web the rare, shining threads of charm and youth and understanding.

Another, though very different book that is wise and beautiful with the wisdom and beauty of life itself is Gay-Neck, the Story of a Pigeon. In Dhan Gopal Mukerji's flowing prose and Boris Artzybasheff's exciting black and white illustrations there is not only a lovely story but there is also the searing reality of war and the courage of the long pilgrimage by which Gay-Neck and Ghond "healed them of the disease of fear and hate that they had caught on the battlefields" when it ended in the lama's monastery in the high Himalayas.

BEULAH AMIDON

THROUGH NEIGHBORS' DOORWAYS

(*Continued from page 322*)

While it was going on, the average college president in the United States was as ignorant on the subject as the humblest peasant in Cuba. I have in my possession an essay by Joseph Henry, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and one of the foremost scientists in the world, solemnly describing the "miasma" rising as a visible mist from swamps and carrying malaria which might be kept out by very fine screens of cloth as coverings for windows. I can remember, because I have lived there, when the city of Albany used to drink its own sewage. Yes, and I had the typhoid fever which, of course, was endemic then. All over the United States we are now doing things as unsanitary as the Cubans used to do.

THE Sixth International Conference of American States will be held at Havana, Cuba, beginning on January 16. There will be no doubt much ponderous talk, much interchange of "assurances of distinguished consideration." Polite language is, as Octavus Cohen would say, "the best thing the Latin-Americans don't do nothing but." The output may be an enormous production of conversation of the most elaborately complimentary kind and nothing much else.

President Coolidge is to address the conference; that fact in itself is pregnant of good intentions toward one of the most difficult and most pressing of our problems. He will be heard with anxious eagerness. Charles E. Hughes is to head our delegation. The Hughes that I used to know at Albany convinced me of his humanity, his imagination, his desire and ability to see the other fellow's point of view. I do not know whether that Hughes still lives; but since then he has been secretary of state and has made an extensive trip to most of the Latin-American countries. Under his leadership we *might* make a long stride toward a new basis of affiliation with these nations.

At Havana in January will come an opportunity to begin a new kind of cooperation. Already in Mexico, by a few friendly words and a few absurdly simple and obvious actions, Dwight Morrow, officially representing the president, the government and the breakfast-tables of the United States, has given a new color of humanness to our attitude toward these neighbors.

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called her, and by pre-arrangement she answered evasively. He had intended to go out, but cancelled the engagement to stay home to watch her. The kick of his affairs had departed. He wasn't able to concentrate on them while he was continually wondering where his wife was spending her evenings.

We sat on the side lines, watching, feeling the pulse, making suggestions, noting the effect and praying that home might become a habit. He had already shown his wife courtesies that had been forgotten with the end of the honeymoon.

One day a year later he came into court looking actually crestfallen to ask if I knew how he could regain his wife's love. He was afraid she was interested in someone else, and he wanted her. He loved her. He told me of my own mysterious telephone calls, the unexplained evenings, his wife's detached manner and particularly stressed her few unsolicited caresses—the attempt of the poor frigid wife to be affectionate, only to be misunderstood. He was loyal, and decidedly worried. I suggested a concentrated love campaign with close application to his subject, and the case went on. Thus for two years we have kept the family together, and during this hectic process daddy again has fallen in love with mother; friends are calling; there are parties; and the children are developing beautifully.

Situations like this point clearly to the need of a reconciliation department. Just one small and necessarily superficial survey in the Cincinnati Court gave us this astonishing finding: that out of four hundred complaints involving domestic trouble, only thirty-two petitions for divorce were ever filed. We have no means of ascertaining whether the other three hundred and sixty-eight disgruntled couples would have appeared in court eventually even had they never applied to the adjusting department for assistance, but the outstanding fact remains—that they did not apply for divorce after they had threatened to do so. On this we base our assumption that the court was reasonably successful in its attempt at reconciliation and adjustment, though we were unable to ascertain definitely by follow-up why these couples never returned. Divorces granted in these three hundred and sixty-eight cases would have affected some two hundred and ninety-six children, as our general statistics show that there are about four children in every five cases. Considering that some three hundred children have been kept from meeting the hazards of a broken home, we begin to comprehend the potentialities of a reconciliation department. Every socialized court which uses methods such as these can report similar results. They could be duplicated hundreds of times in the reconciliation departments of family courts over the country—Detroit, Buffalo, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, and so on, which are employing experts in human relationships to cheat grasping lawyers, interested neighbors, prejudiced relatives, the court itself, of the sorry end results of families gone wrong.

Surely in some cases the constant quarreling and destructive morale of a home are far more demoralizing to a child than a separation and subsequent placement. But whether it be a case involving the disruption of a family, or the custody of a child, the presiding judge should not pass upon the future of a child until he is familiar with the facts of the family's life and potentialities. He should know, beyond a reasonable doubt, where these children have the best chance, where the influences would be the most wholesome and educational. He must view with shame the old method of asking a boy or girl that tragic question: "Do you want to live with your mother or your father?" And he should never have to rely on the distressed face of a child searching his heart for the answer.

Day after day we deal with the human mistakes that are due to some judge's faulty, hasty decision regarding the custody of a child.

I recall Mary Jane, a lovely girl of fourteen, as she sat in my courtroom while the divorce case of her mother and father was being heard and her custody decided. A substitute judge occupied the bench, and I can still see the desperate look on Mary Jane's face when he told her that she must live with her mother.

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The attorney who represented the mother was a fee-chaser, not a father; the witnesses were perjured, well paid for their day's services; the case was decided without any investigation as to the merits of either parent, as are thousands everywhere. The father plead, but the usual appeal for mother love was feelingly presented by the attorney, and the decision remained unchanged. The father, tears streaming, stepped down to take Mary Jane into his arms to say goodbye.

This little girl came into court loving life, but something died within her that day. A year later she ran away because she hated her mother and was desperately homesick for her father. She appeared before me as a sex delinquent. Something called to me from the past. The eyes, now sophisticated, looked sullenly into mine. I avoided looking at her, for I remembered the day the beautiful possibilities within that child were destroyed.

Later Mary Jane told me everything. Before the divorce hearing she had discovered her mother in a compromising position with a strange man. Love for her father, loyalty to her mother, the newly awakened sex consciousness of adolescence, the shattering of ideals, set up a line of defense that no endearments of the mother, no social contacts outside, could break down. When she returned home, her father had gone. She had lost her illusions as to the sacredness of marriage. She knew no standards except those of commercialized promiscuity. So she quickly passed from the once loving arms of her father to the passionate embraces of lovers her mother secured. Ashamed of all this, she set out to find her pal, but he had died during an attack of pneumonia, and her mother had forgotten to mention the incident. So, at sixteen, disillusioned, unhappy, promiscuous, she lay a sacrifice on the altar of ill-advised custody—a shameful reminder of careless, unintelligent treatment. It is to children like Mary Jane, helpless, afraid, torn between two loves, that we owe the state's expensive machinery, her expert judges, her well-equipped probation staff for investigational and intensive follow-up work.

I wish the group that remains indifferent to the potentialities of an expert staff attached to a family court could have seen Jimmy, my eight-year-old, found sleeping in a barrel filled with old rags.

"Son, what is your father's name?" A slight pause on Jimmy's part. Smilingly the interviewer insisted: "Won't you please tell me your father's name?" Jimmy edged a little nearer, half whispering into his dirty little cap so no one else could hear. "You see, it's this way. I ain't got no reg'lar pa—my folks ain't livin' together." He blinked hard to discourage the tears.

"No reg'lar pa!" The cry of thousands of children, unhappy, puzzled, half ashamed as they whisper this baffling fact: "My folks ain't livin' together." They have been robbed of a mother's love, or a father's deep interest because as yet no individual, no social agency, no socialized court anywhere has been adequately equipped to handle this delicate, complex family situation intelligently and constructively.

Our dream? Judges with the vision of happy children always before them; subtle, trained workers with a psychological understanding of unadjusted fathers and mothers; real homes where there is cuddling, love and joy, where the Mary Janes and the Jimmies are free to laugh and cry and play and grow.

SHARING EXPERIENCE

(*Continued from page* 316)

and both together are now realizing that the type, the mold, the average, cannot be insisted on without disaster. We must start from where the individual is and with what he has—physically, intellectually, emotionally. So too with the family. We no longer speak of preserving the family but of developing the family. And by this we do not mean turning it into some model family, but helping each family to grow as well as it can in terms of its own needs and the positive contribution which it can make to the community.

The family, like the individual, can fixate at childish levels of development, or, like the individual, can develop, mature socialize outwards. We know—and this is, for instance, one of the assertions reasonably well tested by social work—that the emotionally immature father or mother will probably create

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for the children conditions that make for immaturity and uneven development, not growth or social interdependence. We are realizing as we study this socializing process, more and more, that the family exists for purposes beyond itself. It is not merely a useful, self-protective biological structure. It is a complex of organized and, at its best, deeply educated, and in turn, educational, attitudes.

In a family I know there are two little girls, the elder of whom, Helen, is especially talented, with a dominating drive born out of superior intelligence and powerful emotional equipment. Everything in her small personality from babyhood on has been tensely mobilized for success. Her parents, and her school, with much patient understanding, have tried to teach her ways of graciousness and generosity but the small dynamo is still highly charged. Into this setting came a younger sister, a sprite—a creature of laughter and charm. For her, life has no hills, no sloughs of despond, no difficulties. Obstacles that call forth all the older's strength are passed by or under or over by the younger. Everything that is storm and stress in the older is ease and gaiety in the younger. In the early years there was no love wasted by the older child on her usually irritating companion.

ONE spring, however, there were school games. The younger won without effort. The older, characteristically determined to excel in at least one event, had practised for weeks in the back yard. She too won. As the children reached home, the younger ran up the stairs calling out, "Mother, mother, I have such good news—such good news—Helen has won her race!" She had thought of Helen's triumph first. The older child stood at the foot of the stairs, arrested, transfixed. Something new came into her expression. For the first time she was made conscious out of her tense individualism of the emotional backing that lies at the heart of family life. The little lesson in generosity so unconsciously given took root. The socializing process was begun.

For the past thirty years and more social work has been attempting not only to study the patterns in successfully achieved family life, but has also been attempting to evolve methods and techniques which might be, in part at least, carried over; made available for the less successful individual and family. By far the greater number of people make their own adjustments, solve their own problems, create their own immunities, but there is always a percentage who fall below the norm in economic or emotional balance or in their behavior.

At first the methods used by different types of case workers in dealing with these unadjusted individuals and families were inclined to be, or at least to seem, widely dissimilar. The family field, the children's field, the group workers, the psychiatric workers, suffered from excessive angularities and isolations, on which, as is the way of pioneering, they rather quaintly prided themselves. Each was eager to be regarded as a specialist before enough was known about even the simplest phenomena to justify their claims. Each generalized from insufficient returns, disregarded important evidence and set up premature dogmas in place of humble curiosities. But true to the principles of sound development, after the scattered fact-finding stage there has been slowly growing a body of knowledge as to some of the commoner patterns of individual differences and human behavior, by which new suggestions can be tested. Since we come to realize that, like Alice Through the Looking Glass, it took almost all our running just to stay in the same place, the intolerance of partial understanding has been giving way to sharing of all that could be collectively found or interpreted. Not only the different case workers among themselves but community workers and those interested in social research have been drawing nearer together till social work as a definite activity is beginning to emerge. Today the well equipped social worker is conversant with the methods of case work, research, and certain aspects of community organization. It is not enough that social work be practiced; it must be continually explored, weighed, and tested. More than any other one event, the publication of *Social Diagnosis* just ten years ago tended to bring case work out of amateur chaotic method on to the high road of professional advancement. It is due in great part to Mary E. Richmond that we are able to say today that there

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is a common stock of procedures and that there are basic principles of case work. Possibly the most important recent development in social work is the gradual replacing of social sectarianism by the social worker trained in those few fundamental techniques which we may dare to claim.

Next in importance to the growth in unity and the discoveries of common general methods, I should place a marked change in the approach to social problems. The older case work was not only authoritative but it was inclined to be "cosmic" in its scope. The study of the family situation often revealed a great many problems, and early crusading case work was for tilting at each problem in turn—alcoholism, desertion, feebleminded-ness, heart disease and so on down the alphabet. A good "case" as we were wont to use the term meant the one to which the greatest number of carefully listed services were rendered. Service might be given freely, though we were a little wary of charity's stepchild, that we so unluckily had named "relief."

IN any event there was a sort of A-rating case work service, which was possibly the product of the so-called family field. This extensive and intensive development of service coupled with equally thorough investigation—in both of which directions the "family field" offered outstanding leadership—certainly helped explore the problems involved and laid the foundations of better and more scientific treatment, but in the last five years has come a change in approach toward what we might regard as the project method. The modern case worker, like the modern educator, sees in the family situation, not a long list of problems, nor even a long list of potential services but several positive projects which bring the family's capacities into play. Solving even the simplest, leads the family towards the goal of self-maintenance. The project method in case work removes the incubus of the sense of chronic unaccomplishment perpetually haunting the case worker; it lays the ghost of the old skeleton—should one investigate without consent? It cuts across some of the ethical puzzles, for case work can hardly help but be ethical if it genuinely seeks the fullest participation of the client in a whole educational process. Case work seeks not to do things for people or to people and still less behind their backs, but to enlist the desires of the client for success, happiness, recognition, and adventure through some project or projects which will make for an educational experience and tend to release his latent forces.

The social worker is too close to personality to despair of personality; too close to family living to despair of family living. We do not dwell in a vacuum. We live in and through our environment and in improving our environment we catch glimpses of new and possible social interrelations and values. "Through conflict and the resolution of conflict, we set new and higher goals for our discontents." Industry, long unfriendly to case work, is coming to see that what the social worker is striving to bring to the conduct of family or individual affairs is essentially the same as the goal set for industry—that is, to bring about the conduct of business so that the desires of men will find expression in socialized values.

The project idea contains within itself another intuition of social case work, although many of its critics do not yet understand the meaning. Why bother so much with the individual, they say, when the socio-economic structure is all wrong? Case work is too slow, too palliative, it is too much in the nature of patchwork. This charge is not true. The trouble with case work is not that it is too slow—it is not slow enough. It is not that it is too minute—it is not yet minute enough. Our perceptions, our measures, our gauges are still too wide, too large. The case work situation is the slide that we must put under the microscope. What we learn there has an infinite number of implications. An intuition of social work insists that we shall find in each case work situation, each family situation, the nodes of a full educational process. We do not of course understand all the individual differences in the whole of social relationships. It is enough that we are realizing that the extraordinary differentiations in family structure and behavior are valuable and can be used for "everyman's" progress. Social reform does not owe its being alone to broad legislation or to wide-flung educational drives. Social reform has too a still small voice taught in the inflections (*Continued on page* 336)

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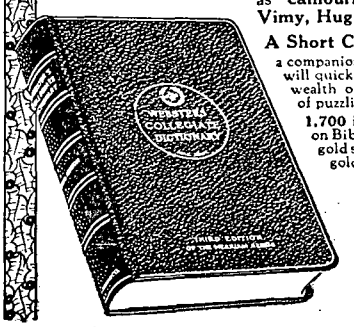

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The development of the family and of the individual is bound up with society. The responses of others do affect the meaning of what we do, and our acts affect others. "Conduct," as John Dewey says, "is forever socially conditioned or socially saturated." Each piece of adjustment done for the least of us is done for all. Just as the individual is the touchstone of the family, so the family is the touchstone of the community, and so outwards into socialized national and international fellowship. To this the present generation is deeply challenged. Chains have been cut, drawbridges are down, our innermost beliefs have been invaded. What is being put before us as social workers is not—here is a commodity, find facts and experiences to fit it; but—here are facts and experiences, the meaning of which we must find by training and discipline. Not, here is a tradition to be upheld, but there is a process which may illumine existence for all of us.

As we set forth these intuitions, we realize, in spite of all our faith and courage, that they are tenuous and frail. Are these things enough to motivate us—that through the interpenetration of case work and the sharing of creative experience we can help in the understanding and development of human relationships; that social case work research is laying some stones in the quantitative and qualitative valuation of social data; that because of their nearness to individual and family living, case workers are taking some responsibility and some leadership in facing the problems and possibilities of family life; that there are principles of basic case work and that these principles and the techniques arising out of them can be extended to other areas of human experience? Is it enough that we work so long and patiently, even though beset with failures, at the slow processes of individual adjustment, because we share an intuition, by no means recently evolved, but made more certain through the thousands of case work situations in which social workers have participated—as to ways of creating higher values in life lived together? They say the atom has in it such energy, that could it be exploded, the power would suffice for the purposes of industry. The social worker believes that the unit, personality, as men come to understand more and more the means of releasing it, has the power, in a true sense, to socialize our world.

LIGHT FROM HAND TO HAND

(*Continued from page* 318)

and the lessons learned were being made a basis for next steps advisedly taken in the practice of inquiry and cooperation. Somewhere the tendency was resisted to fit people into tight categories as deserted, widowed, feebleminded and the like.

With a tenderness which is reverential I think of some of those early practitioners of the art of helping, honestly toiling women and men, who, without benefit of the schools or of a literature of case work, laid the stepping stones for our present advance. It was said of one of them in the 90's that she had "serious limitations and obstacles to overcome," but that "her strong characteristic was her sincere love for her fellow men, which led her to give the best of her life to them cheerfully and in a simple but strong faith." Others who had more intellectual power were capable of acquiring an organized body of experience and able to transmit their correlated experience, so that these might become the property of any society. The present social case worker who "faces the facts, the good ones as well as the bad ones, interprets these facts to the clients and points a path through them to permanent security" is their lineal descendant. So, also, is she who realizing that every case is different, behaves "differently toward each and fills her whole mind with impressions of the person before her in order to see his problem through his mind and with his emotional reaction," who, moreover, is constantly "watching for humorous aspects . . . which can produce a smile or laughter." One likes to recall Zilpha Smith's dictum: "Looking back from recent experiences, changes of methods often look like reforms. To those who lived through them they seemed rather to be results."

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a chronicle is being depicted. The shuttle moves back and forth rendering form and color, on a different scale and with a heightened intensity as subtlety is acquired in the use of appropriate mediums. But the warp remains the same. What continues to hold its value in our design is the contribution which was made in the first half of our history. The findings of case work were then faced as facts which imposed an obligation on the societies to strive to solve the problems which they disclosed. The going in and out of mean tenements and of unsanitary single-family houses, led to effort made in behalf of better housing. Watching sick people fall victims to tuberculosis in crowded flats resulted in tuberculosis campaigns. Seeing little children in their homes at work on shoddy clothing was an incentive to child labor legislation. Along with legislative work went the effort to educate the public through exhibitions, such as the New York Tenement House Exhibition of 1900. And this was followed by the determination not only to educate and arouse the public but to get a fuller knowledge of people's needs through the survey of their living and working conditions, as, for instance, the Pittsburgh Survey in 1907.

THE resolution to be helpful to the whole field of social service and through cooperation to do one's work better, bore fruit in the confidential (later social service) exchange, the directory of charity, and in the various charitable or social reviews. The steady pursuit of right ways to train for service led, through the apprenticeship system, straight to the establishment of the first schools of social work in this country. It is noteworthy that the first definite appeal for a school should have been made on Canadian soil by our leader in social diagnosis and should have found immediate response in the New York Charity Organization Society through the foresight of the then secretary of that society and of its president.

Throughout the years some of our societies sedulously practiced what they preached. They held firmly to the principle that their function was to organize charitable forces. If in order to prove that a need existed and to supply a want, they established agencies for temporary shelter and work, for job-finding or for lending or saving money, they saw to it that when practicable these agencies, which they had founded, were taken over by the community to become independent organizations. The genius of our movement for keeping true to its primary function of being a means for the "fusion and development of diverse personalities into a common usefulness" has never been shown more practically than when our national association stood for the development of councils of social agencies, cutting ground that might have been deemed to be ours from under our feet.

For us, however, organization must remain a pivot, if we are to swing true to our hereditary line of advance, if we are to escape the dangers of narrowing to professionalism or of becoming opportunists. We must continue consciously to direct effort towards bringing order into the field of social relationships. First, it seems to me, through a flexible use of our developing technique, so that families under present care may draw full benefit from our past experiences, and may in turn, vicariously, help those who are later to apply for service. We have an obligation to make available the lessons we learn from them, our clients. Second, through our complete sharing of our own findings with all others who are practising the art and are helping to develop social case work as a profession (as, for instance, was done so wholeheartedly through the American Red Cross Home Service during the Great War), and through drawing on the experience of other case work groups, so that we may continue to help further the development of case work as a whole. Third, through exercising reticence and showing fuller sympathy in our contacts with families so that through serving any family which is poor in the ability to adjust its own social life, not alone such as are in need economically, we may serve the democratic purpose of case work. The emphasis we at present are placing on the first of these requirements, the lesser but definite emphasis on the second, and the growing emphasis on the third, mean that we are coming nearer to the fulfilling of our responsibilities.

There is a fourth responsibility which we do not so readily grasp, namely, our responsibility to the community as a whole.

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Councils of social agencies are meeting the obvious, the easier task of coordinating existing charitable forces and stimulating the organization of new societies to supply social needs. But we seem at times to leave untouched the old obligation to deepen the social life of the community itself through making the mood of charity more common. Such an endeavor, the endeavor to make habitual a right attitude of mind towards one's fellows, calls for more than a technique. In giving, it implies immeasurably more than an increase in sums of money collected from the public as voluntary contributors or as taxpayers. It carries one's thoughts back to the wealth of significance in Chalmers' conception of an invisible fund, available here in the community. It stirs the desire to uncover resources which shall be self-perpetuating. There is no purse that can hold the treasure which our societies must set themselves to find, if through our societies social case work is to do its destined, creative part in helping to shape the society of the future.

This leads us, whether we would or not, back to the other half of our old title—charity. One is tempted to predict that no matter how far our movement goes, no matter what special emphasis we put at any given time on any particular aspect of our progress, a stage will again be reached when we shall recognize that the essential principle which gives spiritual content to our social endeavor can be defined in no simpler, more adequate terms than by the use of the word charity. Good wine needs no bush, and a choice word will come again into its own, if the effort to redefine or to enforce its use be not too manifest and if the savor to sample be not lost. Our present emphasis is an objective one, and may advisedly continue to be such for some time to come. But it is well to bear in mind that old habits of thought as well as old words have renewal value. George Russell said recently that though "thought today is concentrated on the external, a return to the subjective is certain." We had best not be in the rear when the turn comes.

May I run a further risk of being classified as reactionary and as failing to recognize adequately the importance of the contribution which psychology and cognate subjects are making to family social work, by quoting Mephistopheles' cynical statement:

He who would study organic existence,
First drives out the soul with rigid persistence;
Then the parts in his hand he may hold and class,
But the spiritual link is lost, alas.

In a limited sense it is true that "the future of social work should be in the hands of social workers." It is, however, neither wise nor prudent to leave the future of our movement in the hands of the technically trained. An analogy suggests itself in thinking of such a possibility, which may be drawn between charity, the domain of the monastery in the Middle Ages, and social work, the province of the professional in the mid-twentieth century.

Let us push forward persistently and adventurously in the direction of steady improvement in methods of case work; but at the same time let the aim, the ambition, of each society be to become daily a better interpreter of its service. Each society should come to be understood, not merely to be supported, by its own community. Each should become acceptable, which is something more than being accepted. Those who are at work within a society and those who contribute to its support but remain outside its ranks, should keep in step, the latter being drawn continuously closer in thought to the society's true center of energy. Such nobility is proof that a society has been faithful to what I deem to be peculiarly our trust, namely, to maintain the principle of using as a reservoir of creative energy, the volunteer. Zilpha Smith said that "some men and women reaching deep down into the larger life seem always full of vigor, always serenely equal to whatever comes to them." Many years ago in the Rise of the Greek Epic, I read what seems to be a complementary statement. "There is a way of thinking which destroys and a way which saves," Gilbert Murray said, and the Greeks defined it by a word which feebly translated, reads temperance: the temperate in attitude is he who "walks among the beauties and perils of the world feeling the love, joy, anger and the rest; and through all he has that which saves—whom does it save? Not him only, but,

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as we would say, the whole situation. It saves the imminent evil from coming to be."

Serenity, temperance. Those are essential marks of a noble personality. They are, moreover, qualities of inestimable value in social work. They may be possessed by professional or by volunteer. But, I take it, they will not be the possession of a society unless there is a lively disposition on the part of the society to use in humility many kinds of people to do its work; not unless the society recognizes that life itself is the great teacher, that men and women of courage and faith, who have made terms with life should be the finest source-book for the social worker. To keep company with such, offers a young man or woman new to case work an opportunity to be nourished in a social atmosphere which gives a peculiar vigor and imparts a strength which in turn may be imparted to other men and women in or out of the ranks, whether as clients, fellow workers or fellow citizens.

The case conference as a method of increasing the understanding of a society's purpose has often been both tedious and haphazard. The principle behind its use is, however, sound. The inadequacy is frequently the result of our lack of faith in what the case conference as an assemblage of selected persons can accomplish. No better scheme is available, I believe, for the evaluation of the work than that of bringing staff and volunteer together into an intimacy of discussion of case problems. Nor is there a surer way of revealing the lacks in family life. The assertion made by Amos G. Warner is as valid now as when he wrote it: "He who takes an interest in trying to cure poverty in a single case will soon come to find that nothing in politics or industry is foreign to him."

Our movement has always had the character of a mission. The sharing and the transmitting of experience in the beginning was solely from society to society. From 1880 the National Conference of Charities and Correction (now the National Conference of Social Work) served as a medium of exchange. It was a peculiarly valuable one because of the policy of the conference to formulate no resolutions. When, at the Toronto Conference in 1897, the proposal was made that our societies should form an association, the intention back of the proposal was a missionary one. The appeal to the societies was for an extension of living and organic working principles, not merely for an extension of certain methods of work. The history of the successive steps taken over a period of fourteen years before the establishment of the American Association for Organizing Family Social Work cannot be given here. At every step of that way Mary E. Richmond marched beside the societies as the leader, as did also Francis H. McLean. She, with organic principles in mind, has given us the motto and emblem of this conference: "Life from hand to hand. Light from age to age."

The emblem, the torch, implies renewal, for the steadiness and clarity of the flame depend on the strength and purity of the fuel which feeds it. The flame itself is a symbol of sacrifice and suggests that behind the acceptable offering must be the dedicated will.

Bernard Bosanquet of the London C. O. S., made two statements which may be taken to define one half of our motto: "Social progress is the whole solid world of life, breaking out into bud and branches at every point and including while transfusing the growth of previous years," and "our task is to find the idea, principle, order, organization at work in the world of facts." To find those things, so that our movement may do its share in the world's greatest social task—the strengthening of family life.

I must express also the sense of our indebtedness as a movement to the men who have come straight from university to society, as did Edward Denison and many others in the old days. I appeal to the universities again to give us of their best men as well as of their best women. And I turn here to the university for still a further purpose, and to complete the comment on our motto. The motto of Oxford, Edward Denison's university, is derived from a verse of the thirty-sixth Psalm, which reads: "With thee is the fountain of life: and in thy light shall we see light." Our forerunners could say, may the leaders of our movement continue to say, in the words of Oxford's motto:

"Dominus illuminatio mea." The Lord is my light.

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FROM AMOEBA UP

(*Continued from page 276*)

servation and experimentation; not for the application of *a priori* principles.

It may be questioned whether man has not been too late in starting on a radical plan for the supplanting of the family by society as a whole. To make a thorough success of this, he should have begun it aeons ago, before he became a mammal. In that case by the present time he might perhaps hope to rival the ants in social organization.

A valiant and venturesome attempt to meet this difficulty lies in the suggestion of J. B. S. Haldane in his booklet on Science and the Future; and Charlotte Haldane has pictured for us society as it may be after the plan is carried out. The human germ gland is to be artificially and impersonally cultivated in isolation by modern methods of tissue culture. The germ cells are to be likewise developed from the start in public incubators; these to be followed by other public institutions for later stages, till development and education are complete. Such a proposal helps to visualize the very great biological difficulty involved in the attempt to now change the direction of evolution of man; to reverse the long course he has traveled toward the family system; to transform him from a mammal to something else; to start him on a course leading to replacement of the family and the parent by society as a whole. Evolution is never closed; and what man may become through millions of years of effort in that direction no one can say. But certainly a long and hard road would have to be traveled before that plan could be made a success. The varied difficulties presented by the present nature of man; the fact that he is a mammal; his long and helpless infancy; the high development of his mating and parental impulses; and his diversified and exacting life career, appear to be met most adequately (though obviously still imperfectly) by the life-long monogamous family.

OUR SOCIAL HERITAGE

(*Continued from page 279*)

family influence is powerful. It may be powerful for good or powerful for evil. The many different family situations that cause neurosis show that the family influence may be quite bad, even when following accepted conventional channels of goodness. Mother love is usually extolled to the skies; it is supposed that one can never get too much of it; yet it may very truly be a damaging force to personality if bestowed unwisely and too frequently. Family influences may produce the shut-in type of personality, develop timidity and sensitiveness, and cause neurosis. So also the child who feels himself not loved may develop feelings of inferiority and other abnormalities.

Granted that the power of the family may be exercised harmfully as well as beneficially, the future course of the family is not likely to see this force diminished appreciably. But with the small-family system of one or two children, the nature of the family environment is changed appreciably and it is very probable that with the small-family system the chances of producing extraordinarily bright children or extremely nervous children is considerably increased. There is a serious possibility that this situation may be laying the foundation for mental disorders. For it is probable that the strains of modern city life precipitate upon feeble foundations neuroses that would never develop in the simpler rural environment. Mental disorders are astoundingly frequent today. The chances of an adult in New York State being placed in an insane asylum is about one in twenty-five.

But just as inventions have precipitated wholesale changes in the family, so also discoveries in psychology and sociology may enable us to avoid the production of disordered personalities and rather to produce more exceptionally able children. It may be, therefore, that the small-family system will be made to produce more children with high intelligence quotients and less neurotic, but this desideratum will only be brought about by the thorough-going application of intelligence and knowledge not yet definitely proven.

(*Continued on page 342*)

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So also the tremendous loss of functions by the family is an established fact that may promise some good or some bad outcome, depending on the adjustments that are made. If the schools can be made to educate children better than the family can, then this shift of functions is a net gain. So also if other social agencies, such as the state and industry, can carry on their activities better than the family once did, the loss to the family is a gain to society.

But when these many activities are shifted from the family to other social groups, what will happen to the family? I believe that it is quite possible, even probable, that the family will emerge a more harmonious institution, though such an end is hardly conceivable to those whose eyes are turned backward. The family is a little group of persons who stay together because of certain attractions or bonds or ties; otherwise they would move and live apart. These bonds are—or have been—the economic bond, the protective, the educational, the religious, the recreational and one other very important one, the affectional. All these common activities helped to keep the family intact as a group, though they have not been strong enough, however, always to hold family groups wholly together, for aside from death, some families everywhere have been disrupted by separation or divorce. As all these bonds, except the tie of affection, have been materially weakened during the past century, it is natural that the family would fall apart more frequently. The loss of these functions means then that the family largely must look to one bond alone to hold it intact, namely, the bond of affection.

Surely this is not so dismal a prospect as some of our calamity howlers think—a prospect of families based on affection. When the family was a business partnership, affection may never have existed, or it may have been turned into hate or irritation or suffering between husband and wife, and indeed the affectional relation between child and parent may have been overlaid by cruelty and authority, by restricted personality, by a domination that left no freedom. Yet with affection gone, a family group had to continue because of external ties.

With the changed conditions, the family must rely much more on affection. With birth control, with women working outside the home, with fewer children, and with more frequent divorce, it seems very probable that much more attention will be given to the affectional element. And while separation and divorce may be more frequent it is quite probable that the average quantity of affection (to use a statistical concept) per family unit remaining intact or founded anew after divorce will be much higher than was the case when the family was held together by many other bonds. This may not be the case, however, for there are many forces in modern life that produce nervousness and nervous men and women find it more difficult than others to find suitable mates. The conditions of modern life also present certain strains on affection.

There are some who think that affection is not a solid enough

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foundation on which to build the family structure, but these I think are also people whose eyes are turned backward. Yet in taking opposition to their views, we must not be dogmatic or let our wishful thinking dictate our conclusions. In truth, science has as yet very little to tell us of the causes and habits which build affection. The topic has been taboo. Yet it seems very probable that science and the subsequent diffusion of what it will discover about affection and the learning process will do much to make affection between all the members a more frequent affair in the family. Those who would solve family problems and try to direct the course of evolution of the family toward better channels must work to discover as much as possible about the science and art of affection for parents and children as well as husbands and wives and to disseminate these fundamentally important discoveries as widely as possible.

IN the main, the most rapid changes have been taking place in the mechanical and economic parts of our social heritage, with which the social organization is in close association and adjustment, while the family organization has been a little slow in changing to keep up with the changes in those other parts of culture, a conclusion quite contrary to the opinion of many who think that the family has been changing too fast. There has been a true "cultural lag." Woman's place is still considered to be in the home, even when her occupations have been taken away in large part for the greater period of her married life. There are perhaps fewer persons married, although within the past thirty years the percentage of the population married has increased. The age of marriage has probably been postponed since the agricultural period. The relation of child to parent has become more complicated and resulted in more maladjusted children, due in large part to the economic changes to which the family has not yet become adjusted. Divorce and separation have increased enormously. There are these many evidences of maladjustments of the family to the changed social conditions. These maladjustments are the result of the hangover of theories, policies, ethics that were quite appropriate for the family under the simpler agricultural conditions, but which are not now suited to the changed conditions; they are due to a failure of the family to meet the new conditions.

How shall these new and better adjustments be made? Not by clinging to the old beliefs and customs, for the old conditions of agriculture and home industry can not be brought back with culture as it is, nor the mores that grew up with them. The family will have to work out new adjustments to the small family, to a family with reduced production in the home for women, to a family which is not to be held together so much by economic and social bonds, but which is to be based on affection. To make these adjustments the family will have to make new inventions and utilize new researches in the psychology of personality, utilize new knowledge regarding the habits and practices of affection, and the new discoveries regarding the training of children. It does not seem probable that the family will recover the functions it has lost. But even if the family doesn't produce thread and cloth and soap and medicine and food, it can still produce happiness, which does not seem such a very bad thing to do, after all.

THE TUG OF INDUSTRY

(*Continued from page* 285)

to his book, England:

I am disposed to think that this sudden transplantation of the countryman within three or four generations into the unnatural surroundings of the towns has more to do with social unrest than is usually supposed. The obsession of ill-usage which generates the revolutionary temperament seems to occur almost exclusively among the town workers. In material comforts they are better off than ever before but they suffer from a chronic malaise which makes them hate all the conditions of their lives. The town worker does not consciously recognize the call of the country, he only feels the aching of racial habits thousands of years old and now suddenly thwarted.

If there be weight to this observation it is important to us in many ways. In its light, for example, may we not see that the city man is following out an imperious and sound impulse and not an insane whim when he insists that he must have a car in which to get out in the country, even though to have it means the sacrifice of proper housing and provision for a rainy day? Reasonably priced housing in the suburbs is a matter for urgent concern.

Here, too, is a factor which I think has much to do with the more spectacular outbreaks of industrial unrest such as great strikes of unskilled and semi-skilled workers, usually unorganized, and certain activities of revolutionary political groups. A big mass strike is a glorious, emotional release after long subjection to emotional thwarting and strain. It is in the same category as a red hot revival, a lynching bee, a drunken spree, a medieval children's crusade. In other words, it is the symptom of a condition and there is nothing to be got by being shocked at it or afraid of it, by preaching against it, by denouncing its leaders, by clubbing women and children on the picket line. In the early stages of a strike they like to be clubbed and the police get an equally big "kick" out of the clubbing. Sensible people who are interested in the family and who know what havoc a great strike plays with family life will minister impartially to the victims just as they would in the case of a war, a riot, or an epidemic, and above all they will face, study, and remove the condition of which the strike is a manifestation.

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ficiency in production, H. D. Harrison, a British authority on industrial psychology, says: "Envy and resentment are feelings which are quite incompatible with that smooth running of the industrial machine necessary for a high standard of output, but these are feelings which are daily being aroused under the present autocratic system of industrial organization." We know that envy and resentment and the personal and social unrest that flow from them are also quite incompatible with the smooth course of family life. But whether they are themselves aware of it or not, thousands of industrial workers do feel this envy and resentment and if we are really concerned about the integrity of family life and not merely about charitable administrations to the victims of broken family life, we shall not be able to evade consideration of these broader problems of the distribution of the product of industry and the democratization and decentralization of ownership and management.

AND that suggests a final observation. The industrial worker suffers from lack of opportunity to express himself, to release himself, to assert himself in certain ways to which for generations men have been accustomed: the satisfaction that comes from tilling land and raising a crop on it, from being skillful with tools, from making a useful or beautiful thing, from disposing of the product of his toil and his skill, from direct wrestling with nature, and so on. He frequently cannot express himself in these ways in the modern factory. He cannot control his own destiny as an individual in the huge industrial machine that we have developed. How then is he going to save his soul and his self-respect and so be an integrated being who, among other things, may be expected to play his normal part in a family? It is not enough to say that we shall shorten hours and give a man all the chance he wants to express himself in his leisure time. It will be some time before the hours are short enough to compensate for all the thwarting incident to factory conditions; and, moreover, a man who remains a hopeless cog in the machine in so important an aspect as his work, on which, after all, power is based, is not likely to be a whole and healthy individual. Industrial workers have been creating and shaping a social agency through which they can exercise some control over their destinies, through which they do recover a measure of self-respect and achieve a certain opportunity for self-expression. That agency is the labor movement; primarily the trade unions, also in time, the labor political party, cooperative enterprises, labor banking, labor education, and so on. It is indeed a most imperfect agency, it has made numerous mistakes, but some one, I believe, once remarked of the church that it must be divine or it could not possibly have survived all the mistakes it committed. At all events, it should be clear by this time that the labor movement cannot be fought out of existence and it cannot kill itself by its own mistakes, for it is the one democratic agency in the industrialism that dominates our modern life, the chief means of expression for the industrial worker.

It serves a profound psychological need even for unorganized workers, which explains more than anything else perhaps why men will fight and die for it.

NOW development of such an agency for self-expression and self-determination in the midst of a social order becoming ever more complex, impersonal and centralized would seem to be a consummation so devoutly to be wished that all men and women of good-will would heartily encourage it. Whether democracy can at all survive against what sometimes seems to be a very rapidly rising tide of dictatorship depends chiefly, I believe, upon the maintenance and growth of this agency of democracy in industry. For this reason I have made no reference to certain provision for recreation, education, welfare work and so on by employers of which often much is made (though I am by no means insensible to the lofty motives that in certain instances animate these activities) because I believe that it is of the utmost importance that workers should develop these services for themselves cooperatively rather than have them handed down to them charitably—or which is much worse, as a substitute for adequate wages or a means for attaching the employe to the personal service of the employer.

Our hope must be in a real avenue for self-expression and self-determination if workers are not to be a thwarted people, but free and happy men and women who are capable of entering into the finer relations of family life.

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DANIEL AND THE LIONS

(*Continued from page* 298)

than to try to train me against mine. I was cut out for an animal trainer, and not a priest. I'd have made a poor Pope and no mistake," he grinned, shaking his mop of gray curls.

Mr. McPherson continued to stare fascinated through the bars at the dancing Phoebe. "How does she understand what you want? And why does she want to do it—a wild animal?" he gasped, half to himself.

"Begin young, and know what you want yourself before you expect them to," snapped Chief. "That's the first thing I say to every trainer. But will you believe it? It's harder to train the trainers than to train the lions! I say to them, the lions will catch on to what you want if you know yourself. But the damn fools can't decide what tricks to teach, or how they expect to teach 'em, or which lions can learn what, nor have patience to keep at it after they do decide. Any smart lion gets disgusted with their flip-flopping around, and loses all respect. Then they're spoilt for fair. Twice as hard to manage after that. Sometimes even good cubs get cranky—young—full of pep. Then I leave them alone for a bit, and come back to it, a little at a time. You can't *tame* 'em. You don't want to. You just want to *train* 'em to do their tricks right, and on time, and to use what head they got—(there's a lot of difference between them, some *are* dumb)—and do what they can do best to help along the show. A good circus needs spirited animals—too tame's as bad as too wild—no one pays to see a bunch o' lame ducks. But they got to be trained to do their own tricks well, and to fall in and not interfere with the tricks the other ones do. If they're trained right, the show's got a place for all of them."

The school teacher gazed at his guide with almost glassy intensity. The canvas background dissolved into mountains, marshes, hot plains and icy ravines, against which the figure of Chief enlarged to a gigantic symbol of prehistoric lore. From antiquity he seemed to have been training animals to curb their natural waywardness and do mans' bidding, long before the art of training men had been developed.

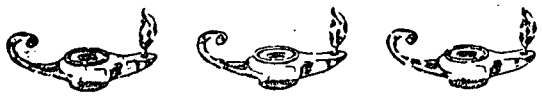
Whatever mischief these wild creatures might have done of their own fancy, they had been made to do otherwise, because Chief had trained them so. Faced with the trade secrets of such a hoary pedagogy, his own insistence on the dates of kings and the dative case, seemed immature, unskilful and devoid of aim. He felt himself an apprentice in the presence of a master craftsman.

They were now back where they had started on their circuit. As McPherson murmured, "Goodnight," Chief grunted, saluted with his gnarled forefinger, and barking out sharp orders, re-entered Queenie's cage. He had forgotten the school teacher's existence already. But the teacher, with one last stare at the restless lioness, pushed his way out of the tent and started home almost on a run.

Twilight had long since faded, and the fields glimmered under a pale moon. He stumbled hurriedly through the grass, haunted with a vague anxiety and self-reproach.

"You'd think he cared more about his cubs than I do about mine—and more about his Phoebe;" he almost sobbed to himself. "He can handle her better, that's sure—" and he stopped suddenly to face the startling fact that he, a Phi Beta Kappa man, had actually stood trembling and abashed before an unkempt, profane old rascal of an animal trainer. But such was undoubtedly the case. "The difference between us is that he knows his business," he groaned.

He compared the unfeigned respect which Chief's assistants had for him, and the attitude of many of the younger teachers toward himself. The wary sidelong glance of the swaying Phoebe, as she danced to please her trainer, almost made his breath catch, as he reflected on the flippancy with which his Phoebe ignored every suggestion which he made. He even shamefacedly compared the demands of Chief for skilled help, with his own. "How can you raise good lions out of sickly, poor trained cubs?" Chief had shouted at him. "Any good cub can be spoiled by a damn-fool trainer, and any bad



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cub has *had* a damn-fool trainer. Take it from me. Some cubs are brighter than others, but no cub is *bad* if someone ain't spoiled him. And then they shoot a mean lion. Why not shoot the skunk who spoiled him?" was another of Chief's infuriated rhetorical questions which the teacher had not felt qualified to answer.

He had now reached the street. The moon cast shadows on rows of quiet dwellings. The bell-tower of the schoolhouse, the church spire, and the cupola of the town hall, caught the silver moonlight above the dark trees. He waved his hands at the buildings before him. "If all these trainers had done their job as he does his, our town boys wouldn't be breaking into basements, and my daughter wouldn't be playing the fool on Main Street for clowns to laugh at," he groaned to himself, and from force of habit fingered his gold key. But he dropped it impatiently. For once it did not comfort him, but rather added to his self-abasement. He tiptoed into his quiet house.

He knew that it was useless to try to avoid his wife. She would be waiting for him with reproaches, which, however delayed, could never be escaped. But as he passed the open bathroom door, he heard a choking sigh in the dark, and fearing lest she were ill, he turned on the light, disclosing not his wife, but Phoebe, fumbling in the medicine closet. She turned on him like a flash, and thrust her hands behind her, thereby losing her grip upon a bottle, which fell and splintered on the tiled floor filling the room with the strong reek of carbolic acid. For an instant the two stood rigid, facing each other.

Then her father managed: "Phoebe! What are you doing?"

The girl struggled to regain her poise. "I've got a canker sore in my mouth," she began bravely. "I thought maybe some dope—" she hesitated and stopped. The agony of distress in her father's eyes was too much for her, and she flung herself upon his neck. "Never mind what I was going to do. It's broken, so I can't," she panted, her face hidden.

"Phoebe, my little girl," implored her father, "promise me you won't try *that* again."

"You needn't worry" she cried in utter self-contempt. "I'll never get away with it. I'll never get away with anything. I'm too dumb even to get a bottle in the dark without dropping it."

"Promise me. I want your promise," reiterated her father, his pale lips twitching, as he gripped her thin shoulders, and kissed her face and hair convulsively.

Phoebe stared up at him through her tears, in surprise. "I promise," she said. "But I didn't think you'd care so much. I thought maybe you'd be glad to be rid of such a dumbbell. Oh Dad, everyone in town knows I flunked. They all kid me. They say I'm the world's worst. They think I don't care. Let 'em think so. You don't know how it feels to be a nit-wit; a plain, ordinary, damn-fool. It's an awful feeling." She shuddered, and he gripped her closer.

"Yes, it's an awful feeling, child. I've got it too. A plain, ordinary, damn-fool," he echoed bitterly.

"*You* can't feel it; you're too smart," sobbed Phoebe with unconscious irony. "I'm the only total loss in this family. How did you ever get such a dumb-Dora for a daughter? How do you know they didn't leave me on the doorstep in a basket? Why don't you label me Flapper Phoebe, the human pinwheel, and sell me to the circus? *They* know how to treat dumb animals," and as her father suddenly stiffened at these words, she cried more excitedly: "Don't scold me, Dad, I can't bear it now. Just leave me alone. I wish I was dead."

"Don't say that, Phoebe," her father entreated, his cheek against hers. "Don't break my heart."

"Why not say it? Its true," she insisted. "I'm just no good, Daddy. You never can teach me anything. Just put me in a cage in the Zoo and let me howl. I'd be better off there than I am here. There's never any sense to what I say and there never will be."

Her father led her to her room. "Go to bed now, child," he urged gently. "We'll think it over in the morning. Maybe there's a good deal of sense in what you say this time. Maybe there's too much," he added with a catch in his voice. And he turned to his own room to talk it out with his wife.

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